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## THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

1. *The Poetry of Science ; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature.* By ROBERT HUNT, Keeper of Mining Records, Museum of Practical Geology. Second Edition. 1849. Pp. 478.
2. *Researches on Light : An Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular changes produced by the influence of the solar Rays; embracing all the known Photographic Processes and New Discoveries in the Art.* By ROBERT HUNT, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. London. 1844.
3. *Panthea, the Spirit of Nature.* By ROBERT HUNT, Author of "The Poetry of Science," "Researches on Light," &c. &c. London. 1849.\*

THAT there is poetry in science will be admitted by those who have but little faith in its truths, and little knowledge of its wonders. The poetry of flowers has been the theme of writers who know them merely by their odors and by their hues; and the poetry of animals has been celebrated by authors who have seen them only within their prisons of stone or their cages of iron. Even the moon, with her pallid face and her cold radiations, has been signalized as the very paradise of poetical sentiment, outstripping the God of Day in her influence over our feelings, and extinguishing in her lyric blaze all the sentimental glimmerings of the tiny

and the distant stars.\* To the Queen of Night we cheerfully yield the most respectful and affectionate homage; but even with our native tendencies to resign ourselves to female power, whether it is wielded by the pen or by the sceptre, we must dissent from a judgment founded either on a weak astro-

\* "The sun is less poetical than the moon, because his attributes are less exclusively connected with our mental perceptions. \* \* \* The light of the sun is also too clear and too generally pervading in its nature to be so poetical as that of the moon. \* \* \* But the stars, some may ask, are they not sufficiently distant and magnificent for sublimity—mild enough for purity—beautiful enough for love? Yes, but they are too distant, too pure, too cold for human love. They come not near our troubled world—they smile not upon us like the moon." —Miss Stickney's (Mrs. Ellis.) *Poetry of Life*, vol. i. pp. 157, 158.

\* This agreeable and instructive article bears internal proof of coming from the pen of Sir David Brewster.—Ed.

nomical faith, or on a feeble apprehension of the glorious destinies of our species. The difference between the poetry inspired by the satellite of silver and the stars of adamant can have no relation, as has been supposed, to our ideas of distance or number. Were the moon a ball of marble in our upper atmosphere, chiseled by the sculptor into her rounded hollows and her mountain ridges—or were it a Cheshire cheese at a lower level, dimpled by the fingers of the dairymaid, she would still be invested with all the poetical feelings with which *her light* is associated. To the vulgar, or to the merely poetical eye, the stars appear as close to us as the moon; and whether we contemplate them merely as solitary lights in the firmament, or as grouped into brilliant constellations, they suggest none of those ideas of deep feeling and sublime emotion which are associated with the past, the present, and the future condition of our race. Their feeble and glimmering ray, dimmed by each rising exhalation, and paling even before the zephyr's breath, has failed to arrest the eye of the poet, or to stud the canvas of the painter. It has never gilded the ripple of the mountain lake, nor crested with silver the ocean wave. It has never lighted the lover to his mistress, nor the pilgrim to his shrine, nor the hero to his deed of glory. But no sooner does philosophy, with her magic wand, marshal the starry host, and arrange their planets and satellites into the glorious systems of worlds which fill the immensity of space, than faith "takes up the wondrous tale," and associates with these bright abodes the future fortunes of immortal and regenerated man. It places there the loved and the lost—it follows them into the celestial bowers—it joins them in the anthem to "mortal minstrelsy unknown"—it listens to their welcoming or their warning voice; and while it gives a visible locality to the home of many mansions, it assembles round its joyous hearth hearts once severed and broken; and longs to wander beside the "rivers of the waters of life," with the sages that enlightened it—the prophets that expounded it—the warriors that fought for it—the martyrs that suffered for it—and the noble victims that bled in its cause. The poetry of death and the grave is thus succeeded by the loftier strains of the Resurrection and the Life; and the fountain of Helicon is thus made to draw its purest waters from springs that rise from below, and from dews that descend from above.

But though poetical feelings of the most

exalted kind are awakened by the contemplation of the stars as the future abode of the blest, they can bear no relation to the beauty and grandeur of the objects themselves. They derive their character as well as their power from their association with life in all its phases of grief or joy, and with human interests and passions in all their reckless energy or heavenward aspirations. Sirius, the brightest of the stars, radiating in succession all the hues of the rainbow, and Saturn, the most interesting of the planets, girded with his noble ring, and enlightened by his seven satellites, have in themselves no more of the spirit of poetry than a charcoal point ignited by electricity, or a gas-illuminated representation of the planet.\* But no sooner do we regard Sirius as the sun which enlightens by its rays and guides by its mass a system of planetary worlds; and no sooner is Saturn viewed as a habitable globe, the residence of intellectual and immortal beings, and illuminated by seven moons which give them light in the absence of the sun, than the sensation in the membrane of the eye is transferred to the tablet of the heart, and all the sympathies of our nature surround the conception of worlds more glorious, and of races more numerous and noble than our own. The imagination takes up the theme where reason and analogy leave it, and the living and breathing universe of the poet offers to the child of clay eternity in exchange for time—to the man of sorrows a refuge from the storms and earthquakes around him—to the sage the fellowship of angels—and to the saint the guardian care of the seraph and the cherubim. The chariots of flame and the horses of fire that bore Elijah from his star of earth, and surrounded Elisha on the mountains of Syria, and the wheels of amber and of fire which were exhibited to the captive prophet on the banks of the Chebar, become, in the poet's eye, the vehicle from planet to planet, and from star to star, in which the heavenly host is to survey the wonders and glories of the universe.

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\* His Majesty George III. promised to the Russian ambassador, when on a visit at Windsor, to show him Saturn and his ring through the great telescope of Sir W. Herschel. The weather, however, was unpropitious, and despairing of a clear sky before the ambassador took his leave, the facetious monarch got a representation of the planet in paper suspended from a tree, and illuminated by a lamp. The ambassador was delighted with the phenomenon; but we have not learned that he left any poetical account of his feelings.



"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
 If in your bright leaves we would read  
 the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life have named them-  
 selves a star."

*Childe Harold*, iii. 88

"'Tis midnight; on the mountain's brow  
 The cold round moon shines deeply down;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with these isles of light,  
 So wildly spiritually bright.  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining?  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray."

*Siege of Corinth*, xi.

We have been led to make these observations by the remarkable title, "*The Poetry of Science*," which Mr. Hunt has prefixed to his very interesting work on the Studies of the Phenomena of Nature. Adopting, as we readily do, all his views of the importance and grandeur of scientific truth, and admiring the energy both of sentiment and language in which he vindicates for science the lofty character of being the essence of all poetry, and the basis of all philosophy, we have not been able to look at the realities of matter with the same enthusiastic eye, or to reach his conclusion; that every scientific truth is essentially poetical, or, as he beautifully expresses it, "that to be for ever true is the science of poetry," and that "the revelation of truth is the poetry of science." But though we may adduce some rational grounds for our more limited appreciation of the poetry of the physical world, we are disposed to regard our difference with Mr. Hunt more as the result of temperament than of reason. He was a poet before he was a philosopher:—he had drunk of the Castalian spring before he had analyzed it;—he had worshiped in the Temple of the Muses before he knew of what marble it was built; and he had climbed the Pierian hill while he was ignorant of the geology at its base.

There are certainly some facts in natural science, in its widest acceptation, which are utterly devoid of poetical sentiment, and others which stand in direct antagonism to any feeling allied to poetry. It is only the more picturesque fragments of scientific truth that the poet can assimilate, and it is only amid

its more extensive generalizations, associated with life, that he can gather the flowers of his art. Had the huge and water-worn boulder of science been rolled by some imaginative Sysiphus to the top of Parnassus, it would have formed an unpoetic addition to its two picturesque summits, and, ere its surface had been encrusted with the moss or the lichen, Apollo and the Muses would have sent it bounding to its native plains.

A writer of great merit and fine taste has taken the very opposite view that Mr. Hunt does of physical science in its poetical relations. "The power of poetry," says Miss Stickney, (Mrs. Ellis,) "to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life."\* The gifted author of these sentiments has mistaken the very nature and object of physical science. When Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and when Newton studied the lunar motions, they never thought that the mariner would be thus guided across the deep. When Oersted discovered the electro-magnetic principle, he did not foresee that it was to transmit with the velocity of lightning the messages of love and of war. In his analysis of coal the chemist did not propose to himself to light our houses and our streets with one of its gaseous elements. Nor did the botanist, when he studied the secretions of the poppy, anticipate the amount of pain and of anguish which his anodyne would alleviate. Philosophers have never assumed the character of utilitarians or philanthropists. Theirs is the loftier aim to unfold the wonders of Divine skill, and to develop the laws of the Divine Government; and if, in the exercise of this high vocation, they can multiply human comforts, or diminish human suffering, or lengthen human life, they rejoice in thus bearing testimony to the great truth, so clearly established in the history of modern civilization—that there is in science no inquiry so recon-dite, and no speculation so daring, that we may not expect from it some useful result—some new power over matter and the ele-

\* *Poetry of Life*, by Sarah Stickney, vol. i. p. 19

ments—some new accession to our social blessings, or some welcome relief from our social miseries. This power and these blessings poetry is neither asked to give, nor required to counteract; and it will be better that "imagination is not farther developed" if it has no higher object than to obstruct the philosopher in the exercise of his functions when they are calculated to increase the material comforts of domestic and social life.

Avoiding, therefore, the two extremes of making all science poetical, and of making science the very enemy of poetry, we shall now proceed to give our readers some account of the important work in which the "poetry of science" is so ably vindicated, and the physical phenomena of nature so popularly and eloquently expounded.

Mr. Hunt, the author of the three works placed at the head of this article, is one of those remarkable men about whom we wish to know more than can be gathered from their writings. This laudable curiosity it is often difficult to gratify. The philosopher who works at noon and at midnight is seldom placed before the public eye, and we hear of him only when the voice of fame proclaims the success of his works, or the merit of his discoveries. The annual reunion of scientific men at the meetings of the British Association has, among its other advantages, made the cultivators of science better acquainted with each other. Differences of rank and of reputation disappear in the councils of philosophy; and the young competitor for fame, scarcely known beyond his family circle, pursuing knowledge perchance under difficulties, or struggling, it may be, with poverty and neglect, finds his labors known and valued, and himself the object of sympathy and respect. Men of generous natures, whose merits have been appreciated and rewarded, mourn with a peculiar bitterness over the fate—once their own—of fellow-pilgrims, as deserving as themselves, who have been overlooked in the rivalry of genius; and it is often by their means that humble and unpretending inquirers are drawn from obscurity and want to become the instructors and ornaments of society. Were the romance of real life studied and recorded, the struggles and sufferings of unprotected genius would form one of its most striking chapters.

Mr. Hunt, who has been long an active member of the British Association, has, as we have reason to know, passed through the fiery ordeal by which genius is destined to

be brightened and tried. He was born at Devonport in the year 1807. His father had perished six months before in His Majesty's sloop of war the *Mushroom*, which was lost with its entire crew when carrying out dispatches to Admiral Duckworth, who was then blockading the Dardanelles. The mother of an only son, so early and painfully a widow, was thus led to educate him with all the advantages which her very narrow circumstances could command. Born in an atmosphere of sorrow, and but with one parent at his birth, the posthumous child partook of the melancholy which surrounded his home, and entered life with a sensitive temperament and a delicate constitution. At the age of six he acquired a little knowledge of writing and arithmetic, and was distinguished among the few pupils who composed the school by a retentive memory of a very unusual kind. When he was only eight years of age, he could repeat without a mistake the whole of Pope's Translation of the *Iliad*, and his mind was thus stored with all the imagery which has impressed a poetical character upon his writings. At the age of ten he went to school at Penzance, where he was educated under a clergyman who united with his sacred calling the labors of a teacher of youth. Our young philosopher soon rose to a place next the head boy of the school, a youth two or three years older than himself, who was a worshiper of the Muses, and who inspired his young rival with the same tastes and aspirations. He wrote verses on the death of George III., and other events of the day, and these early efforts of his genius obtained for him the applause of his companions, and the caresses of his friends. In his humble and peaceful home, the object of a mother's tender care, he was not prepared for the struggles and misfortunes which awaited him. The golden days of the poet or the philosopher are those of early life, before he has discovered that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and when he aspires to rewards which he thinks within his reach, and to laurels which he flatters himself he may wear. These illusions, if they at any time dazzled our author, were speedily dispelled. Through the interest of friends, he obtained a place under a surgeon at Paddington, and at the age of twelve he set off alone from the Land's End to the metropolis, to grapple with the realities of life. In this new position he performed the multifarious functions of an errand-boy—a dispenser of medicines—and a student of Materia



Medica and pharmacy. With a little pocket-money which he had received from an uncle, he engaged the usher of a neighboring school to instruct him in Latin, and during the year and a half which he spent at Paddington, he made considerable additions to his professional knowledge and his intellectual accomplishments. The treatment, however, which he received from his master was too harsh to be borne, and he was compelled to fly from his persecutor, and take shelter under the wing of his mother, who was then on a visit to London.

Through the kindness of a friend he was apprenticed to a co-partnership of retail druggists in the city, where he contrived, under some professional difficulties, to pursue his favorite studies, which were then chiefly of a literary character. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, he wrote several tales for the *Gleaner*, one of the earliest of the cheap periodicals, and several of his poems were admitted into the *Imperial Magazine*. The celebrated Henry Hunt, M.P., a friend of one of the partners of the firm, but in no way connected with our author's family, took a fancy for the accomplished apprentice, and gave him some of the most valuable instructions he had ever received. It is pleasing to record this anecdote of one of those public characters whom society often proscribes, because their political opinions are more liberal than their own.

After having spent five years in the service of this firm, Mr. Hunt was, in consequence of its failure, again thrown upon the world. The expenses of his mother, who had, on his account, removed to London, had exceeded her narrow income, and having no power to relieve her in her distress, and no prospect of employment for himself, the anguish which he endured may be easily conceived. It is in such a crisis that the watchful Eye above looks down and relieves. Mrs. Fry, to whom his merits had been mentioned, introduced him to that highly-gifted and noble philanthropist, William Allen of Plough Court, (whom we had the privilege of knowing and loving,) who immediately obtained for him a situation with a small salary, which enabled him to assist his parent, and to pursue during five comparatively happy years the scientific studies to which he was now devoted. The misfortunes of our author seem to recur at the end of every cycle of five years' duration, and that fatal epoch had arrived. While witnessing the funeral of the Duke of York, he met with an accident which brought on a serious illness, that com-

pelled him to abandon his situation and seek for health among his friends at Dartmoor and in Cornwall. During this period of leisure he wrote a poem, entitled "Mount's Bay," which was published by subscription, and by the profits of which he was enabled to make a tour through Cornwall, in order to collect the traditions and superstitions of that interesting district. On the re-establishment of his health he returned to London, and obtained the management of a druggist's business in Tottenham Court Road, where he remained till 1832, training his mind to those habits of close thinking which the pursuit of science so imperatively requires.

Circumstances now occurred which gave him an opportunity of being his own master. His maternal uncle, who had married a member of Sir Humphry Davy's family, and who had acquired an independence in trade, invited him to open along with him a druggist's shop in Penzance. Prosperity shone for a while on this undertaking, but family disputes and lawsuits, between different relations of his uncle, brought along with them their usual train of evils, and in the catastrophe which resulted, our author was thrown upon the world under more painful circumstances than before. During this period of prosperity, Mr. Hunt had married a lady of Devonport, who had become the mother of two boys. As the curator of the Mechanic's Institution at Penzance, he had been called upon to give lectures on poetry and science, and his powers as a lecturer being well known, he advertised a course of lectures on chemistry at Devonport, his native town. These lectures having been well attended, he was enabled to proceed to London in search of employment. The place of assistant to a druggist in Newgate Street, was the only situation which he could obtain, and he held it upward of a twelvemonth, in exile from his wife and family, who remained with his father-in-law at Devonport. During this year of sorrow he composed two plays, one of them a tragedy, entitled "Geraldine of Aspin," which Mr. Macready, as manager of Covent Garden Theatre, politely declined to patronize. Thus separated from his family, and disappointed in his attempt to make his talents available for their support, he made another effort to establish himself in business by opening a small druggist's shop in Devonport. He offered his services to the public as an analytical chemist, and commenced a series of original researches, which has procured for him a high reputation in the scientific world. The Photographic process as



exhibited in the Daguerreotype, attracted his peculiar notice, and he pursued with ardor and success his investigations on the chemical agencies of the Solar radiations, which he afterward made public in the *Philosophical Magazine*. After having been two years in business, Mr. Hunt was made Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, which rendered necessary the removal of himself and his family to Cornwall. In this new position he continued his inquiries into the chemical action of the Solar rays, and began a series of researches on the electricity of mineral veins, for which his residence in a mining district gave him peculiar facilities. Thus free from professional anxieties and labor, he wrote a treatise on "Photography," and also a very interesting work, entitled "Researches on Light," which was published in 1844. Upon the establishment of the Museum of Practical Geology, under the management of Sir Henry De La Beeche, this distinguished geologist drew around him as coadjutors some of the most eminent cultivators of science. Professor Edward Forbes, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Professor Ramsay, obtained places in this admirable institution, and Mr. Hunt was appointed to the important office of keeper of the mining records. In the society of such distinguished associates, and in the discharge of duties so congenial with his own tastes, our author will doubtless find some compensation for the anxieties and misfortunes of his early life, and will pursue with a light heart and an ardent spirit those noble studies in which he is engaged.

His work "On the Poetry of Science," which we are about to analyze, the first fruits of his literary leisure, has been followed by his "*Panthea*, or the Spirit of Nature," a species of poetical romance, in which he endeavors "to exhibit the progress of a young and ardent mind, captivated by the beautiful in nature, and allured by the wonders of science, under the influence of the conflicting views which beset our philosophy;"—or, in other words, "to describe the contest between the False—seductive by its poetic associations—and the True, as estimated by the standard of the merely useful." In executing this plan, Mr. Hunt has produced a work of a very peculiar character, in which Philosophy and Poetry are finely blended, and where great truths and noble sentiments are expressed in language full of beauty and eloquence.

The fictitious narrative which is made the vehicle of these truths, is simple and inter-

esting. Laon Elphage, a mystic philosopher and astrologer, had acquired by his talents and character a commanding influence over the mind of Lord Julian Altamont, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Devonport. The young nobleman, who possessed mental powers "of the most extraordinary character, could not be restrained from associating with Laon and his equally mystic and accomplished daughter *Æltgiva*;" and quitting his father's hall, he is carried by the magician under "a power which he could not control, from country to country," beyond the region of civilization, and travels with his gifted Mentor, studying the wonders and beauties of the material world, and imbibing the extravagant opinions of his instructor. Mr. Cheverton, a pious and gifted clergyman, who had been the tutor of Julian, attempts in vain to wean him from his opinions; and such was the influence which they exercised over his affections, that Eudora, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sir William Spencer, to whom he was betrothed, had ceased to interest him. Under these circumstances *Panthea*, or the Spirit of Nature, carries off Julian into celestial space, exhibiting to him "systems upon systems of worlds," and while "directing his gaze into the vista of Time," displays to him "the tangled web of the Past," and restores him to earth with a higher and better philosophy than that which he had imbibed from his rosicrucian preceptor and his daughter *Æltgiva*. Encountering Eudora on his return home, he asks and obtains forgiveness for his unkindness and extravagances. A thunderstorm breaks over their head, and after conducting Eudora to her father's mansion, he rushes "into the darkness of the night," to enjoy "the cloud-riving lightning," and "the earth-striking thunder." The rain fell and the wind raged, and having clung for shelter to a lofty elm, which was struck by the lightning, Julian was stunned by the shock and fell into the arms of Laon, who, while superintending his "electrical gatherers," had seen the danger to which his pupil was exposed. Julian is carried to the castle—physicians ply their skill; but Laon succeeds by mesmeric powers in calming the disturbed mind of the patient, who is eventually restored to health. While Julian is still laboring under severe illness, his sister Euthanasia is taken ill and dies; and under the influence of this affliction, and the true philosophy instilled by Mr. Cheverton, the erring neophyte is brought back to reason and to

truth. His mental delusion gradually disappears. The wild speculations that had fascinated him are replaced by sober studies, and having given his heart and his hand to Eudora Spencer, he employs the rest of his life in relieving the wants and assuaging the sufferings of his fellow-creatures.

Our readers may form some idea of the interesting discussions which are embodied in this narrative, from the following titles of its chapters. After a prelude in verse, our author treats in Book I. of the ardent mind—the home influence—the dream of Nature's trial—the vision of the mystery—the break of day—and the seventh day. This Book is followed by "The Interlude," entitled, "On Modern Science," and Book II. contains nine chapters, with the following titles—heart and soul—the chemist's delusion—the tangled web of the past—the soul condemnation—the night of storm—the teachings of affliction—the true philosophy—new resolutions confirmed—and the work of usefulness begun. Such is the nature and such the contents of a very remarkable work, which will be viewed in different lights by readers of different temperaments and intelligence. But whatever view may be taken of this peculiar mode of imparting instruction, the work is full of wisdom and truth, fraught with noble lessons, and addressing man's inmost soul in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Mr. Hunt's work on the Poetry of Science is, of course, of a very different character from his *Panthea*. It is a truly scientific work, which has the character of poetry only in so far as truth is poetical, and may be regarded a popular treatise on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology, similar in its nature and object to the *Kosmos* of Humboldt. It consists of SIXTEEN chapters—on the general conditions of matter—motion—gravitation—molecular forces—crystallogenic forces—heat solar and terrestrial—light—actinism and chemical radiations—electricity—magnetism—chemical forces—chemical phenomena—geological phenomena—phenomena of vegetable life—phenomena of animal life, and general conclusions.

In introducing these subjects to the notice of his readers, Mr. Hunt is naturally led to justify the title of the "Poetry of Science," which he has prefixed to his work,

"But it will be asked," says he, "where is the relation between the stern labor of science and the ethereal system which constitutes poetry ?

The fumes of the laboratory, its alkalies and acids, the mechanical appliances of the observatory, its specula and its lenses, do not appear fitted for a place in the painted bowers of the Muses. But from the labors of the chemist in his cell—from the multitudinous observations of the astronomer on his tower—spring truths which the philosopher employs to interpret Nature's mysteries, and which give to the soul of the poet those realities to which he aspires in his high imaginings.

"Science solicits from the material world, by the persuasion of induction, a development of its elementary principles, and of the laws which these obey. Philosophy strives to apply the discovered facts to the great phenomena of being, to deduce large generalities from the fragmentary discoveries of severe induction, and thus to ascend from matter and its properties up to those impulses which stir the whole, floating, as it were, on the confines of sense, and indicating, though dimly, those superior powers which more nearly relate to infinity, mysteriously manifest themselves in the phenomena of mind. Poetry seizes the facts of the one and the theories of the other; unites them by a pleasing thought, which appeals for truth to the most unthinking soul, and leads the reflective intellect to higher and higher exercise. It connects common phenomena with exalted ideas, and, applying its holiest powers, it invests the human mind with the sovereign strength of the true. \* \* \* \* The poetry which springs from the contemplation of the agencies which are actively employed in producing the transformations of matter, and which is founded upon the truths developed by the aids of science, should be in no respect inferior to that which has been inspired by the beauty of the individual forms of matter, and the pleasing character of their combinations.

"The imaginative view of man and his world—the creations of the romantic mind—have been, and ever will be, dwelt on with a soul-absorbing passion. The mystery of our being, and the mystery of our ceasing to be, acting upon intelligences which are forever striving to comprehend the enigma of themselves, leads, by a natural process, to a love for the ideal. The discovery of these truths, which advance the human mind towards that point of knowledge to which all its secret longings tend, should excite a higher feeling than any mere creation of the fancy, how beautiful soever it may be. The phenomena of reality are more startling than the phantoms of the ideal. Truth is stranger than fiction. Surely many of the discoveries of science which relate to the combinations of matter, and exhibit results which we could not by any previous efforts of reasoning dare to reckon on, results which show the admirable balance of the forces of nature, and the might of their uncontrolled power, exhibit to our senses subjects for contemplation truly poetic in their character."—*Introduction*, pp. xvii-xxiv.

When we study the objects of the material world, either in their growth or in their decay, we speedily discover that everything



around us is in a state of change. Spring and autumn present to us annually the life and death of the year. Vegetable nature shoots, and flowers, and decays; while the fruit which it bears passes into animal life, again to return to its original dust, and again to pass, in endless alternation, into new forms of life and beauty. The oak and the nettle—the poison and its antidote—the lion and the ephemeral insect—the sovereign and the serf, consist of the same matter differently combined; and the atom which to-day forms a part of any one of them may in a brief period be the constituent of another, or may by turns occupy an essential place in them all. Nor is this transference of matter limited to the existing cycle. An atom which lay at the bottom of the primeval ocean may now be borne on the pinion of the eagle, and that which lived and breathed in the earliest age may now be asleep among the ashes of our fathers.

"We have then," says Mr. Hunt, "this certain truth—all things visible around us are aggregations of atoms. From particles of dust, which under the microscope could *scarcely be* distinguished one from the other, are all the varied forms of nature created. This grain of dust, this particle of sand, has strange properties and powers. Science has discovered some, but still more truths are hidden within this irregular molecule of matter which we now survey than even philosophy dares dream of. How strangely it obeys the impulses of heat—mysterious are the influences of light upon it—electricity wonderfully excites it—and still more curious is the manner in which it obeys the magic of chemical force. These are phenomena which we have seen; we know them, and we can reproduce them at our pleasure. We have advanced a little way into the secrets of nature, and from the spot we have gained we look forward with a vision somewhat brightened by our task; but we discover so much to be yet unknown, that we learn another truth,—our vast ignorance of many things relating to this grain of dust.

"It gathers around in other particles; they cling together, and each acting upon every other one, and all of them arranging themselves around the little centre, according to some law, a beautiful crystal results, the geometric perfection of its form being a source of admiration.

"It exerts some other powers, and atom adhering to atom, obeying the influence of many external radiant forces, undergoes inexplicable changes; and the same dust which we find forming the diamond aggregates into the lordly tree, blends to produce the graceful, scented, and richly-painted flower, and combines to yield the luxury of fruit.

"It quickens with yet undiscovered energies; it moves with life; dust and vital force combine; blood and bone, nerve and muscle, result, from

the combination. Forces which we cannot, by the utmost refinements of our philosophy, detect, direct the whole, and from the same dust which formed the rock, and grew in the tree, is produced a living and a breathing thing, capable of receiving a divine illumination, of bearing in its new state the gladness and the glory of a soul."—Pp. 3, 4.

After a chapter on motion, as a peculiar condition of matter, a subject of too metaphysical a nature to be discussed here, our author treats of the forms of matter, of the shape of the earth, the principle and law of gravitation, and the nebular theory, which is the leading topic in his third chapter. Considering the ample discussion which his hypothesis has lately undergone, not only in this Review, but in various other periodical works, and its entire abandonment by all sound thinkers, and even by persons who had previously espoused it, we have been surprised that Mr. Hunt should have again brought it into notice, and given it such a prominent place among the "Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature." Had it been a theory supported by any definite facts, or had it afforded an explanation of any unexplained phenomena, or had it led philosophers, as other theories have done, to discover new facts, we should have gladly welcomed it within the sphere of physical science; but it possesses none of these qualities, and must therefore be viewed as a mere conception of the mind, which every improvement in the telescope has served to dissipate.

"Amid the remoter stars," says Mr. Hunt, "some remarkable cloud-like appearances are discovered. These nebulae, presenting to the eye of the observer only a gleaming light, as from some phosphorescent vapor, were long regarded as indications of such a condition as that which we have just been considering. Astronomers saw in those mysterious nebulae a confirmation of their views, which regarded all the orbs of the firmament as having been once thin sheets of vapor, which had gradually, from irregular bodies traversing space, been slowly condensed about a centre, and brought within the limits of aggregating agencies, until after the lapse of ages they became spheroid stars, moving in harmony amid the bright host of heaven. \* \* \* The researches of modern astronomers, aided by the magnificent instruments of Lord Rosse, have, however, shown that many of the most remarkable nebulae are only clusters of stars, so remote from us, that the light from them appears blended into one diffusive sheet or luminous film. There are, however, the Magellanic clouds, and other singular patches of light, exhibiting changes which can only be explained on the theory of their slow condensation. There is no evidence to prove the position that



world-making may still be going on; that a slow and gradual aggregation of particles under the influence of laws with which we are acquainted, may be constantly in progress, to end eventually in the formation of a sphere.

"May we not regard the zodiacal light as the remains of a solar luminiferous atmosphere which once embraced the entire system of which it is the centre? Will not the strange changes which have been *seen to take place* in cometary bodies, even while they were passing near the earth, as the division of Biela's comet, and the alternate formation of a second nucleus from the detached portion, strongly tend to support the probability of the idea, that attenuated matter has, in the progress of time, been condensed into solid masses; and that nebulous clouds must still exist in every state of tenuity in the regions of infinite space, which in the mysterious processes of world-formation, will eventually become stars, and reflect across the blue immensity of heaven, in brightness, that light which is the necessary agent of organization and all manifestations of beauty?"

\* Whether the earth and the other members of the solar system were ever parts of a central sun, and thrown from it by some mighty convulsion, though now revolving with all the other masses around that orb, chained in their circuits by some infinite power, is beyond the utmost refinements of science to discover. This hypothesis is, however, in its sublime conception, worthy of the master mind that gave it birth."—Pp. 17-19.

Upon reconsidering the arguments for the nebular theory contained in the preceding extract, Mr. Hunt will, we think, himself see that they have no weight whatever. Lord Rosse's telescope has not only resolved nebulae into clusters of stars, but it has proved that what have been called planetary nebulae, or round nebulous discs, with a condensed light at their centre, are really not circular, and have no central condensation. If the nebulae of Orion has been resolved into stars, the Magellanic clouds may also be resolved, as we have no doubt they will. There is certainly "no evidence to disprove the position, that world-making may *still* be going on;" because there is no evidence to prove that world-making, by the aggregation of particles or "star-dust" *has ever gone on*. But we decidedly prove that there is no *nebulous matter* in the sidereal spaces, by every observation that converts a nebula into a cluster of stars; and even if a thousand nebulae were to resist being resolved, this would only show the imperfection of our telescopes. It is impossible, indeed, by any means whatever, to prove the existence of nebulous matter in the stellar universe; and though we may find it in the tail of a comet, should it ever sweep across our globe, we should be as far

as ever from finding it among the stars. We may, perhaps, discover some apology for our author's defence of "world-making made easy," in the poetical character of the speculation; but we cannot reconcile it with his own proposition, "that the revelation of *truth* is the poetry of science," and that "to be forever *true* is the science of poetry."\*

We have been led to make these observations upon the nebular theory, not merely because it is gratuitous and unsound, but because it is a part of the more general hypothesis of creation by natural law, which we have so often had occasion to denounce as hostile to Scripture as well as to reason. We know that Mr. Hunt respects the truths of revelation as much as we do; and we are not of the opinion that the nebular theory taken alone is either atheistical or unchristian; but associated as it is with opinions adverse to revealed truth, and opposed to the declaration, that in the beginning God created the

\* The following observations on the nebular theory, which we believe have not hitherto been quoted in the controversy, form part of Sir John Herschel's admirable opening address to the British Association, at Cambridge, on the 19th June, 1845:—"Much has been said of late of the nebulous hypothesis as a mode of representing the origin of our own planetary system. An idea of Laplace, of which it is impossible to deny the ingenuity, of the successive abandonment of planetary rings, collecting themselves into planets by a revolving mass gradually shrinking in dimension by the loss of heat, and finally concentrating itself into a sun, has been insisted on with some pertinacity, and supposed to receive almost demonstrative support from considerations to which I shall presently refer. I am by no means disposed to quarrel with the nebulous hypothesis even in this form, as a matter of pure speculation, and without any reference to final causes; but if it is to be regarded as a demonstrated truth, or as receiving the smallest support from any observed numerical relations which actually hold good among the elements of the planetary orbits, I beg leave to demur. Assuredly it receives no support from observation of the effects of sidereal aggregation, as exemplified in the formation of globular and elliptic clusters, supposing them to have resulted from such aggregation; for we see this cause—working itself out in thousands of instances—to have resulted not in the formation of a single large central body, surrounded by a few much smaller attendants, disposed in one plane around it, but in systems of infinitely greater complexity, consisting of multitudes of nearly equal luminaries, grouped together in a solid elliptic or globular form. So far, then, as any conclusion from our observations of nebulae can go, the result of agglomerative tendencies may indeed be the formation of families of stars of a general and very striking character; but we see nothing to lead us to presume its further result to be the surrounding of those stars with planetary attendants. If, therefore, we go on to push its application to that extent, we clearly theorize in advance of all inductive observation.

earth and the waters, we are anxious to prevent our young readers from being misled either by the philosophy or the "sublimity of the conception." \*

In his *fourth* chapter on molecular forces, our author treats of the different conditions of matter—the *solid*, the *fluid*, and the *gaseous* or *æriform*, which belong equally to the organic and the inorganic world—the world of plants and animals, and the world of rocks and crystals. Nearly *sixty* principles or ultimate elements of matter have been detected in the material world; and all the forms of creation which the chemist has yet analyzed are derived from these elementary principles. Some of them are permanently gaseous at ordinary temperature, and others solid, the one passing into the other according to the relative intensities of the opposing forces of heat and cohesion. In gaseous bodies the particles, which are small, are kept asunder by some repulsive force, and at such a distance, that the attraction of cohesion is infinitely small. In fluids, the particles are nearer each other, and kept there, by the force of cohesion; while in solids the particles are nearer still, and the force of cohesion more powerful. The particles of all these bodies are free to move, and to be separated by the agency of heat. Hence they are all porous. The porosity of fluids is beautifully shown in the experiment of dissolving hydrated salts in water. The salts thus dissolved occupy no more space in the water than that which is equal to the water contained in the salt; and hence the solid matter of the salt must, in such solutions, fill up the interstitial spaces of the fluid. Mr. Hunt considers the "peculiar manner in which hydrogen gas appears to dissolve solid substances, as iron, potassium, sodium, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, and arsenic, as of a chemical character, and only a manifestation of the powers of affinity over the forms of bodies." If two masses of tin and copper are melted together, the united mass will be less in bulk than the two when separate; and if an ounce of sulphuric acid is mixed with an ounce of water, the combined ounces will not fill a two-ounce measure,—a large quantity of heat having been, as it were, squeezed from their pores by the combination.

In the great operations of nature certain changes take place in the conditions of matter, to which Berzelius has given the name of *Allotropy*. The diamond, for example,

has been converted by M. Jaquelin into graphite and coke by the agency of the galvanic arc of flame; and yet these three bodies consist of the same atoms, though they are wholly unlike each other, and have different physical properties. Silicium, too—the metallic base of flint—assumes two or more different states. Sulphur, selenium, phosphorus, and arsenic are susceptible of similar changes, and remarkable effects may be produced by a mere molecular disturbance. A piece of yellow and transparent phosphorus, for example, becomes quite black by plunging it in water; and the color of a crystal of iodide of mercury suffers a remarkable change either by heat or by mechanical pressure.

In his *fifth* chapter, Mr. Hunt treats of crystallogenic forces, or those in virtue of which the particles of bodies form regular geometrical solids. When crystallizable matter is dissolved in water or any other fluid, or exists in a state of fusion, the same substances always crystallize in the same form, unless the conditions of the crystallizing matter are changed. Sometimes, however, bodies assume a false form, which is called *Pseudomorphism*. The particles of crystallized carbonate of iron, for example, being removed, those of copper pyrites are found to take their place; and in like manner the crystals of felspar in granite sometimes decompose, and leave moulds of their own peculiar shape, which are gradually filled by oxide of tin,—“the metallic mineral thus taking the form of the earthy one.” Certain substances, though very unlike each other in composition, often assume the same crystalline form—a phenomenon which is called *Isomorphism*; and when the same body crystallizes in two different forms, such as carbonate of lime in the form of Iceland spar and Aragonite, the fact is called *Dimorphism*. The size of crystals is often very great. In the Museum of Milan there is a crystal of *quartz* or *rock-crystal*, three feet three inches long, five feet six inches in circumference, and weighing eight hundred and seventy pounds; and we are informed by Mr. Dana, that a crystal of beryl has been found at Acworth, in New Hampshire, *four* feet long, eleven inches in diameter, and weighing about two hundred and forty pounds.

“Electricity, and light, and heat,” says Mr. Hunt, “exert remarkable powers, and both accelerate and retard crystallization; and we have recently obtained evidence which appears to prove that some form of magnetism has an active influence in determining the natural forms of crystals.

\* See this Review, vol. iii. p. 474; vol. iv. pp. 230, 490; vol. viii. pp. 500, 507; vol. xii. p. 458, &c. &c.



Electricity appears to quicken the process of crystalline aggregation—to collect more readily together those atoms which seek to combine—to bring them all within the limits of that influence by which their symmetrical forms are determined; and strong evidence is now afforded in support of the theory of magnetic polarity, by the refined investigation of Faraday and Plücker, which prove that magnetism has a *directing* influence upon crystalline bodies in direct dependence upon the crystalline or optic axes of the body.

"It has been found that crystals of sulphate of iron, slowly forming from a solution which has been placed within the range of powerful magnetic force, dispose themselves along certain magnetic curves; whereas the *Arbor Dianæ*, or silver tree, forming under the same circumstances, takes a position nearly at right angles to these curves. Certain groups of crystals have been found in nature which appear to show, by their positions, that terrestrial magnetism has been active in producing the phenomena they exhibit.

"During rapid crystallization, some salts—as the sulphate of soda, boracic acid, and arsenious acid crystallizing in muriatic acid—exhibit decided indications of electrical excitement. Light is given out in flashes; and we have evidence that crystals exhibit a tendency to move toward the light. Professor Plücker has recently ascertained that certain crystals—in particular the cyanite—point 'very well to the north, by the magnetic power of the earth only. It is a true compass needle; and more than that, you may obtain its declination.' We must remember that this crystal, the cyanite, is a compound of silica and alumina only."—Pp. 46 48.

The very interesting topic of solar and terrestrial heat forms the subject of our author's *sixth* chapter, which might have borne the title of *Meteorology*. Although light and heat are generally combined, both in solar and terrestrial heat, yet they may be readily separated. In the solar spectrum, if the yellow ray, which is the most luminous, has a temperature of 62° Fahr., the blue ray has only 56°, and at the extremity of the violet no heat can be detected. Some substances, which are perfectly transparent, and transmit light copiously, transmit heat in very different quantities. Transparent alum, for example, which is as clear as water, transmits only 12 per cent. of heat; while rock crystal, which is equally clear, transmits 97 per cent. of heat. Obsidian, black glass, and black mica, allow 90 per cent. of heat to pass through them; whereas "a pale green glass, colored by oxide of copper, and covered with a layer of water, or a very thin plate of alum, will, although perfectly transparent to light, almost entirely obstruct the passage of heat rays."

The heat which is radiated by the sun, is absorbed by the air and by all bodies on the

earth's surface, whether organic or inorganic. About *one-fifth* of the sun's heat is absorbed by passing through 6000 feet of air near the earth's surface, and about *one-third* when the solar heat is transmitted vertically through the whole depth of our atmosphere. The mixture of gases and aqueous vapor which compose our atmosphere, thus equalize, by absorption, the solar heat, and render it agreeable to animal life. "Every tree," says Mr. Hunt, "spreading its green leaves to the sunshine, or exposing its brown branches to the air—every flower which lends its beauty to the earth, possesses different absorbing and radiating powers. The chalice-like cup of the pure white lily floating on the lake, the variegated tulip, the brilliant anemone, the delicate rose, and the intensely colored peony, or dahlia, have each powers peculiar to themselves for drinking in the warming life-stream of the sun, and for radiating it back again to the thirsting atmosphere."

In a very interesting Report *On the growth of plants*,\* Mr. Hunt has shown that the three classes of radiation which exist in the solar rays, change their relative proportions with the seasons. In spring the chemical excitation, or the actinic principle, prevails; in summer the luminous influence is the most powerful; and in autumn the calorific powers are in the greatest activity.

When heat is radiated from material substances, its character is changed.

"Snow," says our author, "which lies near the trunks of trees or wooden poles, melts much quicker than that which is at a distance from them—the liquefaction commencing on the side facing the sun, and gradually extending. We see, therefore, that the direct rays of solar heat produce less effect upon the snow than those which are radiated from colored surfaces. By numerous experiments it has been shown that these secondary radiations are more abundantly absorbed by snow or white bodies than the direct solar rays themselves. Here is one of the many very curious evidences which science lays open to us of the intimate connection between the most ethereal and the grosser forms of matter. Heat, by touching the earth, becomes more earth-like. The subtle principle which, like the spirit of superstition, has the power of passing unfelt through the crystal mass, is robbed of its might by embracing the things of earth; and although it still retains the evidences of its refined origin, its movements are shackled as by a clog of clay, and its wings are heavy with the dust of this rolling ball. It has, however, acquired new properties, which fit it for the requirements of creation,

\* Report of the British Association for 1847, p. 17, &c.



and by which its great tasks are facilitated. Matter and heat unite in a common bond, and harmoniously pursuing the necessities of some universal law, the result is the extension of beautiful forms in every kingdom of nature.

"An easy experiment pleasingly illustrates this remarkable change. If a blackened card is placed upon snow or ice in the sunshine, the frozen mass underneath it will be gradually thawed: while that by which it is surrounded, although exposed to the full power of solar heat, is but little disturbed. If, however, we reflect the sun's rays from a metal surface, an exactly contrary result takes place: the uncovered parts are the first to melt, and the blackened card stands high above the surrounding portion."—Pp. 60, 61.

M. Melloni, a distinguished Italian philosopher, has thrown out and supported the ingenious idea, that the rays of heat have different properties, connected with color, as the rays of light have different calorific properties, although they are invisible:—that is, a blue surface has a strong affinity for the blue-heat ray, and a red surface for the red ones. If we throw upon a polished metallic surface the prismatic spectrum, deprived of its chemical influence or actinic rays, by passing through a transparent yellow solution, and if we afterwards expose the plate to the vapor of mercury, the space covered by the red rays and beyond it, will condense the vapor thickly, while all the other part that was covered by the other rays will receive none of the vapor. When the sun's rays, after having passed through glasses of different colors, are thrown upon a polished metallic surface, a similar effect will be produced. No vapor will be lodged upon the parts under yellow or green glass, but abundance of vapor will be deposited upon the parts below a red or even a blackened glass. "More remarkable still," says Mr. Hunt, "if these or any other colored bodies are placed in a box, and a polished metallic surface suspended a few lines above them, *the whole being kept in perfect darkness* for a few hours, precisely the same effect takes place as when the arrangement is exposed to the full rays of the sun. Here we have evidence of the radiating heat of bodies producing even in darkness, the same phenomena as the transmitted heat-rays of the sun."\* From these we learn, "that in their relations to heat every flower which adds to the adornment of the wilds of nature, or the carefully tended garden of the florist, possesses a power peculiar to itself," and is "by their different colors prevented from having the same tem-

peratures under the same sunshine. Every plant bears within itself the measure of heat which is necessary for its well-being, and is endued with functions which mutually determine the relative amount of dew which shall wet its colored leaves."

The condition of the interior of our globe with regard to heat has always been a subject of high scientific interest. On the supposition that the earth was once an incandescent mass, and is now cooling, its temperature should be highest at its centre, and lowest at its surface. From the valuable observations of Mr. R. W. Fox, made in the Cornish mines, it has been found that in latitudes where the mean temperature is 50° Fahr., the temperature of the rock at 59 fathoms from the surface is 60°, at 132 fathoms 70°, and at 239 fathoms 80°. The heat, therefore, increased 10° at a depth of 59 fathoms, or 1° in 35½ feet; 10° more at an additional depth of 73 fathoms, or 1° in 44 feet; and 10° more at an additional depth of 114 fathoms, or 1° in 64 feet, thus indicating an average increase of 1° in about 48 feet. At the bottom of the united mines in Cornwall, water rises from one part of the lobe at 90°; and one of the levels in these workings is so hot, that though a stream of cold water is purposely brought into it to reduce the temperature, the miners *worked nearly naked, and will bathe in water of 80° to cool themselves*. At the bottom of Tresavean mine in the same county, about 320 fathoms from the surface, the temperature is nearly 100°. Although it can scarcely be doubted that the interior of the earth is hotter than its exterior from some general cause, yet in many deep mines the heat is generated by chemical action, or the decomposition of large quantities of the sulphurate of iron, which is actually found in this condition near the workings.

The effect of heat in disturbing and separating the particles of bodies is well known. A metallic bar, for example, expands by heat, the particles being further and further separated from one another, till they are placed beyond the sphere of their mutual attraction, when the metal becomes liquid. A very peculiar species of disturbance, produced by cooling, was discovered in 1829 by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan,\* who found that when bars of copper, zinc, brass, and bell-metal, were heated and placed so as to cool on blocks of lead, tin, or pewter, the bars were thrown

\* See this Review, vol. vii. p. 496, &c. &c.

\* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xii. p. 137.

into a state of vibration, and *produced sounds similar to those of an Æolian harp*. In order to obtain this effect, one of the metals must have a rough surface, for when the two surfaces are smoothly polished no sound is emitted. Hence it is supposed that the sound is produced by two causes, neither of which is singly sufficient—by the peculiar mode in which the heat passes during cooling from one metal to a different one, and to “the undulating movement of the air, induced,” as Mr. Trevelyan observes, “by flowing in a current through the channels afforded by the roughness of the block or bar.” Professor Forbes has shown that the intensity of the vibrations is related generally to the difference of temperature of the metals, and to the difference of their conducting powers for heat or electricity.

The existence of heat in a latent state in all bodies is well known. The blacksmith can press it out of a piece of iron by simply beating it with a cold hammer, till he can light his match at it when it becomes red hot. There is now less room in the condensed iron for the heat, and the same piece cannot again be made red hot by the same hammering till it has been made red hot in the fire, and brought back to its originally expanded state. It is from the same cause that pieces of wood can be set on fire by friction, and pieces of ice melted by the same cause. Groves of bamboo have been burned down in India by the friction of their stems during a gale of wind. Our author has well illustrated the principle of latent heat by the following facts:—

“By the condensation of hydrogen and oxygen gases, pulverulent platinum will become glowing red hot, and, with certain precautions, even the compact metal, platinum, itself; the heat being derived from the gases, the union of which it has effected. A body passing from the solid to the fluid state absorbs heat from all surrounding substances, and hence a degree of cold is produced. The heat which is thus removed is not destroyed; it is held combined with the fluid; it exists in a latent state. Fluids, in passing into a gaseous form, also rob all surrounding bodies of an amount of heat necessary to maintain the æri-form condition. From the air or from the fluid this heat may, as we have shown above, be again extracted. Locked in a pint measure of air there exists sufficient caloric to raise several square inches of metal to a glowing red heat. By the compression of atmospheric air this may be shown, and with a small condensing syringe a sufficient quantity of heat may be set free to fire the *bol-tus ignarius*, which, impregnated with nitre, is known as *amadou*. We are acquainted with various sources of heat for artificial purposes; the

flint and steel, and the modern lucifer-matches are the most common.

“If spirits of wine and water are mixed together, a considerable degree of heat is given out, and by mixing sulphuric acid and water an infinitely larger amount. If oil of vitrol and spirits of wine, or aquafortis (nitric acid) and spirits of turpentine, at common temperatures, be suddenly mixed, so much heat is set free as to ignite the spirits. In all these instances there is a condensation of the fluid. In nearly all cases of solution, cold is produced by the absorption of the heat necessary to sustain the salt in a liquid form, but when potash dissolves in water, heat is given out, which is a fact we cannot yet explain. If potassium is placed in water it sets fire by the heat produced to the hydrogen gas liberated from it. Antimony and many other metals thrown into chlorine gas, ignite and burn with brilliancy; the same phenomenon takes place in the vapors of iodine or bromine. Many chemical combinations, as the chlorate of potash and sulphur, exploded with a blow; whilst the slightest friction occasions the destruction of the fulminating salts of silver, mercury, and gold. Compounds of nitrogen and chlorine, or iodine, are still more delicately combined—the former exploding with fearful violence on the contact of an oleaginous body, and the latter with the smallest elevation of temperature; both of them destroying the vessels in which they may be contained.”—Pp. 82, 84.

The influence of extreme heat on the conditions of matter has been shown in a series of very interesting experiments by the Baron Cagnard de la Tour, and M. Boutigny. The first of these philosophers having enclosed water, or alcohol, or ether in a strong glass-tube of a small bore, and having sealed both ends hermetically and strongly, he exposed the whole to a strong heat. The fluid in each case disappeared, having been converted into transparent gases, under the pressure of their own atmospheres. “We can readily conceive,” says Mr. Hunt, “a similar result occurring upon a far more extensive scale, in volcanic districts, at great depths, and, consequently, under the pressure of the superincumbent mass, the silicious rocks, or even metal, may from the action of intense heat be brought into a gaseous or fluid condition without any change of volume, since the elastic force of heat is opposed by the rigid resistance of the pressure of the surrounding rocks.” Mr. Hunt does not seem to be aware that this *conception* or conjecture has been long ago established as a truth by the discovery of fluids and solids in the cavities of minerals, which have been imprisoned in their cells for millions of years, from the time that the primitive rocks were indurated. Sir David Brewster, to whom we owe these results, has shown that two



immiscible fluids of very different properties, and unlike any other fluids in their physical relations, exist in the same cavities in topaz and other gems. By opening these cavities one of the fluids flies off into a gas, while the other hardens into a solid. In the closed cavity, of which there are millions in the same specimen, the volatile fluid expands thirty times more than water, and thus, in most specimens, fills the cavity, a portion of which is always empty. In other specimens where the empty space is greater, the volatile fluid is thrown off in vapor, and thus fills the cavity.

"When any of these cavities," says Sir David Brewster, "whether they are filled with fluid or with vapor, is allowed to cool, the vacuity reappears at a certain temperature, (between 50° and 90° Fahr.) In the *fluid* cavities the fluid contracts, and the small vacuity reappears, and grows larger and larger till it resumes its original size. When the cavities are large, several small vacuities make their appearance, and gradually unite into one, though they sometimes remain separate. In deep cavities, a very remarkable phenomenon accompanies the reappearance of the vacuity. At the instant that the fluid has acquired the temperature at which it quits the sides of the cavity, *an effervescence or rapid ebullition takes place*, and the transparent cavity is for a moment opaque, with an infinite number of minute vacuities, which instantly unite into one, that goes on *enlarging* as the temperature diminishes. In the *vapor* cavities the vapor is reconverted by the cold (by a drop of ether) into fluid, and the vacuity gradually *contracts* till all the vapor has been precipitated. It is curious to observe, when a great number of cavities are seen at once in the field of the microscope, that the vacuities all disappear and reappear at the same instant."\* During these changes, the dense fluid lies at rest in the corners or narrow places of the cavity, where it is kept by capillary attraction. In large cavities with narrow necks, which in some specimens are very common, the dense fluid is driven from the corners into the narrow necks, where it performs the part of a fluid valve, opening and shutting during changes of temperature. These cavities are often filled with transparent crystal of beautiful geometrical forms, many of which can be melted by heat, and again crystallized by cooling.†

In some cases the cavities are found to have burst, either from having been exposed to great heat, or from the crystal having been relieved when taken out of its parent rock from the superincumbent pressure which acted in opposition to the elastic force of the imprisoned gases. This force has been so great as actually to produce a condensation of the hard and solid topaz which contains the cavities.\* "When the gem," says the same author, "which contains the highly expansive fluid is strong and the cavity not near the surface, heat may be applied to it without danger, but in the course of my experiments on this subject the topaz has often burst with a tremendous explosion, and in one case wounded me in the brow. An accident of the same kind occurred to a gentleman who put a crystal into his mouth for the purpose of expanding the fluid. The specimen burst with great force and cut his mouth, and the fluid which was discharged from the cavity had a very disagreeable taste. In the gems which are particularly appropriated for female ornament, cavities containing the expansible fluid frequently occur, and if these cavities should happen to be very near the surface or the edge of the stone, the fever heat of the body might be sufficient to burst them with an alarming and even dangerous, explosion."†

It is doubtless a strange sight to see fluids that have been in existence for millions of years before the creation of man; and to see them restored to the same state of matter in which they existed before the primitive rocks of our globe were consolidated.

A series of very remarkable phenomena have been recently discovered by M. Boutigny of Evreux, who has published them under the title of "*The Spheroidal Condition*" of bodies. We had the pleasure of seeing M. Boutigny's experiments at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1845, and consider them as too interesting to be passed over with the slight notice which Mr. Hunt has taken of them. If a drop of water is projected upon a red hot metallic plate, it assumes a spheroidal form, and does not touch the plate, but is kept in a state of rapid vibration. At a white heat the repulsion between the plate and the fluid is the greatest, and the water does not evaporate; but at a brown red heat, evaporation takes place. While the water is in the spheroidal state, its temperature is only 96°; but when the plate,

\* Letters on Natural Magic, p. 334; and Edinburgh Transactions, vol. x. pp. 1, 407.

† Edin. Trans., vol. xvi. p. 11.

\* Edin. Trans., vol. xvi. p. i.

† Letters on Natural Magic, p. 341.



cools, the water is raised to  $212^{\circ}$ ! When a lump of silver, at a glowing red heat, was plunged into a glass of water, there was no ebullition while it continued bright red, but as it slowly cooled the water boiled. When a sphere of copper fitted with a safety valve, and containing a little water, and corked, was kept at a red heat, everything was quiet, but upon cooling, the cork was blown out with explosive violence. "The concluding experiment excited great interest—the *production of ice in a vessel at a glowing red heat!* A deep platina capsule was brought to a glowing red heat, and at the same moment water and liquid sulphurous acid, which had been preserved in the liquid state by a freezing mixture, were poured into the vessel, the rapid evaporation of the volatile sulphurous acid, which enters into ebullition at the freezing point, produced such an intense degree of cold, that a large lump of ice was immediately formed, and being thrown out of the red hot vessel, handed round for examination."\*

In following out this inquiry M. Boutigny, has been led to some curious results, which prove that the human skin may be protected from disorganization by intense heat, simply by the moisture in its pores. Both in ancient and in modern times there have been magicians who professed to walk on burning coals or red-hot iron. Some were able to hold red-hot iron in their hands or between their teeth, and to plunge their hands into boiling water or melted lead. M. Boutigny had learned that at some foundries there were workmen who had put their finger with impunity into melted iron, but he experienced great difficulty in verifying the fact. He at last learned from M. Michel, who lived among the forges of Franche-Compté, that a workman of the forge of Magny, near Lure, had performed the remarkable experiment. M. Michel saw it made, and made it himself without ever wetting his fingers. M. Boutigny lost no time in repeating the experiment. He first divided with his naked hand a current of melted iron which flowed from an aperture, and he plunged his other hand into a vessel full of the incandescent metal. He shuddered involuntarily at the frightful sight, "but both his hands came out victorious from the ordeal;" and now, he says, "if any thing astonishes me it is that such experiments are not quite common." The only precautions which he considers necessary are to have no fear, to make the experiment with confidence,

and to pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, through the red-hot fluid. If the experiment is made timorously, and the hand moved too quickly, we may overcome the repulsive force which exists in the incandescent bodies, and thrusting them into contact with the skin which would be immediately destroyed; the experiment succeeds best when the skin is moist, which it generally will be from fear when such an apparent risk is to be encountered. M. Boutigny has given the following method of making the skin invulnerable,—“I rub,” says he, “my hands with soap so as to give them a polished surface, then at the instant of making the experiment I plunge my hand in a cold solution of sal-ammoniac, saturated with sulphurous acid, or simply in water containing sal-ammoniac, or, when these cannot be had, in fresh water.” “M. Regnault,” he continues, “who is occupied with this question, says, that those who make it a profession to handle fire, and to keep it in their mouth, employ sometimes an equal mixture of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice,” all of them volatile substances, which “render latent during their evaporation a certain quantity of heat.”\* M. Boutigny has repeated these experiments frequently with melted lead, bronze, and other metals, and he has given the following explanation of them:—When the hand is plunged into melted metal the skin is not in contact with the metal, and therefore the heat incident upon the skin can arise only from that which is radiated from the metal. The moisture of the skin passes into the spheroidal state, and reflects the radiating caloric, so that the heat is never at the boiling point.

The changes produced upon bodies by abstracting the heat which they contain are very interesting. Mr. Hunt has given a brief, and instructive notice of some of the most remarkable.

“By taking advantage,” says he, “of the cooling produced by the rapid solution or salts of several kinds in water, an intense degree of coldness may be produced. Indeed, the absorption of heat by liquefaction may be shown by the use of metallic bodies alone. If lead, tin, and bismuth are melted together and reduced to a coarse powder by being poured into water, and the alloy then dissolved in a large quantity of quicksilver, the thermometer will sink nearly 50 degrees. An intense amount of cold will result from the mixture of muriate of lime and snow, by which a temperature of 50 degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, or 82

\* Report of the British Association, 1845; Transactions of Sections, pp. 27, 28.

\* Compté Rendu, &c., 14 Mai, 1849, tom. xxviii. p. 593.

degrees below the freezing point of water, is produced. By such a freezing mixture as this mercury will be rendered solid. A degree of cold, however, far exceeding it has lately been obtained by the use of solid carbonic acid and ether. Solid carbonic acid is itself produced from the gas liquefied by pressure; which liquid, when allowed to escape into the air, evaporates so rapidly that a large quantity of it is congealed by being robbed of its combined heat by the vaporizing portion. When this solid acid is united with ether a bath is formed, in which the carbonic acid will remain solid for twenty or thirty minutes. By a mixture of this kind, placed under the receiver of an air-pump, a good exhaustion being sustained, a degree of cold  $166^{\circ}$  below zero is secured. By this intense cold many of the bodies which have hitherto been known to us only in the gaseous state, have been condensed into liquids and solids. Olefiant gas, a compound of hydrogen and carbon, was brought into a liquid form. Hydriodic and hydrobromic acids could be condensed into either a liquid or a solid form. Phosphoretted hydrogen, a gas which inflames spontaneously when brought into contact with the air or with oxygen, became a transparent liquid at this great reduction of temperature. Sulphurous acid may be condensed by pressure and a reduction of temperature, into a liquid which boils at  $14^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, but by the carbonic acid bath it is converted into a solid body, transparent, and without color. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas solidifies at  $122^{\circ}$  below zero, and forms a white substance resembling a mass of crystal of sea-salt.

"A combination of the two gases, chlorine and oxygen, becomes solid at  $75^{\circ}$ , and the protoxide of nitrogen at  $150^{\circ}$ . Cyanogen, a compound of carbon and nitrogen, the base of prussic acid, is solidified at  $30^{\circ}$  below the zero of our thermometric scale. The well-known pungent compound, ammonia, so exceedingly volatile at warmer temperatures, is converted into a crystalline, translucent white substance at the temperature of  $103^{\circ}$ ."

Mr. Hunt proceeds in his seventh chapter to treat of the subject of light—its sources—velocity—absorption—analysis—diffraction—interference—polarization and magnetization; and he concludes his chapter with a brief notice of the structure of the eye, with remarks on the influence of light on animals and vegetables, and an account of the phenomena of phosphorescence. In drawing up this chapter Mr. Hunt has had to contend with great difficulties from the want of diagrams, but making every allowance for these, we cannot regard it as a popular abstract of physical optics, fitted to convey anything like a view of the splendid discoveries which have given so much prominence to this branch of science. On the subject of the polarization of light he describes an experiment with two reflectors, which contains no explanation whatever of polarization, and the result of

which is quite different from what he states it to be.

"To give a familiar illustration," he says, "of the distinction between ordinary and polarized light we will suppose the use of a cylinder having a mirror at one end of it. If we point this to the sun, and receive the reflected image on a distant screen, we may turn the cylinder round on its axis, and the reflected ray will be found to revolve constantly and regularly with it. If now, instead of receiving the ray direct from the sun, we allow a beam reflected from a glass plate at an angle of about  $54^{\circ}$  to fall upon the screen, it will be found that the point of light has not the same properties as that previously examined; it is altered in its degree of intensity as the cylinder is turned round, has points of greatest brightness, and others at which it is lost in shadow. \* \* \* This remarkable change, as produced by the reflection of the ray from glass, was first observed by Malus in 1808."—Pp. 113, 114.

In the *first* part of this experiment the phrase "revolving constantly and regularly," does not indicate what the author means to indicate, that the *reflected ray is in every position of the cylinder of the same intensity*. In the *second* part of the experiment he is quite wrong. The reflection must be made at an angle of  $56^{\circ} 45'$  (not  $54^{\circ}$ ) from both reflectors, and both reflectors must be glass plates. After mentioning that Bartholinus first noticed "that the two images produced by Iceland spar were not in the same physical condition," Mr. Hunt, by some strange oversight, adds the following paragraph:—"It must not be considered that this change in the character of the luminous beam is due to any of the powers of reflection or refraction of bodies; it is a property of matter independent of the other modes of action which it exercises over light." This paragraph embodies an erroneous opinion expressed by Malus, nearly in the same words, after he had first discovered the fact that light was polarized by reflection at an angle of about  $55^{\circ}$ . His words are, "The polarizing angle neither follows the order of the refractive powers, nor that of the dispersive forces. It is a property of bodies independent of the other modes of action which they exercise upon light." It was at this period that Sir David Brewster investigated the subject, and proved that the polarizing angle did follow the order of the refractive and dispersive forces, and that it *was* a property of bodies *dependent* on their modes of action upon light.\*

\* Mr. Hunt's observations on the interference of light and on the prismatic analysis of the spectrum will require considerable correction in another edition of his work.



Even without the use of diagrams Mr. Hunt might have given in a short space some idea of the polarization of light, without conveying to the reader any notion of the beautiful laws and splendid phenomena which characterize this branch of physical optics. We shall endeavor to supply the defect. There are three kinds of polarization—*plane* polarization, *circular* polarization, and *elliptical* polarization.

1. *Plane polarization* is produced in three ways: 1st, By reflection at an angle between  $53^\circ$  and  $68^\circ$ , from the surface of bodies either fluid or solid, but not metallic. The law discovered by Sir David Brewster is, that "*The index of refraction is the tangent of the angle of polarization.*" Hence the angle of polarization for water whose index of refraction is 1.336 is  $53^\circ 11'$ , and the angle for diamond whose index of refraction is 2.47 is  $68^\circ$ . The angle of polarization at the second surface of transparent plates is obtained by the law that *the index of refraction is the cotangent of the angle of polarization.* 2. Plane polarization is produced by the refraction of light by several refracting surfaces acting upon the pencil of light in succession. Each surface polarizes a portion of the pencil; the portion polarized increasing from  $0^\circ$  of incidence to  $90^\circ$ ; and the number of plates necessary to polarize the whole beam depends upon the intensity of the beam, and the angle of incidence. At an angle of  $41^\circ 41'$ , the light of a wax candle is wholly polarized by 47 plates of glass; and at an angle of  $79^\circ 11'$  it is polarized by 8 plates. 3. Plane polarization is produced by the double refraction of crystals. Each of the two pencils is polarized like light reflected from glass at an angle of  $56^\circ 45'$ , but in opposite planes.

2. *Circular polarization* is produced by light when it is twice totally reflected from the second surfaces of bodies at their angle of maximum polarization. This discovery we owe to Fresnel. It may also be produced, as discovered by M. Arago, by rock crystal; and, as discovered by M. Biot and M. Seebeck, in passing through certain fluids, such as oil of turpentine, oil of laurel, solutions of sugar, &c.

3. *Elliptical polarization* is produced by reflections at angles between  $70^\circ 45'$  and  $78^\circ 30'$ , from the polished surfaces of metals,—gold having the least, and tin the greatest polarizing angles. This discovery was made by Sir David Brewster.

Mr. Hunt proceeds from the polarization to what has been called the *magnetization* of

light—a name, we think, very improperly given to Dr. Faraday's beautiful discovery of the influence of magnetism when transmitted through transparent bodies along with a ray of polarized light. In this experiment, a cube of dense glass of high refractive power, which Dr. Faraday calls the *diamagnetic*, transmits a polarized ray, which is viewed with an analyzing plate or prism, or rhomb of calcareous spar. The diamagnetic is placed between the two poles of a powerful electro-magnet, so arranged that the line of magnetic force coincides nearly with the polarized ray in its transit through the glass. If the analyzer is so placed that the polarized ray disappears, then as soon as the magnetism is transmitted the ray appears just as it would have done, speaking generally, as if the cube of glass had been heated all round, or compressed by a uniform force. The plane of polarization of the ray is turned round as in circular polarization, and the effect is proportional to the intensity of the magnetic force, and to the thickness of the glass. Dr. Faraday is of opinion that the magnetic force acts upon the polarized ray, and hence he supposes that he has *magnetized light*, and *illuminated the magnetic lines of force*. In our opinion, the magnet acts solely upon the glass altering its mechanical condition, and giving it the power and heat which pressure gives it of altering the polarization of the passing ray. The mechanical change produced upon the glass is, of course, such as we cannot produce by either heat or pressure, but this is just what might have been expected from a power acting like magnetism.

In treating of phosphorescence, Mr. Hunt mentions some curious facts regarding the light emitted by plants and flowers. If a *nasturtium* is plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has rested for a short time, will discover the flowers by the light emitted from its leaves.

"The leaves," says our author, of the *œnothea macrocarpa* are said to exhibit phosphoric light when the air is highly charged with electricity. The agarics of the olive grounds of Montpellier have been observed to be luminous at night; but they exhibit no light, even in darkness, *during the day*. The subterranean passages of the coal mines near Dresden are illuminated by the phosphorescent light of the *rhizomorpha phosphoreus*, a peculiar fungus. On the leaves of the Pindoba palm, a species of agaric genus, which is exceedingly luminous at night, and many varieties of the lichens, creeping along the roofs of caverns, lend to them an air of enchantment by the soft and clear light they diffuse. In a small cave near

Falmouth, this luminous mass is very abundant; it is also found in the mines of Hesse; and according to Heintzmann, the *rhizomorpha subterranea* and *aidulæ* are also phosphorescent.

"It is but lately that a plant, which abounds in the jungles in the Madura district of the East Indies, was sent to this country, which, although dead, was remarkably phosphorescent; and, when in the living state, the light which it emitted was extraordinarily vivid, illuminating the ground for some distance. Those remarkable effects may be due, in some cases, to the separation of phosphorated hydrogen from decomposing matter, and in others, to some peculiar electric manifestation."—Pp. 129, 130.

As a remarkable example of phosphorescence, Mr. Hunt has given the following fact from Goethe, who has published in his *Farbenlehre*, as a case of phosphorescence:—"On the 12th of June, 1799, says Goethe, late in the evening, when the twilight was deepening into a clear night, as I was walking up and down the garden with a friend, we very distinctly observed a flame-like appearance near the Oriental poppy, the flowers of which are remarkable for their powerful red color. We approached the place and looked attentively at the flowers, but could perceive nothing further, till at last, by passing and repassing repeatedly, while we looked sideways on them, we succeeded in renewing the appearance as often as we pleased. It proved to be a physiological phenomenon, such as others we have described, and the apparent corruscation was nothing but the spectrum of the flower, or the compensating blue-green color."\* There is here no phosphorescence, and nothing even connected with it. And the description, if it is a correct one, is an excellent specimen of Goethe's optical lucubrations.

Mr. Hunt's eighth chapter, on "Actinism, or Chemical Radiations," will be read with much interest by all classes of readers; but as we have already treated the subject at great length in a previous article on Photography,† and given a full account of the discoveries of Talbot, Daguerre, Niepce, Draper, Moser, Becquerel, Fizeau, Claudet, and others, we must limit our present observations to the discoveries which have been made since the publication of that Article. Mr. Hunt has not taken any notice of the more recent discoveries, and we must therefore draw upon our own resources.

M. Claudet,‡ to whom both the theory and

practice of Photography is deeply indebted, has placed it beyond a doubt, that in the Daguerreotype process, the first action of light upon the silver plate is to render the iodide of silver susceptible of attracting the vapor of mercury which is condensed upon it in the form of a white powder, that has the appearance of crystals reflecting light, when examined by the microscope. When the light acts much longer upon the iodide of silver, it is decomposed, and there is produced on the surface, without the aid of mercury, a white precipitate insoluble in the hyposulphite of soda, and having the appearance of crystals reflecting light, when seen by the microscope. In this last action the iodide is decomposed, and the silver being set free, is precipitated on the surface in the form of a white powder or very minute crystals. These two actions are so different in their intensity, that while the pure light of the sun determines the affinity for mercurial vapor in the short space of about  $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part of a second, light of the same intensity requires *three* or *four* seconds to effect the decomposition of the bromo-iodide of silver. "So that," as M. Claudet remarks,\* "the affinity for mercury is imparted by an intensity of light 3000 times less than that which precipitates the decomposition manifested by the white precipitate. While the white rays communicate to the sensitive surfaces, the affinity for mercury, the red, orange, and yellow rays withdraw it; but what is very singular, when the sensitive surface is prepared only with iodine, without bromine, the red, orange, and yellow rays, instead of destroying the action of white light, continue the effect of decomposition as well as that of affinity for mercury." M. Claudet has observed that the iodide of silver without bromine, is about 100 times *more* sensitive than the bromo-iodide to the action of light which produces the decomposition of the compound forming the white precipitate of silver, while it is 100 times *less* sensitive for the effect which gives the affinity for mercury.

As a light yellow glass nearly obstructs the photogenic rays, and a deep blue one allows them to pass without obstruction, "we may," as M. Claudet observes, "construct a room lighted only through an inclosure of light yellow glass, in which the light would be very dazzling to the eye, and in this room photographic operations could be performed; or a room enclosed by deep blue

\* Goethe's *Theory of Colors*. By C. L. Eastlake, R.A., F.R.S.—Pp. 23, 24.

† See this Review, vol. vii. pp. 465-504.

‡ Lond. and Edin. Phil. Mag., Nov. 1849.

\* *Philosophical Transactions*, 1846, p. 1.



glass which would appear very dark, and in which the photographic operation would be nearly as rapid as it would be in the open air." If we use only the photogenic rays beyond the limit of the violet, or beyond the visible spectrum, or if we absorb all the luminous rays from the blue extremity of the visible spectrum, we may in an apartment thus darkened, or rather thus radiant with photogenic emanations, perform one of the most wonderful feats of natural magic—*take portraits in absolute darkness*.\*

M. Edmund Becquerel, to whom this branch of science owes so much, has very recently succeeded in impressing upon a daguerreotype plate all the colors of the solar spectrum, and, to a certain extent, those of colored drawings and natural bodies. Previous to this discovery, he had observed that red rays, which exercised almost no action upon sensitive paper prepared in the dark, acted much more rapidly upon the same paper after it had been exposed to light, and that, while the paper in the first of these states gave only a brown or slightly violet color in the most refrangible rays, the paper in the second state, or after exposure to light, gave variable colors, recalling those of the rays which produced them, and even developed these colors in the less refracted parts of the spectrum. Pursuing the subject, he was led to the following method of preparing the plates for receiving colored impressions:—After polishing the plate with English rouge or tripoli, he fixes it on a small support formed by two copper wires in the shape of a fork, which holds it by means of two hooks at its extremities. The two wires are joined at their upper end, which is put in communication with the positive pole of a pile composed of two elements of Bunsen's pile of an average charge. The plate is then plunged into a large vessel containing from eight to ten litres of chlorohydric acid, diluted in the proportion of one hundred and twenty-five cubic centimetres of common chlorohydric acid to one litre of water. Into the same vessel there is plunged a rod or narrow strip of platina which communicates with the negative pole, and this rod is moved rapidly backward and forward, parallel to the surface of the plate, and at a certain distance from it. The plate of silver takes successively the different colors of thin plates, which may be readily seen when the room is feebly illuminated. The color commences

with gray, then come the yellow and violet tints; it then passes to bluish and greenish, and then a whitish-gray, then rose-colored, then violet, and lastly blue. The operation is stopped before this second blue tint appears, and when the plate has a lilac tint. It is then quickly taken from the bath, plunged in distilled water, dried by slightly inclining it, and heating it gently with a spirit lamp, and blowing upon its surface. The immersion of the plate continues only one or two minutes. Were it kept longer, its color would become deeper and deeper, and finally black, in which case it would become less and less sensible to luminous radiations. Plates thus prepared will keep for an indefinite time in the dark. Before using them the surface should be well rubbed with a pledget of cotton to make it brilliant.

These plates take a gray tint in diffused light. When a pure and strongly concentrated solar spectrum is thrown upon the plate, the orange and red rays first develop a red color which increases rapidly in intensity, but at the same time deepens and finally becomes black. The photogenic action of this spectrum is prolonged considerably beyond the ray A of Fraunhofer, producing an amaranth tint, or one passing from red to violet. The prismatic green is green on the plate, and the blue and the violet produce their own colors, which are very fine and very intense at a certain period of the action. The yellow and orange are impressed with difficulty, but still they are seen on the plate after the first moments of action. There is a distinct action beyond the violet and the lavender gray band beyond H, and stretching even much beyond this band. The tint is grayish, becoming very sensible after ten or fifteen minutes' exposure, and then growing deeper and deeper. This portion of the photogenic spectrum, viz., that beyond H, shows itself very clearly by breathing upon it. The vapor condenses itself there in preference, and under the form of small liquid globules.

If the prepared plate of silver is heated before exposing it to the action of light, it acquires new properties; while light impresses upon it a positive image which comes out, and sometimes makes the ground as white as paper. When the plate is heated in a stove at 100°, it assumes after a few minutes a slightly reddish tint, which is the state most suitable for receiving all the colors of the spectrum. In this state the solar spectrum impresses upon it all its colors. The yellow and the green are very fine, the

\* See this Review, vol. iii. pp. 30, 31.

blue and the violet take bright and clear colors, and the orange and the red have a great intensity, but their shades are more violet than those of the spectrum. Beyond the red the effect is scarcely sensible, and beyond the violet there is a gray band which grows deeper and deeper. When the solar spectrum is very concentrated, a fine colored impression of it is obtained in a few minutes; but when it is dilated, and produced from a narrow aperture, one or two hours are required, and in this case the principal black lines of Fraunhofer are produced in black.

M. Edmund Becquerel has also produced upon his sensitive plates copies of colored prints; but the colors are much fainter than those of the solar spectrum. He has also obtained, by the camera obscura, pictures still more distinctly colored of brightly colored objects, but they require a long exposure in order to obtain pictures of a certain intensity. These *photo-chromatic* pictures may be preserved a long time in the dark; but they become faint under the prolonged influence of diffused light, and M. E. Becquerel has tried in vain to fix them.\*

One of the most important discoveries that has been made since those of Talbot and Daguerre is that of M. Niepce, who proposed to substitute for paper a transparent and solid substance, which is capable of containing the sensitive material. The following is the process which M. Blanquart-Evrard of Lille has found the best, and which he communicated to the Institute of France in August, 1849:—Put into a deep vessel a number of the whites of eggs, quite pure and free of solid particles; add fifteen drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potash. After beating up the eggs, let them rest till they return to the liquid state. Clean a plate of glass the size of the picture required with alcohol, and, having placed it upon a support narrower than itself, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of this albumen, spreading it over the surface with a strip of glass, pushing the albumen backward and forward till it is everywhere in perfect contact with the surface of the glass. The plate of glass is then to be taken by one of its angles, and the excess of albumen run off. When the albuminous film is well dried, it must be exposed either to a great heat or to a great cold till the film is cracked in every direction. Thus prepared, the film must then be brushed over with the aceto-nitrate very quickly, and then suddenly plunged into a vessel of water.

\* Comptes Rendus, &c. &c., tom. xxviii. pp. 200, 209. Fév. 12, 1849.

The best method of doing this is as follows:—Pour into a flat dish, larger than the glass plate, a solution one-half of a centimetre deep of aceto-nitrate, and then give the dish an inclination of  $45^\circ$ . The edge of the albuminous film is then placed in the fluid with the albuminous side immersed, and by a single movement the glass is dropped into the dish, and the dish placed upon a horizontal table. It is then to be agitated for a few seconds, and when the glass is taken out it must be held by one of the angles to let the fluid run off, striking the other sharply upon the table. The glass, with its albumen, is now photogenic, and may be used either in the wet or dry state, exactly like sensitive paper. After the picture is brought out by Gallic acid, the glass plate is well washed in fresh water, and the clear parts by a solution of bromide of potash of the strength of thirty grains to one hundred of water. The plate is then washed and dried, and ready for taking positive pictures. We have now before us specimens of Talbotypes taken in this way by Messrs. Ross and Thompson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, which are quite perfect, surpassing every photographic picture which we have previously seen. The human skin is represented in its natural softness and delicacy; and portraits of ladies and children can now be taken free of that roughness of surface and coarseness of feature which generally rendered them so unpleasing.

In his ninth chapter on electricity, Mr. Hunt has described in a brief and popular manner the various phenomena of common, voltaic, animal, atmospheric, and thermo-electricity.

In treating of the amount of electricity developed by chemical action, our author gives the following brief account of some of Dr. Faraday's interesting results.

“He has proved, by a series of exceedingly beautiful and most conclusive experiments, that if the electrical power which holds a grain of water in combination, or which causes a grain of oxygen and hydrogen to unite in the right proportions to form water, could be collected and thrown into the condition of a voltaic current, it would be exactly the quantity required to produce the decomposition of that grain of water, or the liberation of its elements, oxygen and hydrogen.

“By direct experiment it has been proved that one equivalent of zinc in a voltaic arrangement evolves such a quantity of electricity in the form of a current as passing through water will decompose exactly one equivalent of that fluid. The law has been thus expressed:—The electricity which decomposes, and that which is



evolved by the decomposition of a certain quantity of water, are alike. The equivalent weights of bodies are those quantities of them which contain equal quantities of electricity: electricity determining the equivalent number, because it determines the combining force.

"The same elegant and correct experimentalist has shown that zinc and platinum wires, 1-18th of an inch in diameter, and about half an inch long, dipped into dilute sulphuric acid, so weak that it is not sensibly sour to the tongue, will evolve more electricity in 1-20th of a minute than is given by thirty turns of a large and powerful electrical machine in full action, a quantity which, if passed through the head of a cat, is sufficient to kill it as by a flash of lightning. Pursuing this interesting inquiry further, it is found that a single grain of water contains as much electricity as could be accumulated in 800,000 Leyden jars, each requiring thirty turns of the large machine of the Royal Institution to charge it, a quantity equal to that which is developed from a charged thunder-cloud."—Pp. 174, 175.

The phenomena of animal electricity possess a high degree of interest, not merely from the supposed connection of electricity with the vital force, but from the remarkable phenomena which are exhibited by those fishes which possess and use an electrical apparatus. The most important of these fishes are the *Gymnotus Electricus* and the Raia Torpedo. In our article on Kosmos\* we have already described, after Humboldt, the method employed in the Caraccas of fishing for electrical eels by means of wild horses or mules. When one of these eels was brought to London some years ago, and exhibited in the Adelaide Gallery, several experiments were made upon it by Dr. Faraday, who has given the following interesting description of it:

"The *Gymnotus* can stun and kill fish which are in very various positions to its own body; but on one day when I saw it eat, its action seemed to me to be peculiar. A live fish, about five inches in length, caught not half a minute before, was dropped into the tub. The *Gymnotus* instantly turned round in such a manner as to form a coil inclosing the fish, the latter representing a diameter across it; a shock passed, and there in an instant was the fish struck motionless, as if by lightning, in the midst of the water, its side floating to the light. The *Gymnotus* made a turn or two to look for its prey, which having found he bolted, and then went about searching for more. A second smaller fish was given him, which being hurt in the conveyance showed but little signs of life, and this he swallowed at once, apparently without shocking it. The coiling of the *Gymnotus* round

its prey had in this case every appearance of being intentional on its part to increase the force of the shock, and the action is evidently well suited for that purpose, being in full accordance with the well known laws of the discharge of currents in masses of conducting matter; and though the fish may not always put this artifice in practice, it is very probable he is aware of its advantages, and may resort to it in cases of need."

After describing the electricity of mineral veins, which, in Cornwall, have commonly a bearing in direction of north-east and south-west; and the art of electrotype by which copper, platinum and gold are thrown down and depressed from their solutions, and the electro-telegraph of Wheatstone, he proceeds, in Chapter x., to treat of Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Magneto-Electricity, Thermo-Magnetism, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Diamagnetism. We have already, in our review of Kosmos,\* treated of the Magnetism of the Earth, and of the Aurora Borealis, and of Magnetic storms, and we mentioned generally the magnetic poles and curves as having a remarkable connection with the magnetic curves and the poles of maximum cold. These poles or points to which the lines of equal variation point, have a regular motion round the globe—those in the northern hemisphere moving from west to east, in an oblique direction, and those in the southern hemisphere moving from east to west also in an oblique direction. By computing from the best observations previous to 1817, when his work on the Magnetism of the Earth was published, Professor Hansteen of Christiania obtained the following periods of revolution:—

|                             |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| The weakest north pole in   | 860 years.  |
| The weakest south pole in   | 1304 years. |
| The strongest north pole in | 1746 years. |
| The strongest south pole in | 4609 years. |

From these data he obtained the following positions of these poles for the present year 1850:—

|                      |                     |                    |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Strongest north pole | 83° 10' West long.  | 69° 14' North lat. |
| Weakest north pole   | 152° 40' East long. | 85° 0' North lat.  |
| Strongest south pole | 130° 14' East long. | 68° 29' South lat. |
| Weakest south pole   | 143° 16' West long. | 78° 54' South lat. |

Hansteen remarks, as has been elsewhere stated,† that the four periods above mentioned, viz., 860, 1304, 1746, and 4609, become by a slight alteration 864, 1246, 1728,

\* See this Review, vol. xv. p. 213.

\* See this Review, vol. iv. p. 237.

† Brewster's Treatise on Magnetism, pp. 190, 191

and 4320; and he adds, rather fancifully for a matter of science, that these numbers are equal to  $2 \times 432$ ,  $3 \times 432$ ,  $4 \times 432$ , and  $10 \times 432$ , and that the number 432 is one of the most important among the sacred numbers of the Indians, Babylonians, Græeks, and Egyptians, which are said to depend on certain combinations of natural events. According to the mythology of the Brahmins, the duration of the world is divided into four periods. The *first* of which is 432,000 years; the *second*,  $2 \times 432,000$  years; the *third* and *fourth* are in all  $(1+2+3+4) = 10 \times 432,000$ . Hansteen also considers it worthy of remark, that the Sun's mean distance from the Earth is 216 (the half of 432) radii of the Sun; the Moon's mean distance 216 radii of the Moon; and what, he says, is still more striking,  $60 \times 432 = 25920$ , the smallest number divisible at once by all the four periods;—and hence, he adds, the shortest time in which all the four poles can accomplish a cycle, and return to the same state as at present, *coincides exactly with the period in which the precession of the equinoxes will amount to a complete circle*, reckoning the precession at a degree in seventy-two years.

According to the recent observations made during the British Arctic Voyages of Discovery, the time of revolution of the strongest north magnetic pole is 1890 years, and according to Sir James Ross, who erected a flag upon the spot, the position of this pole was in  $96^{\circ} 45' 48''$  of West Longitude, and  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$  of North Latitude.\*

The recent discoveries of Dr. Faraday and Dr. Plücker are so beautiful and important, that we must devote a portion of our space to give a fuller account of them than Mr. Hunt has done. Every substance in nature is under the influence of magnetism. While one set of bodies like *iron* arrange themselves in the line of the magnetic force, another set like *bismuth* place themselves at right angles to that line. The first of these classes are called *magnetic* bodies, and the second *diamagnetic*. This fact is strikingly shown by the agency of electro-magnets, but it may be exhibited by the action of terrestrial magnetism. Dr. Faraday has given the following list of these bodies; those at the top of the columns having the least, and those at the bottom the highest force:—

| Magnetic Bodies.<br>O° Air and a Vacuum. | Diamagnetic Bodies.<br>O° Air and a Vacuum. |
|--|---|
| Osmium.                                  | Arsenic.                                    |
| Platinum.                                | Ether.                                      |
| Crown Glass.                             | Alcohol.                                    |
| Palladium.                               | Gold.                                       |
| Manganese.                               | Water.                                      |
| Cobalt.                                  | Mercury.                                    |
| Nickel.                                  | Flint Glass.                                |
| Iron.                                    | Tin.  |
|  | Heavy Glass.                                |
|  | Antimony.                                   |
|  | Phosphorus.                                 |
|  | Bismuth.                                    |

Thus it appears that *iron* and *bismuth* are the metals most powerfully opposed to each other in their magnetical condition. By combining magnetic and diamagnetic bodies, Dr. Faraday produced a compound which was neither the one nor the other. By dissolving *proto-sulphate of iron*, a *magnetic* body, in *water*, which is a *diamagnetic*, (48.6 grains to 10 cubic inches of water,) he obtained a solution which was neither attracted, nor repelled, nor pointed when in air. "Such a solution," says Dr. Faraday, "pointed axially when surrounded with water. If made somewhat weaker in respect of the iron, it would point axially in water, but equatorially in air; and it could be made to pass more and more into the *magnetic* or the *diamagnetic* class, by the addition of more sulphate of iron or more water. Thus a *fluid* medium was obtained, which practically, as far as I could perceive, had every magnetic character and effect of a gas, and even of a vacuum; and as we possess both magnetic and diamagnetic glass, it is evidently possible to prepare a *solid* substance possessing the same neutral magnetic character."

By far the greater number of the bodies which compose the crust of the earth are diamagnetic, and though the magnetic matters are much more energetic in their action, "it is not at all unlikely that many of the masses which form the crust of our globe may have an excess of diamagnetic power, and act accordingly." "It is a curious sight," says Dr. Faraday, "to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet, or taking the leaf of a tree and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position."

Professor Plücker of Bonn has shown that magnetism and diamagnetism increase as the temperature is augmented; and that when the force of the electro-magnets is increased, the intensity of the diamagnetic force increases more rapidly than that of the magnetic force. He has found also that the increase of

\* Phil. Trans. 1846, p. 54. Mr. Hunt has omitted mentioning the position of the poles, and the more recent measure of the period and position of the strongest.



the force of the electro-magnets imparts to a piece of charcoal which has the position of a magnetic body, the position of a diamagnetic body. The following experiment he gives as a very striking one:—"If by means of a counterpoise any body containing at the same time magnetic and diamagnetic substances, (for instance, mercury in a brass vessel, the last being magnetic,) is held in equilibrium, this body is repelled by the magnet when brought near it, and attracted when it is removed."

A new species of magnetic action discovered by the same philosopher, is exhibited in the action of electro-magnets upon crystals with double refraction. He has found that "there will be either repulsion or attraction of the optic axis by the poles of a magnet, according to the crystalline structure of the crystal. If the crystal is a negative one there will be repulsion; if it is a positive one there will be attraction." The crystals most suited for these experiments he found to be *Diopside* a positive, and *Kyanite* and *Topaz* negative crystals. In these crystals the line (A) bisecting the acute angles made by the two optic axes, is neither perpendicular nor parallel to the axis of the prism.\* Such a crystal suspended horizontally like a prism of *Tourmaline staurolite*, and "ferro-cyanide of potassium," will point neither axially nor equatorially, but will take always a fixed intermediate direction, which continually changes as the prism is turned round its axis. "The *Kyanite*," says Professor Plücker, "is by far the most interesting crystal I have examined. If suspended horizontally it points very well to the north, by the magnetic power of the earth. It is a true compass needle, and more than that, you may obtain its declination! If, for instance, you suspend it so that the line (A) be on the vertical plane passing through the axis (B) of the prism, the crystal will point exactly as a compass needle does. But by turning the crystal round the line (B,) you may make it point exactly to the north of the earth. The crystal does not point according to the magnetism of its substance, but only in obedience to the magnetic action upon its optical axis." The crystal also exhibited strong polarity, and like a magnetic needle, the same end was always directed to the north. It is obvious from the preceding fact, that we may by means of a magnet find the optic axis of a crystal that is both amorphous and opaque, and determine

\* This is certainly not true of *Topaz*. The line (A) is perpendicular to the faces of cleavage, which are at right angles to the axis of the prism.

also whether such crystals are positive or negative. According to Professor Plücker, the crystals of *bismuth* and *arsenic* are positive, and those of *antimony* negative.

Having followed our author through the various chapters of his work which relate to what is in this country called Natural Philosophy, we are warned, by our exhausted space, to terminate our analysis of it here. These remaining chapters treat of Chemistry, Geology, and Vegetable and Animal Physiology—subjects which would require to be discussed at some length in a separate article. These chapters are written in the same popular and glowing style which characterize those which precede them, and cannot fail to be perused with the greatest interest both by the scientific and the general reader.

In closing his observations on the advantages of science, Mr. Hunt makes the following just observations:—

"To study science for its useful applications merely, is to limit its advantages to purely sensual ends. To pursue science for the sake of the truths it may reveal is an endeavor to advance the elements of human happiness through the intelligence of the race. To avail ourselves of facts for the improvement of art and manufactures is the duty of every nation moving in the advance of civilization. But to draw from the great truths of science intelligible inferences and masterly deductions, and from these to advance to new and beautiful abstractions, is a mental exercise which tends to the refinement and elevation of every human feeling.

"The mind thus exercised during the mid-day will find in the twilight of age a Divine serenity, and, charmed by the music of nature, which like a vesper hymn poured forth from pious souls, proclaims in devotion's purest strain the departure of day, he will sink into the repose of that mysterious night which awaits us all, tranquil in the happy consciousness that the sun of truth will rise in unclouded brilliancy, and place him in the enjoyment of that intellectual light which has ever been among the holiest aspirations of the human race.

"The task of wielding the wand of science—of standing a scientific evocator within the charmed circle of its powers, is one which leads the mind through nature up to nature's God.

"Experiment and observation instruct us in the discovery of a fact,—that fact connects itself with natural phenomena, the ultimate cause of which we learn from Divine revelation, and receive in full belief,—but the proximate causes are reserved as trials of men's intelligence; and every natural truth, discovered by induction, enables the contemplative mind to deduce those perfect laws which are exemplifications of the fresh-springing and all-enduring POETRY OF SCIENCE."—Pp. 401, 402.

These are great truths, which should be

deeply pondered by those patriotic individuals who are struggling against the prejudices of the age, to diffuse knowledge among the ignorant; to bring education to the door of the poor, and to dispense it to the outcasts of society. Knowledge is the only antidote to misery and crime. Without education there can be no knowledge either secular or divine; and without knowledge there can be no happiness either in this world or the next. If education, therefore, cannot be claimed by the ignorant as a right, it may be demanded from the State as a duty. Laws cannot be justly enforced upon those who are unable yet willing to read them; and if, like the code of Draco, they are written in blood, the judge who puts them in execution against the ignorant is himself a criminal.

If the education of the people is the duty, it is equally the policy of the State. The schoolmaster is the most efficacious policeman; and the lesson which in the school is instilled by the rod, will survive that of the lash in the penitentiary. It is well to teach and to reclaim the convicted criminal; but it would have been better to have kept him from crime. When the tendrils of vice have shot through the moral frame, and corrupted its capillaries, it would be useless to open a vein or an artery.

If these be truths, to which we cannot refuse our assent, what opinion must we entertain of those various forms of fanaticism which are now raised against a system of national education? To refuse a grant for sec-

ular education because it is not directly accompanied with religious instruction—to refuse it in Scotland, where evangelical truth is the national creed—would be equivalent to withholding the Scriptures from the people. The moral death of every man who dies unreformed and uneducated, would lie at the door of the party who denied him instruction; and we can scarcely conceive how a Christian can reconcile it with his conscience, that he has raised a barrier against the only method of suppressing crime, and teaching the doctrines of his faith.

But whatever be the result of this struggle for ecclesiastical domination among the different religious classes, it is of great importance that the education which is given, whether limited as it now is, or extended as we trust it will be, shall be of the proper kind. Few people have an adequate idea of the amount of knowledge which can be instilled at school. The facts and elements of all the sciences are capable of being taught at a very early age; and were a set of elementary works drawn up by eminent scientific men, and used in our schools, the most beneficial results would accrue to society. While the young student was made familiar with the wonderful works of the Almighty, he would at the same time be preparing himself for his professional career, or for those higher studies by the prosecution of which he might benefit society by his inventions, or extend the boundaries of knowledge by his discoveries.

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## WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

Oh, merry goes the time when the heart is young,  
 There is naught too hard to climb when the heart is young;  
     A spirit of delight  
     Scatters roses in her flight,  
 And there's magic in the night—when the heart is young.  
 But weary go the feet when the heart is old;  
 Time cometh not so sweet when the heart is old;  
     From all that smiled and shone,  
     There is something lost and gone;  
 And our friends are few—or none—when the heart is old.  
 Oh, sparkling are the skies, when the heart is young,  
 There is bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young;  
     The golden break of day  
     Brings gladness in its ray,  
 And every month is May, when the heart is young.  
 But the sun is setting fast when the heart is old,  
 And the sky is overcast when the heart is old;  
     Life's worn and weary barque  
     Lies tossing wild and dark,  
 And the star hath left Hope's ark—when the heart is old.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE BITTER GOURD.\*

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"GRACE" in good truth,—renown'd for that rare art }  
 Call'd Perfect Tact (if it indeed be art,  
 Whose skill implies an all-embracing heart),  
 Behold,—in Lokman's lord,—the only thing,  
 In all he did, beyond thy compassing ;—  
 In Lokman's self,—the spirit more than free,  
 Which thou hadst shown as well, hadst thou been he.

Lokman the Wise, therefore the good (for wise  
 Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),  
 Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,  
 Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,  
 Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat  
 So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,  
 The sage receiv'd what stretch'd the donor's eyes ;  
 And, piece by piece, as though it had been food  
 To feast and gloat on, every morsel chew'd ;  
 And so stood eating, with his patient beard,  
 Till all the nauseous favor disappear'd.

Vex'd, and confounded, and dispos'd to find  
 Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,  
 "Lokman !" exclaim'd his master,—“ In God's name,  
 How can a slave himself become so tame ?  
 Have all my favors been bestow'd amiss ?  
 Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this ?”

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—  
 “ Have I receiv'd,” he answer'd, “ at thine hands  
 Favors so sweet they went to mine heart's root,  
 And could I not accept one bitter fruit ?”

“ O Lokman !” said his lord (and as he spoke,  
 For very love his words in softness broke),  
 “ Take but this favor yet :—be slave no more :—  
 Be, as thou art, my friend and counselor :—  
 Oh be ; nor let me quit thee, self-abhorr'd ;—  
 'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord.”

\* See the ground-work of the story in D'Herbelot, and other Eastern authorities. Lokman has sometimes been called the Arabian Æsop ; and sometimes thought to have been Æsop himself.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## MUSINGS IN MY STUDY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," &c.

As there are many way-side flowers scarcely worth gathering individually, which would nevertheless contribute to the beauty of a nosegay, so do spring up in the mind many thoughts of trifling separate value which may be well worth collecting into a posy. FULTON.

NONE SO BLACK, AND FEW SO WHITE, AS THEY  
ARE PAINTED.

WHEN Shakspeare wrote

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distill it out,

so deeply was he impressed with the religiousness of the thought, that he introduced it by a solemn invocation of the Deity—a feeling not less characteristic of the man than the sentiment itself was honorable to mankind. Yes, earthly creatures though we be, not altogether have we lost the purifying influences of the heaven from which we fell. Nay, we cannot, even if we would, divest ourselves of this hallowing, this celestial infusion. Every man, it has been said, carries a chained devil in his heart: with more truth might it be asserted that every man has a guardian angel in his bosom, whose wings are free, whose yearnings are always heavenward. What! shall we crown Satan and dethrone the Deity? When we are evil-doers shall we pitifully urge that we were moved and tempted by the devil, as if he were irresistible? And, when holier invitations beckon us to virtue, shall we not ejaculate with pious gratitude—"Tis the divinity that stirs within us?" Small, however, is the merit of recognizing the source of these promptings, when their nature is righteous and lofty. We must go further; we must adopt Shakspeare's recommendation, and acknowledge "some soul of goodness in things evil."

As the cloud that looks black and fuliginous to the earth has a bright side to the sun, so may we hope that the darkness of human offences may present some atoning gleams when contemplated from above; and

if Heaven can find a plea for forgiving our misdeeds, surely we may exercise a similar indulgence toward each other. Alas! in our compound elements virtue and vice are almost inevitable companions. They are the medal and its reverse: they attract and repel each other by a sort of antipathetical sympathy. As physical nature is subject to passions—such as storms, inundations, volcanoes, earthquakes, which, however terrible their immediate devastation, eventually purify the atmosphere, and fertilize the earth; so do our human passions, despite their imminent danger and mischief, frequently produce the most beneficial results. Many of our vices—the shadows or caricatures of our virtues—are but so many good qualities pushed to distortion and ugliness: some of our virtues, on the contrary, borrow their radiance from the defects of our nature, as the luminousness of certain organized bodies proceeds from their corruption. Passion, like the bias of the bowl, will sometimes carry us to the right point in the end, by drawing us away from it at first. To march straightforward, and to storm every impediment we meet, when, by a trifling deviation, we might avoid it, is to be wrong-headed in pursuit of what is right. A winding path will enable us to ascend a mountain which would be inaccessible in a direct one. Many a man has fallen by looking too high. Thales, the Milesian, tumbled into a pond while staring at the moon. "Fool that I am!" exclaimed the philosopher, "by looking into the pond I might have seen the moon, but I could never see the pond by gazing at the moon."

Good and evil, like the Siamese twins, can have no separate existence. There can be no light, either moral or material, without shadow; no shadow without light. Turn the hin-



ges upon which the cardinal virtues swing, and you will see their opposite vices. Were there no such failings in the world as infidelity, despair, and misanthropy, then faith, hope, and charity—the inevitable conditions of our existence—would confer no more merit on their possessor than the merely animal functions of eating, drinking, and sleeping. What passion so prolific of wretchedness and crime as jealousy; yet this snake among the roses springs from love—the best and holiest of our impulses. Revenge is only a wild sense of justice: it is taking the law into our own hands when we cannot find or cannot trust other hands to wield it. Tyranny has often been exercised for the good of mankind. Freedom, as recent examples abundantly prove, often degenerates into oppression. Prodigality is only an excessive generosity; parsimony nothing but a too rigid economy. Though we do not always injure those whom we hate, we generally hate those whom we have injured—a feeling which, however culpable, is not altogether without a palliating explanation; since it may arise from an effort to recover our own respect, by persuading ourselves that our victim was really odious, and merited what we have inflicted.

Oh, superficial reader! (should I have any such) I beseech thee to banish the thought that I have been seeking to remove any moral landmark—to confuse the boundaries that separate right from wrong—to dim the beauty of virtue, or varnish over the ugliness of vice. "Believe me, I had no such stuff in my thoughts." It was my object to show, that, in the mysterious interfusion of our double nature, our motives must often be unconsciously mixed; and that when we reflect upon the weakness of our strength, and the strength of our weakness, it becomes us incessantly to exercise toward each other the "charity that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil."

#### THE MAN-MICROCOSM.

From the conceit of certain philosophers, that man has in him something analogous to the four elements, he has been called a microcosm, or little world. Little indeed! In the immeasurable expansion given to the universe by recent improvements in our telescopes, and the inconceivable, the infinite enlargement of which we shall probably become cognizant as we increase the power of our optical instruments, man can hardly assume the title even of a little world without ren-

dering himself ridiculous. If he must claim mundane honors, let him at the same time confess his comparative insignificance, and dub himself—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo*.

As the centuries roll on, burying generations upon generations, the human microscope does not seem to gather wisdom, nor to have made up his mind very easily even as to the physical laws of his dwelling-place. In the heathen mythology, Vesta personified the stability of the earth; and when the Samian astronomer, Aristarchus, first taught that the earth revolved on its axis and round the sun, he was publicly accused of impiety, for moving the everlasting Vesta from her place! A thousand or two of years elapsed, and the human microcosm had gathered so much sapience in the interval, that Galileo received similar treatment for promulgating the same opinions. O most enlightened little world! Two hundred and thirty-three years have passed away since his imprisonment, during which term education has been regularly expanding; yet we have wiseacres, ecclesiastical and lay, who apply to our geologists and their discoveries the precise terms of the Jesuits, when they declared the positions of Galileo to be "absurd, false in philosophy, and contrary to the express word of God." O most learned and liberal Pundits!—if ignorance is bliss, ye must be wise indeed; if bigotry be religion, ye are most unquestionably devout.

#### THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Pythagoras is said to have borrowed this theory from the Egyptians, or from the Indian Brahmins, among the latter of whom the doctrine still forms a leading feature of their religion; but it is probable that the belief prevailed long before its existence can be proved by any historical record or assignable tradition. In the infancy of the world, when man could not even guess at a solution of the many mysteries by which he was surrounded, when he saw the grub transformed into the butterfly, the egg into the eagle, the acorn into the oak; when other products of the animal and vegetable world were presenting the most startling changes to his eyes, it was not unnatural to suppose that the soul of man passed after death into other bodies. This theory, however visionary, was so far beneficial that it involved a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments; for if the deceased had been vicious, he was to be imprisoned in the body of some appropriate beast,

there to do penance for several ages; but if he had lived virtuously, some happy brute, or even a human creature, was to receive his soul.

What so natural as a belief in this transmigration of a being whose body was subjected to various metamorphoses and constant interfusion with the outward world? Hamlet deduced the lump of earth which

Patch'd a wall to expel the winter's flaw,

from imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, and he might have followed its subsequent mutations until it again became animated in the person of some future emperor. Men, animals, and plants undergo a perpetual incorporation into one another, the same primary elements, which are only four in number, forming the basis in all organic beings. United thus together in the consanguinity of universal nature, we are of brotherhood with the lion, the eagle, and the oak; but not the less closely connected with the weazel, the gnat, and the weed. Happy the man who feels that there is but one family in the world, and who is imbued with a love for all his relations.

Curious the speculation, assuming the truth of the metempsychosis, to follow out the judicial transmigrations to which the different classes of mankind would probably be doomed. Conquerors and warlike kings, animating the bodies of gamecocks, would lacerate, torment, and destroy each other for the amusement of the populace, just as they themselves, for their own royal pastime, encouraged popular throat-cutting. Worldly priests might be converted into hawks, which only fly heavenward in pursuit of prey; or into larks, which seem to be seeking the sky for the sole purpose of singing hymns, but which never lose sight of their snug home and their nest eggs on the earth below. Surgical experimentalists, vivifying frogs, dogs, or rabbits, would undergo the tortures they had wantonly inflicted, the operators being their own sons, who had succeeded to their practice and their cruelty. Anglers would exchange the amusement of the rod for the anguish of the hook, which should be torn out of them, after they had gorged it, at least twice a day. Sportsmen, incorporated in pheasants and partridges, and condemned to taste for once what they had so frequently dispensed, would crawl with maimed and broken limbs, or blinded eyes, to some hidden ditch, there slowly to expire of hunger; and foxhunters, metamorphosed into hunted

foxes, should be allowed the daily privilege, after a desperate run, of being in at their own death! Authors, and more especially critics, realizing the nickname sometimes bestowed upon them, and converted into real book-worms, should pass their lives in defacing the leaves by which they are supported, and constantly picking holes in the works before them.

To speculate upon the probable fate of individuals, and more especially of those still living, might appear invidious, otherwise I could name a celebrated ex-chancellor, who would find himself quite in his element as a chameleon. I could point out two never silent senators—" *Et cantare pares, et respondere parati*"—either of whom might give an appropriate soul to the great animal killed by Meleager. I could indicate a distinguished— Let me not, however, be tempted into any such perilous personalities—

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet.

#### INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON RELIGION.

Idolatry is of southern growth, the countries for which God has done the most being generally the most deficient in pure and true religion. In those sunny and soul-seducing lands men become enamored of the beauty of the earth, and worship it as a divinity. Their religion is the gratitude of their senses, not of their understanding. In the cheerless and unlovely north, man, repelled from the outward, betakes himself to the inward temple, and turns from the unattractive visible to the beauties of the unseen. Let it not be supposed that such abstractions are cold or even incompatible with a fiery enthusiasm, for spiritual imaginings have often a stronger hold upon the mind than tangible realities.

Who can preserve his religion, however steadfast and settled, from the influences of climate? Who can render his mind independent of the barometer? On a gloomy November day I have sometimes fancied that I could hear the tolling of my own passing-bell, and my soul has been the more saddened by the boom of its silent echoes, because at such moments misgiving clouds have passed over my mind, dark and spectral as the shadow of a monumental figure. A sunny May morning, on the contrary, intoxicating my spirit with its delicious breath, has made me feel as if life were a perpetual ecstasy, and earth contained no tomb. Merely animal enjoyments, in fact, lower us to the level of animals who are virtually immortal from



their ignorance of death ; whose present is also their future ; and who find in this world, according to the treatment they experience, either their heaven or their hell.

## COMMUNISM.

Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," speaking of the "toyes, fantasies, and babberies whereof the world is full," exclaims—"are they not invented and excogitate by Belzebub, written by Lucifer, licensed by Pluto, printed by Cerberus, and set abroad to sale by the infernal Furies themselves, to the poysoning of the whole world?" He could not have said more, and he ought not to have said less, had he been reading the recent writings of the French Communists.

## TRUTH.

From the time of Pilate downward thousands have asked, "What is the truth?" and as many more have attempted to define it ; but M. de la Motte seems to have been the first who sought a solution of the difficulty by tracing its genealogy—"When Ignorance was brought to bed of Opinion," says that writer—"Pride and Idleness, the parents of Ignorance, without hesitation named the child TRUTH."

Moral truth, being to a certain degree conventional, may vary in its aspect ; but whatever theologians may say to the contrary, there is but one religious truth that is uniform and immutable—viz., the truth that is nshrined in the intention and manifested by worship.

## A BATCH OF BALLADS.

BY A. PARK.

## ROSY JULY.

OF all the sweet months of the year,  
There's none like rosy July !  
The early sun shines warm and clear,  
And flowers have open'd fully :  
All sparkling is the world at noon,  
At eve the air breathes coolly ;  
Of all the sweet months of the year,  
There's none like rosy July !

Young April has its smiles and tears,  
And May its opening roses ;  
And though the sun in joy appears,  
Oft darkness round him closes.  
And even though June brings forth new bloom,  
Though Summer reigns more truly—  
Of all the sweet months of the year,  
There's none like rosy July !

The birds aboon are in full tune,  
With joy the woodlands ringing ;  
The haw-thorn trees perfume the breeze,  
And all the world is singing !  
The butterfly and bee sweep by,  
To blossoms open'd newly—  
Of all the sweet months of the year,  
There's none like rosy July !

## THE HEATH-CLAD HAUNTS OF INFANCY.

WHEN heath is purple, verdure lies  
O'er mountain breasts in rich display ;  
When Summer-blossoms meet the eyes  
Where'er our wandering footsteps stray ;  
When cascades leap in dazzling sheen,  
And nature's grandest form is seen,  
I love my native hills to see,  
Those heath-clad haunts of infancy !

I've seen Hibernia's vernal land,  
Like Titan rising from the sea ;  
As if some fairy with her wand  
Had form'd a world alone, and free !  
I've seen fair England's lofty towers,  
And France in her frivolity ;  
But dearer, far, is still to me,  
Those heath-clad haunts of infancy.

There's not a spot on this fair earth,  
That warms my heart and charms mine eye,  
That calls such joyous thoughts to birth,  
Or can such careless hours supply,  
As those gigantic cliffs of old,  
Where clouds and tempests revel free—  
Where Summer spreads ethereal gold,  
My heath-clad haunts of infancy !

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF DIRECTORIES.

WE have long been struck by some remarkable deficiencies in the most complete works of this nature; and have only refrained, up to the present moment, from calling attention to them, in the hope that the authors themselves would have anticipated our observations, by volunteering to supply the wants of which we complain. Indeed, from the experience we have had for several years of the great value, for many practical purposes, of Mr. Thom's publication, in particular; and having found that work steadily increasing in the quantity of its materials, and the accuracy of its information, we confess that we opened his Directory for 1850, not without very sanguine expectations of seeing our own views to some extent carried out; but, amidst many improvements and additions, we have failed to discover those which would, in our opinion, double the value of a work of the kind.

The glaring defect, then, to our judgment, of the ordinary directory, is its almost exclusive adaptation to professional and commercial purposes, utterly neglecting a thousand more important uses of a domestic and social nature to which such a publication might easily be adapted. In a social point of view, what information is to be got even from Mr. Thom's work, ample as it is, beyond the names and residences of the inhabitants of the city and suburbs? For the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the tradesman, it abounds with all sorts of useful intelligence; gives a full account of every public institution; furnishes tables without end for computing interest, ascertaining stamp-duties, calculating servants' wages, and turning English money into Irish, or Irish back into English; then, in the novel article of statistics, it leaves the "Companion to the Almanac" a thousand miles in the rear, for it has literally become a digest of all the bills and papers of the Session, and might properly be called the con-

centrated essence of Blue Books. But of what use are any of these business-like details to multitudes of people, to men of pleasure, for instance, or to the fair sex generally? A comprehensive directory ought surely to provide useful information for all classes and conditions of people, instead of aiming only to be of service in the counting-house, the shop, or the public office. In London, indeed, there is a "Court Guide," but it is nothing but a meagre repertory of names and abodes, not even giving the names of the Sovereigns of Europe, or treating the Londoners to an abridgment of their annals, as our more liberal almanac-makers have done from time immemorial. We do not quarrel with the number of tables which have enriched our Dublin Directories, but only their *partiality*. We want a directory that will direct everybody, and not merely merchants, attorneys, clerks, and housekeepers; that will come home, not only to our business, but to our bosoms; that will be as much in demand in the *boudoir* as in the *bureau*; assist in other transactions of life besides buying and selling, and be as indispensable to a practical young lady, for example, as to the gravest practical man. This brings us at once to a defect which we may as well notice here as anywhere else, and which we hope Mr. Thom will remedy in 1851. Why should there not be a list of bachelors as well as a list of lawyers and physicians? To a young lady of business, or a practical mother, having young ladies on her hands, a catalogue of bachelors, with their residences, would be of the greatest interest and utility, particularly if it was accompanied by a table, arranged in columns, showing the age and the income of the parties, with a few observations upon their tastes, tempers, and dispositions. We shall give an example, with imaginary names and details, for Mr. Thom's guidance next year:—



| Name.   | Residences.                                   | Age.               | Estate.   | Remarks.  |
|---|---|--------------------|---|---|
| Sir Smithson Smith, Bart.,<br>(Of Nova Scotia.) | South Frederick-st. — no country seat known.  | Middle             | None in Nova Scotia, little any-where else.   | A good speculation, as his wife would be Lady Smithson Smith.   |
| Geo. Augustus Snaggs, Esq.                      | A Boarding-house in the suburbs.              | 33                 | Property in the funds, expectations from an uncle, &c.  | Looking out for a wife, and has no doubt that his name alone will get him a good one.   |
| Robert Hunter Boozy, Esq.,                      | Kildare-street ; cottage at the Curragh.      | 35                 | Very good, but much incumbered.   | Fond of field-sports and the bottle—a very good speculation.  |
| Patrick John Strutt Strutt,                     | The houses of his relatives and friends.      | 40, or thereabouts | Looking for a good place under Government ; — when he gets one will be well off.                      | His wife will be Mrs. Strutt Strutt.  |
| Driscoll O'Driscoll,                            | Castle Driscoll, in Co. Mayo.                 | 45 or 50           | Enough to say that he is a proprietor in the Co. Mayo.  | His hair very black, but suspected to be a wig. Teeth excellent — by the first London dentist.  |
| O. D. T. Tomkinson, Esq.,                       | Small house in Holles-st., cottage near Bray. | 32                 | Gross income large ; nett not considerable, but his father living, and he has an uncle in California. | A young lady might do worse than take pity upon him.  |
| Harry Lackland Bright, Esq.,                    | Chambers in Henrietta street.                 | 25                 | Estate in his head.   | Called to the bar, and is confident he will be a judge in a few years. A lady wishing to be a judge's wife would do well to think of him. |

A column might be added with advantage for the general health of each individual ; and the table might be made highly useful to gentlemen as well as to ladies, by setting forth the convivial habits of each bachelor : whether he is a dinner-giving sort of a man, or a dining-out sort of a man ; what clubs he belongs to, and where he was black-balled, if anywhere ; for there are always a multitude of independent young men about town, to whom the acquaintance of bachelors of some standing in the world is a matter of great importance, provided they are thoroughly “ sans reproche,” and have the

spirit and good feeling to give snug dinners to their young friends at their lodgings or hotels.

With respect to dinners, indeed, we would propose a more extensive improvement in our directory statistics. As there is nothing which distinguishes one set of houses more from another in a great city, than the difference between their notions of hospitality, it would be highly advantageous, to be enabled to see at one view what houses give dinners, what houses give none, and to have the dinner-giving houses properly classified according to the relative merits and capacities of their several cooks, larders, and cellars.

| Houses.                    | Dinners.             | Company.  | Wine.                     | Cooking.                                    |
|----------------------------|----------------------|---|---------------------------|---|
| No. — square,<br>— street, | 0<br>Frequent.       | 0<br>Stupid, miscellaneous, and on the inclusive principle. | 0<br>Varies with company. | 0<br>Ditto.                                 |
| — square,                  | Rare events.         | Select and stupid, on the exclusive principle.              | Fair.                     | Fair.                                       |
| — row,                     | Not uncommon.        | Queer people, with queer faces, in queer dresses.           | Too good for the company. | Much too good for such queer people.        |
| — place,                   | Two every year.      | Mobs. (You long to read the riot-act, and disperse them.)   | Not particularly vinous.  | Quantity much more remarkable than quality. |
| — square,                  | Not frequent enough. | Agreeable.  | Excellent.                | Commendable.                                |
| — street,                  | Often.               | Family parties.   | Questionable.             | Abominable.                                 |

This is what we call "useful knowledge;" for how often do we cultivate people with great pains, visit them, bow to them in the street, notice them in public places, and even sometimes make them little presents, or send them boxes of game, all under the impression that their houses are desirable to dine at; when it turns out in the end that they either give no dinners at all (like the first house in the foregoing table), or, like the fifth in the list, entertain a rabble twice a year with dishes as cold as charity, and wine from the neighboring grocer's. Then, on the other hand, how many worthy people do we often neglect, and even snub in society, who have the highest claims upon our consideration, only that they labor under the disadvantage of having no public and authentic organ to record their hospitalities, and procure for them the respect they deserve. Take the second and the sixth mansions in the above table for examples. Only think how such houses would rise in reputation if Mr. Thom were to take the hint we now give, and enrich his volume with the statistics of good living. The scent of their dinners would not be long in spreading all over the town—the bouquet of their dishes would be wafted on the wings of the wind to all points of the compass; and, what is more, modest worth would be forced out of retirement; the rose would no longer blush unseen, or the gem sparkle in unfathomed caves: all the world would know the people who have the good taste and the good feeling to feast their friends handsomely and frequently, and thus, as far as in them lies, promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number—performing a most important part of the "whole duty of man."

It is not for us to profess to instruct Mr. Thom how to obtain the equally curious and useful information necessary to form a complete directory to the city of Dublin, considered under a social and hospitable aspect; but we may mention one or two sources of intelligence which occurs to us. Returns might be obtained, without much expense, from the members of that admirable corps of respectable men in blue coats and white waistcoats, who officiate by day as Mercuries and Cerberuses to the public departments, and minister by night as supernumerary Ganymedes at the tables of people who give dinners. These respectable men, for such they are in every point of view, could indeed furnish much more information than mere lists of the houses where their convivial services are rendered; the store of anec-

dote, the knowledge of character, necessarily accumulated by them in the course of their professional labors, must needs be very great; and a most agreeable companion to the almanac might be formed out of their note-books, if they take notes, as we trust they do. But, at all events, they might be called upon to make returns of those who employ them on festive occasions, and such returns would be most valuable. Another plan would be to use the metropolitan police for our purposes, as the constabulary are constantly, and most beneficially, employed to collect much less interesting statistical details all over the island. The police are not so very busy watching, or catching thieves, that they might not also be required to observe and report upon the external phenomena which indicate the existence of a genial system of housekeeping. At an early hour of the day who does not remark the boys of the poulterers, fish-mongers, and butchers, with baskets or trays, traversing their several beats, and dropping a turkey here, a pheasant there; at one house a turbot and couple of lobsters; at another a haddock, with oysters, and so on, until their loads are discharged, and they are at leisure to play at Scotch-hop, or jump Jim Crow for the rest of the day. Then, between six and seven in the evening, just as the moon is seen mounting over the chimneys, or Hesperus begins to twinkle through the chinks in the clouds, unobservant must he be of what is passing about him, who does not notice another interesting class of carriers, the apprentices of the confectioners and pastry-cooks, gliding through the dinner-giving quarters of the town, bearing on their heads, or under their arms, wooden boxes, inscribed "Polson," "Doyle," or "Giovanni," and containing all the devices and "specious miracles" of *pâtisserie*—creams of all colors and flavors, the numerous species of the great genius, pudding; in short, all that French fancy and Italian art, coming in aid of our native tastes (which, even in our second courses, has a strong tendency to the solid rather than the elegant), has invented for our superfluous eating. Now, what could be easier than for Mr. Thom to make an arrangement with the commissioners of police, by which the police might be directed to note the houses where these several consignments of fish, flesh, fowl, or confectionery are deposited, with the actual amounts of the deposits in each case? By this process, pursued say for a twelvemonth, we should have a very close approximation, in-



deed, to the relative merits of the Dublin houses during that period; and it is plain that the police might collect a still more exact body of information, by availing themselves of the facilities which they notoriously have (and notoriously avail themselves of for their *private* purposes), of penetrating the areas of houses, and holding familiar intercourse with the cooks and other domestics, who, holding the keys of our safes and larders, are the very highest authorities from whom information could be obtained. But there is still a third method which might be taken, and which we are disposed to prefer to either of the former, as being more ingenious and scientific. Indeed, the full development of it we reserve for a paper which we shall either read at the Royal Irish Academy, or request some friend to read for us at some reunion of the Statistical Society, where we have not the honor of *figuring* ourselves. We propose, then, to apply the thermometer to the purpose of the proposed research, upon the obvious principle that, as the temperature of the kitchen increases with the quantity of good cheer cooked in it, the degrees of culinary heat must afford a faithful index to the degrees of hospitable fervor. We would employ a number of well-instructed young men, provided with most delicate instruments, to carry them all round the town, at a certain hour to be fixed by a careful determination of the period of the day when the temperature of the kitchen is at the maximum, and we would enjoin them to record, with scrupulous accuracy, the tale told by the thermometer at each successive railing. This sort of Thermo-gastric Survey of Dublin (or, Gastro-thermometric, if you please to call it so), would put the Ordnance Survey entirely out of countenance. Perhaps, as a rival undertaking, the best name of all for our project would be the Battery, meaning the Kitchen Battery, Survey; but, there's "nothing in a name;" the substantial advantages of the plan proposed will, we hope and trust, recommend it to those whose interest, as well as duty, it must be to see it carried into execution. The thermometers employed for the test of hospitality might be graduated, or, rather, the graduations marked as follows:—

Splendid and frequent.  
Plain and generous.  
Very comfortable.  
Occasional and excellent.  
Occasional and tolerable.  
Seldom and indifferent.

Seldom or never.

Never.

The mathematical instrument-makers would do well to have a stock of thermometers instantly manufactured upon this savory principle. There would be a large demand for them, independently of the order which Mr. Thom would be sure to give for his Directory of 1851. Can a more agreeable philosophical recreation be imagined, than to ramble about the town on an evening, when one is unfortunately free from social engagements, and, pulling out our little pocket-thermometer and note-book, make our grave observations upon the convivial temperatures of the houses of our friends and acquaintances? A small telescope, of great penetrating power, might also be employed with advantage, to enable us to pry, in the spirit of scientific curiosity, into the interiors of kitchens, and witness, in detail, the working of that subterranean machinery by which, more than by any other moving power, the world is swayed and governed. But we refrain from offering more suggestions on this head at present.

Here is another hint, the social importance of which will be felt by thousands of readers. We would take care to have those houses in which the children come in after dinner, marked, or *stigmatized*, with an asterisk, as Roman Catholics are distinguished in the list of the peers. By this means, those who abhor, detest, and abjure the system of a post-prandial irruption of the little Goths and Visigoths of a family, would learn in what disorderly establishments so flagrant an abuse is permitted, and would be careful to avoid their ill-omened thresholds; while those, on the other hand, who take a barbarous satisfaction in the spectacle of juvenile gluttony, as some unquestionably do, would have the corresponding advantage of knowing where that pleasure is sure to form part of the entertainment. In the same way as we propose to have a Directory indicating the several degrees of activity in the culinary department, that make such important distinctions between one roof and another, we would also have a similar key to the relative attractions of houses, in point of general gayety and fascination; in fact, we would have a key to the drawing-room as well as a key to the kitchen. A complete town-guide ought to inform us what houses are dull and morose—what cheerful and good-natured—what abound with buxom, handsome, agreeable women—what are inhabited by duennas, and ogresses—what by blue-stockings—

what by angelical people—what by evangelical—in what saloons you are liable to be riddled to death—in what punned within an inch of your life—where you may do what you like—where you must do what other people like—where people have sense enough to talk nonsense occasionally—and where they are so nonsensical as to be always sensible and steady: we would have those musical houses distinguished with marks of honor where the music is the best of its kind—in which case *alone* is music to be tolerated as a mode of entertaining company. As to those “mansions of woe,” tenanted by the common herd of piano-thumping sisters, flute-playing brothers, and choruses of squalling cousins, we would invent some new note of warning to point them out, and include them in the same statistical return with those never-enough-to-be execrated houses where the nursery fry come in with the jellies and creams.

We have already stated how we would

make our improved Directory eminently useful to young women, by a full and carefully-prepared list of bachelors, out of which a maiden must be very hard to be pleased if she cannot select some Lothario to her fancy, hard as female fancy proverbially is to hit. Of course it would be only fair to give a corresponding catalogue of marriageable ladies, for the benefit of “Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.” This part of our plan we should like to see executed with great pains and accuracy. A complete return of the girls of Dublin, with their several styles of beauty, their heights and other measurements, their talents and accomplishments, their airs, tempers, whims, caprices and propensities, their ranks and connections—and above all, their fortunes and expectations,—would be an invaluable guide to practical young men, and well worth a host of Mr. Thom’s present tables of exports and imports, corn-averages, and bills of mortality. Such a return might be made upon a model like the following:—

| Christian Name.       | Surname.      | Style of Beauty.      | Fortune.   | Temper.                          | Connections.                         | Accomplishments.   |
|-----------------------|---------------|-----------------------|--|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| Victoria . . . .      | Bourke . . .  | Dutch.                | Uncertain.   | Quick.                           | Connaught.                           | Punts and paints hand-screens.   |
| Jane Eleanora . . .   | De Potts . .  | Pale and sentimental. | Personal property—a poodle, and a tiara of Irish diamonds. | Smooth.                          | Agreat many cousins in the country.  | Hums tunes in private. Draws in chalk. The “Pet Pig” in the Amateur Exhibition is by her.                  |
| Henrietta . . . .     | Ogle . . .    | Florid and globular.  | £1000 consols.   | an geable.                       | The Shabbies and Seedies.            | Innumerable.   |
| Auricula . . . .      | Primrose . .  | Wan and slight.       | £500, and a geranium-stand.                                | Dovelike.                        | Pastoral and rural.                  | Paints flowers on satin, and writes lines on linnets and cowslips  |
| Patty Maria . . . .   | Parrot . . .  | Charming.             | A fortune in herself.                                      | Animated.                        | Professional.                        | Principally conversation.  |
| Myrtilla . . . .      | Skipworth.    | Pretty.               | £3,000 (believe the half of it.)                           | Breezy, but only a zephyr.       | Great people (in their own opinion.) | Paints in oils—see her picture of “Nebuchadnezzar Smoking,” in the Amateur Exhibition.                     |
| Maria Theresa . . . . | Fitzdickens.  | A beauty.             | Immaterial.  | Divine, (her mother’s report.)   | Official and influential.            | Sings, plays, dances, paints, talks, writes, &c., &c., painted a Cenci, see it at the Exhibition.          |
| Celestina Arachne     | Spinner . . . | Dumpy.                | Variously stated, some say £10,000, some £2,000.           | Might be better, might be worse. | Puseyitical.                         | Chaunts Requiems, and embroiders pulpit cushions.  |
| Cecilia . . . .       | Skylark . . . | Angular.              | Not much, except a lot of music, and a piping bullfinch.   | Squally.                         | Musical.                             | Ut, Re, Sol, Di, Tol, Rol, De, Rol.  |
| Augusta Constantia    | Peabody . . . | Colossal.             | Rents of houses on Peabody terrace, Rathmines.             | Even and sour.                   | Municipal.                           | Made a model of Peabody Terrace in rotten-wood, and a figure of Alderman Peabody in cheese. See Am. Exhib. |



There might be a separate table of widows, or they might be included in the foregoing, under the general heading of ladies in want of husbands. The necessary information for this return would be obtained with the utmost facility, for mothers would be only too glad to send in reports of the charms and accomplishments of their daughters, and the widows would be sure to give an account of themselves. With respect to drawing and painting, we would be far from insinuating that the ladies of Dublin, in getting up the Amateur Exhibition, were, in the least degree, influenced by a wish to advertise their several proficiencies with the brush and pencil; but that exhibition has certainly had the desirable effect of disclosing the fascinating possessors of an elegant and praiseworthy accomplishment. Sensible husbands will always encourage painting in their wives, provided they paint any other faces but their own. Designing with the pencil keeps the sex from designing in other ways, not so unobjectionable; and, moreover, the domestic and sedentary nature of the occupation has a direct tendency to restrain them from gadding about town, and particularly from stray-

ing into Grafton Street, a thoroughfare to which husbands and fathers have a decided and most natural aversion. As, in all probability, the exhibition of amateur artists will, in due course of time, suggest the expediency of a like exhibition of amateur musicians, for the same or like charitable purposes, Mr. Thom will, probably, before the end of the present year, possess ample materials for filling up the column devoted to female accomplishments in the proposed table.

We flatter ourselves that by this time we have established a fair claim to a large participation in the profits of the Directory for 1851, improved, as it would be immensely, by the adoption of our suggestions, and obtaining an enormous increase of circulation. But we could easily add to the number of our hints. A list of bores, well classified, specifying their haunts and modes of annoyance, and giving practical directions for either shunning them, or extinguishing them, would be ten times as useful as the receipts given in the common publications for destroying mice and rats, or extirpating the far less vexatious bores of the insect kingdom. A table like this would be most welcome:—

| Name.                       | Species of Bore.   | Haunts.  | Directions.   |
|-----------------------------|--|--|---|
| Fydggett (Francis John)     | Miscellaneous and universal.   | Public places, Lecture-Rooms, Meetings of Societies, Levees, Vestries, &c., wherever people can go without invitation. | Keep him at a distance, if you can; if you cannot, be as savage to him as possible.         |
| Daubeny (Salvator R.)       | Artistic.  | Art-Union Exhibitions, Auctions, Cranfield's, &c.  | Whistle Lillibullero and take snuff.  |
| Cocker (Decimus Zero)       | Statistical—price of oats, tenant-right, &c.   | Statistical Society, Record Offices, Chamber of Commerce, Custom House, &c.  | D—n his facts and c—d his figures.  |
| Crofts (Don Pacifico)       | Temperance and peace.  | Eccles-street.   | Pitch him into the Liffey, and give him his bellyful of his favorite element.               |
| Skeleton (Joseph Thynne)    | Famine and Cholera. Prospects of Ireland.  | Kingstown Railway.   | Thrw him out, or jump out yourself.   |
| Harrow (Triptolemus)        | Agricultural—Green Crops, Guano, Thorough Draining, Smith of Deanstown, and Mr. Bullen, Spade Husbandry.             | Sackville-street Agricultural Association.   | When he comes to the spade husbandry, give him a dig.                                       |
| Vigors (Hercules Armstrong) | Hypochondriac.   | Medical Hall.  | Congratulate him on his robust health, and he will never speak to you more.                 |
| Seedy (Peto Le Poer)        | Solicitor-General for all manner of Asylums, Hospitals, Institutions, and objects generally, not forgetting himself. | He appears to be ubiquitous.   | Lend him a couple of guineas on his private account, on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle. |

We have only one more suggestion on the present occasion, and it relates to the commercial part of the directory, in which we think we have a valuable improvement to propose. We should like to see a classification of the shops of Dublin, which would enable us to distinguish those illiberal and mercenary houses, which think more of the return of their capital than of the return of their customers, from the high-minded establishments, where the public accommodation is the first object, and their private profits a mere secondary consideration. It is obvious that nothing checks the operations of commerce, interferes with the easy, cordial, and frequent intercourse of buyer and seller, and degrades mercantile transactions into a mere sordid barter, so much as the obstacles which many tradespeople throw in the way of the most willing customers, in the form of bills, and the system of stickling for money-payments; and it is equally clear that those who conduct business on the opposite plan (that of encouraging, not repelling their customers) act on the best possible principle for filling their shops with purchasers; and must, in fact, soon monopolize all business done in their respective lines, particularly if they are careful to be always provided with the very best articles to be procured from the manufacturers. A great fuss is made about bills in Chancery, and no doubt it would be a great public service to abridge and curtail them; but for one person who is interested in the reform of bills of that kind, there are a thousand interested in reforming the equally prolix and disagreeable bills of merchants and tradesmen. After all, how few of us have anything to do with bills in Chancery; while who is there in the community who is not continually called upon to answer the bill of some wine-merchant, shoemaker, milliner, or tailor? Why, there are very few

of those people who do not file a bill against us at least once in the twelvemonth; selecting, too, for that litigious and hostile proceeding, the blessed season of Christmas, which might well suggest a more pacific and charitable line of conduct. But it is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature and the credit of commerce, that all shop-keepers are not equally sordid. We think the public ought to know what houses do business like Jews, and what like Christians; in what houses there is always going on a dark, malignant system of entering and recording the smallest purchase made by their oldest and best friends, for the purpose of eking out an atrocious yearly bill; and in what, on the contrary, commercial dealings are divested altogether, or as much as possible, of the innumerable littlenesses, bitternesses, and dirtinesses inseparable from the transfer of money from hand to hand. There ought, therefore, to be lists of shops and warehouses, arranged according to the facilities and encouragements afforded to their customers. The letter J to indicate the griping, mercenary and Jewish system, and C to mark the liberal, civilized, and Christian method of transacting business, would be the simplest and most appropriate way of effecting the object.

We have now done our duty, which is only to give hints, not to carry them into execution. We are not authors, makers, or publishers of directories, like Mr. Thom. It is for him to decide whether he will take our advice in 1851, or again attempt to palm upon the public, as a complete town-guide, a work so glaringly defective in the kind of information which men upon town stand most in need of, and without which a Dublin Directory is just about as useful to a Dublin woman as a Directory for Pekin or Constantinople.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LONGFELLOW.

WE believe it was M. L'Abbe Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson—

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defence is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of the other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand, America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; the language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and Monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the President had the worst of the argument.

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it cannot be denied that her social condition presents impediments of a formidable character toward the cultivation of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, are not quite so favorable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards; and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shone in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny and demoralization, their lustre has been the most brilliant. Under the luxurious tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rousseau; amid the oppression of his country, grew and flourished the gigantic intellect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest times of her gloomy history, gave birth to the imperishable genius of Swift; it was less the liberty of Athens than the tyranny of Philip, which made Demosthenes an orator; and of the times which produced our great dramatists it is scarcely necessary to speak. The proofs, in short, are numberless. Be this, however, as it may, the character of American literature which

has fallen under our notice must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavor to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the earning and labors of others.

We do not blame her for this; far from it. We only say that, having reaped the benefit, it is unjust to deny the obligation; and that, in discussing her literary pretensions, the plea which has been put forward in her behalf is untenable.

But ere we proceed further, we must avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our obligations where they are due—it is to the enterprise of a Liverpool publisher we are indebted for this very elegant—we believe, indeed, the first complete edition of our poet's works, brought out in this country; and we sincerely hope he will gain from the gratitude of a discriminating public a reward more substantial than any approbation of ours can bestow. Prefixed to this edition is a preface from the accomplished pen of Mr. Gilfillan, which contains critical observations upon the poet's works, with some of which we are happy to be able to agree. There are others from which we dissent; but as our present task is not criticising Mr. Gilfillan's preface, but writing a criticism of our own, we shall leave these matters to the discrimination of our various readers.

It is impossible there can be a more complete illustration, than the works now before us, of the truth of our assertion, that the national poet of America has not as yet been produced. The muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannas—all those stupendous and varied features of that great country, with which, from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon his poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any, traces. But, brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric; and if he has failed to derive inspiration

from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song. We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goëthe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and noways behind them in point of poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition with which he started, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable toward the formation of American literature. But, as is happily observed by Mr. Gilfillan:—"Longfellow bears so well his load of accomplishments and acquirements, his ornaments, unlike those of the Sabine maid, have not crushed him, nor impeded the march of his own mind. He has transmitted a lore gathered from many languages into a quick and rich flame, which we feel to be the flame of genius."

We cannot commence our extracts better than with that exquisite little poem, entitled "The Psalm of Life," every line of which is full of touching beauty, besides inculcating a philosophy we may all study with advantage:—

"A PSALM OF LIFE.

"What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral-marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle;  
Be a hero in the strife.



"Trust no future, however pleasant ;  
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;  
Act—act, in the living present,  
Heart within, and God o'er head !

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime ;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

"Foot-prints that, perhaps, another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main ;  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for every fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

To expatiate on the beauties of this poem would be quite superfluous ; they are apparent to every reader. And cold, indeed, and insensible, must be the heart which they do not touch with a softening and purifying influence.

We are reluctant to subject to the test of minute criticism those two fine verses, toward the conclusion of this piece, the image of the mariner sailing over the solemn sea of life, is, unquestionably, one of great beauty, but we doubt if its application is quite in keeping with the rest of the stanza ; and we fear that the footsteps on the sands of time would be of a nature too evanescent to be of much use to him in his course—the stars of heaven would serve him better ; but we shall not dwell upon this. The poem is most touchingly beautiful, and we ought not always to analyze too curiously what affords us real pleasure. We would far rather enjoy the effect than scrutinize the cause.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Jean Paul will be at no loss to recognize the source of many of the ideas contained in this piece. The coincidence is so remarkable that we shall add the parallel passage—the prose of which is almost as poetical as the melodious verses of Longfellow :—

"Cheerfulness," saith Jean Paul, "not enjoyment, is our duty. Be it, then, our aim. In a soul filled with pleasures and mistrust, the heavy air checks the growth of spiritual flowers. Let your heart expand to sympathy and compassion, but not to cold mistrust, as the flower opens to the blessed dew, but closes its leaves against the rain. So little is suffering, so much is happiness, a proper part of our nature, that, with equal means of

delusion, we reach only what has pained instead of what has given us pleasure. Great bereavements work more refreshingly upon the spirit thus pained than great joys ; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen. After the sunshine of happiness, the chambers of the heart open to our enemies. Grief expands them to our friends. But the happiness of grief consists, like the day, not in single flashes, but in a steady, mild serenity. The heart lives in this peaceful and even light. The spirit alone can yield us this heavenly calm and freedom from care—it is beyond the power of Fortune, who gives with one hand what she takes away with the other ; therefore, instead of planting joys, our endeavor ought to be to remove sorrows, so that the soul, unchoked by acids, may of itself bear sweet fruits, not by man's seeking after joys, and building up for himself heaven after heaven, which clouds may obscure, but by removing the mask from grief, and looking it steadily in the face. If man has only once unmasked, that is, conquered, grief, he holds in his hand the key of Eden, for there remains to him besides all the higher blessings of circumstance and of duty. Thus we shall have a perpetual 'Forget-me-not' of joy within us, but no similar one of pain ; and thus is the blue firmament greater than any cloud that is therein, and more lasting, too."

There is, perhaps, no department of poetry which requires a combination of so many varied qualities of mind, as that in which Mr. Longfellow most excels. Milton, Byron, Dryden, and Pope, were masters of the art of song ; but we greatly question if they could have produced lyrical effusions so simple, and yet so full of sweet and touching beauty, as many which are contained in this little volume. We have marked so many for extracts, that the task of selection is by no means an easy one. Whenever we open the book we are sure to light upon some gem of rare beauty which we feel a reluctance in passing over ; and yet, were we to extract them all, we could fill half of our Magazine. Of the singular sweetness, melody of versification, and elegance for which these compositions are distinguished, perhaps no piece affords a better example than that which we shall place next on our list. The quaint simplicity and beauty of these charming lines are quite irresistible :—

## NUREMBERG.

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands,  
 Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.  
 Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
 Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round thee throng.  
 Memories of the Middle Ages—when the emperors rough and bold  
 Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old.  
 And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme—  
 That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.  
 In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
 Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Lunigunde's hand.  
 On the square the oriel window, where, in old heroic days,  
 Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.  
 Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous works of art,  
 Fountains wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart;  
 And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,  
 By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.  
 In the church of sainted Laurence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
 Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air.  
 Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverend heart,  
 Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art.  
 Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiled he still with busy hand;  
 Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.  
 'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies,  
 Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.  
 Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
 That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.  
 Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,  
 Walked of old the master singers, chaunting rude poetic strains.  
 From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,  
 Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build;  
 As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he, too, the mystic rhyme,  
 And the smith his iron measures, hammered to the anvil's chime.  
 Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom,  
 In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.  
 Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
 Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sung and laughed;  
 But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,  
 And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;  
 Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
 As the old man, gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.  
 And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
 Quaffing ale from pewter tankards in the master's antique chair.  
 Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
 Ran these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.  
 Not thy councils, not thy Kaiser, win for thee the world's regard,—  
 But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard;  
 Thus, O! Nuremberg! a wanderer from a region far away,  
 As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay,  
 Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a flow'et of the soil,  
 The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

We once chanced to meet with a rare old German book which contains an accurate history of the foundation of the Meister-singers, a body which exercised so important an influence upon the literary history, not only of Germany, but of the whole European Continent, that the circumstances connected with its origin cannot prove uninteresting to our readers.

The burghers of the provincial towns in Germany had gradually formed themselves into guilds or corporations, the members of

which, when the business of the day was discussed, would amuse themselves by reading some of the ancient traditions of their own country, as related in the old Nordic poems. This stock of literature was soon exhausted, and the worthy burghers began to try their hands at original composition. From these rude snatches of song sprung to life the fire of poetic genius, and at Mentz was first established that celebrated guild, branches of which soon after extended themselves to most of the provincial towns. The fame of



these social meetings soon became widely spread. It reached the ears of the Emperor, Otho I., and, about the middle of the ninth century, the guild received a royal summons to attend at Pavia, then the Emperor's residence. The history of this famous meeting remained for upward of six hundred years upon record among the archives of Mentz, but is supposed to have been taken away, among other plunder, about the period of the Smalkaldic war. From other sources of information we can, however, gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian, by giving the names of the twelve original members of this guild, among which we do not find that of the "laureate of the gentle craft" mentioned by Mr. Longfellow:—

Walter, Lord of Vogelweid.  
 Wolfgang Eschenbach, Knight.  
 Conrad Mesmer, Knight.  
 Franenlob of Mentz, } Theologians.  
 Mergliny of Ment, }  
 Klingsher.  
 Starke Papp.  
 Bartholomew Regenboger, a blacksmith.  
 The Chancellor, a fisherman.  
 Conrad of Wurtzburg.  
 Stall Seniors.  
 The Roman of Zgwickau.

These gentlemen, having attended the royal summons in due form, were subjected to a severe public examination before the court by the wisest men of their times, and were pronounced masters of their art; enthusiastic encomiums were lavished upon them by the delighted audience, and they departed, having received from the Emperor's hands a crown of pure gold, to be presented annually to him who should be selected by the voice of his fellows as laureate for the year.

Admission to these guilds became, in process of time, the highest literary distinction; it was eagerly sought for by numberless aspirants, but the ordeal through which the candidate had to pass became so difficult that very few were found qualified for the honor. The compositions of the candidates were measured with a degree of critical accuracy of which candidates for literary fame in these days can form but little idea. The ordeal must have been more damping to the fire of young genius than the most slashing article ever penned by the most caustic reviewer. Every composition had of necessity to belong to a certain class; each class was distinguished by a limited amount of rhymes and syllables, and the candidate had to count each stanza, as he read it, upon his fingers.

The redundancy or the deficiency of a single syllable was fatal to his claims, and was visited in addition by a pecuniary fine, which went to the support of the corporation.

Of that branch of this learned body which held its meetings at Nuremberg, Hans Sachs became, in due time, a distinguished member. His origin was obscure—the son of a tailor, and a shoemaker by trade. The occupations of his early life afforded but little scope for the cultivation of those refined pursuits which afterward made him remarkable. The years of his boyhood were spent in the industrious pursuit of his lowly calling; but when he arrived at the age of eighteen, a famous minstrel, Numenbach by name, chancing to pass his dwelling, the young cobbler was attracted by his dulcet strains, and followed him. Numenbach gave him gratuitous instruction in his tuneful art, and Hans Sachs forthwith entered upon the course of probationary wandering, which was an essential qualification for his degree. The principal towns of Germany by turns received the itinerant minstrel, who supported himself by the alternate manufacture of verses and of shoes. After a protracted pilgrimage of several years, he returned to Nuremberg, his native city, where, having taken unto himself a wife, he spent the remainder of his existence; not unprofitably, indeed, as his voluminous works still extant can testify. We had once the pleasure of seeing an edition of them in the library at Nuremberg, containing two hundred and twelve pieces of poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas—a fertility of production truly wonderful, and almost incredible, if we reflect that the author had to support a numerous family by the exercise of his lowly trade.

The writings of this humble artisan proved an era, however, in the literary history of Germany. To him may be ascribed the honor of being the founder of her school of tragedy as well as comedy; and the illustrious Goëthe has, upon more than one occasion, in his works, expressed how deeply he is indebted to this poet of the people for the outline of his immortal tragedy of "Faust." Indeed, if we recollect aright, there are in his works several pieces which he states are after the manner of Hans Sachs.

The Lord of Vogelweid, whose name we find occupying so conspicuous a position in the roll of the original Meistersingers, made rather a curious will—a circumstance which we find charmingly narrated in the following exquisite ballad:—

"WALTER VON. DER VOGELWEID.

"Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasure;  
Gave them all with this bequest—  
They should feed the birds at noontide,  
Daily, on his place of rest.

"Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels,  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long.'

"Thus the bard of lore departed,  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted,  
By the children of the choir.

"Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair—  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

"On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place—  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face:

"There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered,  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

"Till at length the portly Abbot  
Murmured, why this waste of food;  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward,  
For our fasting brotherhood.

"Then in vain, o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bell rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

"Then in vain with cries discordant,  
Glamorous round the gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

"Time has long effaced the inscription  
On the cloister's funeral stones;  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid."

The critical distinction between imagination and fancy is now so well understood, that any discussion upon the principles by which they are regulated would be unnecessary—the one makes the greatest poets, the other, when combined with feeling, will generally produce the most popular. Upon

the ordinary run of mankind, the higher flights of imagination will probably be thrown away; while the thoughts of fancy, expressed with taste and feeling, must always come home to the hearts of all. How many are there who have a keen appreciation of the beauties of Moore, or Burns, upon whom the lofty grandeur of Milton would be utterly lost. The one class of poetry will always be the most popular—the other the most enduring. Nothing that is false, fleeting, or redundant can last; and the true aim of real poetry has, perhaps, by no one been better defined than by Shelley:—

"It lifts," he says, "the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations, clothed in its Elysian light, stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves and the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others. The pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."

This critical maxim is so beautifully expressed, it contains the whole germ of what can be said or thought upon that branch of the subject; and although, in some regards, Longfellow does not come quite up to the standard, yet in others his poems will be found an exquisite illustration of the truth and force of the observations we have quoted. Although full of fancy, his pieces do not display much of the higher order of imagination, with the exception, perhaps, of "Excelsior," which comes nearer to the mark than any we have read. Beautiful and impressive, yet tender and touching, it is one of the highest proofs of his genius; because, its own merit apart, it shows more implied power, and more imaginative passion, than any other piece he has written. The simplicity is most touching; and although the sequence of thought is not quite so clear as might be desired, it is uncommonly beautiful.

The succession of pictures presented to the mind's eye, each complete in perfect beauty, can scarcely be surpassed. The solitude of the lonely Alpine village among the mountains—its lights glimmering faintly through the mists and shadows of darkening



night; the entrance of the youthful enthusiast, his heart and eye full of the fire of hope and of resolute purpose, and bearing in his hand the banner with the "strange device;" his sorrow, as he turns with wistful eye away from the warm and friendly welcome of social homes, to the stern reality of the giant height that frowns before him; the warning of cautious age, the solicitations of youthful beauty, fall alike unregarded on his ear. His path is upward! He hears a voice—he sees a hand dim in the distance pointing to the path, and forbidding him to tarry—

" 'Oh, stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
'Excelsior!'"

And then the last scene of all—the cold and lifeless clay—from which the daring spirit had departed—found in the snow by the kindly monks; the banner, with the wondrous device, grasped in the frozen hand firmly still; the musical voice, faint like the light of a star falling from the clime he had gained—all, all, is exquisitely beautiful:—

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device—  
'Excelsior!"

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—  
'Excelsior!"

"In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—  
'Excelsior!"

" 'Try not the pass!' the old man said;  
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide;  
And loud that clarion voice replied—  
'Excelsior!"

" 'Oh, stay!' the maiden said, 'and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;  
But still he answered, with a sigh—  
'Excelsior!"

" 'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!  
This was the peasant's last good night!  
A voice replied, far up the height—  
'Excelsior!"

"At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air—  
'Excelsior!"

"A traveler, by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found—  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device—  
'Excelsior!"

"There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star—  
'Excelsior!"

We are sorry to say that the only poem of any length contained in this volume we have as yet been unable to accomplish a perusal of: the metre is a formidable impediment which we are unable to surmount. We therefore leave "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadia," to the discrimination of some future critic. The story upon which it is founded is one which narrates the wholesale eviction of a people from their own country and homes. The inhabitants of this fated province having entered into a treaty that they would not afford arms or assistance to the Indians, were supposed to have violated their engagement; and having been collected together into a large church, by the orders of General Winslow, were afterward forcibly expelled into the woods, and the whole of their houses and possessions set on fire. The story is a most painful one; the act seems one which it is difficult to justify, even under the stern exigencies of war. We shall not, however, enter into any discussion of it here, but pass on to objects more attractive, many of which merit our notice.

From the few specimens which Mr. Longfellow has given us of his translations, we are enabled to form a very tolerable opinion of his qualifications for excellence in that most difficult path of literature. With many of the originals which he has selected in English verse we are familiar, and they are all very tastefully as well as beautifully rendered. There is one, however, which is new to us, taken from the works of a German poet, with whom the reading public here are not very familiar. We are therefore unable to pronounce any opinion upon its merits as a mere translation; but as a beautiful piece of English poetry, we feel assured that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it. It is by Salis, a poet whose genius inclines most to the plaintive and mel-

ancholy. He is, if we recollect right, the author of a beautiful little poem, called "The Grave," which may be found in some of the collections of German ballads issued from the Leipsic press.

"SONG OF THE SILENT LAND!"

"Into the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither;  
Clouds in the evening skies more darkly  
gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,  
Who leads us with a gentle hand,  
Hither! O hither!  
Into the Silent Land?"

"Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls! the future's pledge and  
band!  
Who in life's battle firm doth stand  
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!"

"O land! O land  
For all the broken-hearted;  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,  
To lead us with a gentle hand,  
Into the land of the great departed;  
Into the Silent Land."

We thank Mr. Longfellow, as we are assured our readers will also, for making us acquainted with this most exquisite little piece, which in the original can scarcely be more beautiful than in the medium through which he has presented it to our notice.

Although distinguished by grace, tenderness, and sweetness of modulation, the more we study these poems, the more we feel assured that the author is deficient in those qualities to which we have already alluded. With little grandeur of conception, he seldom attempts to soar, and when he does it is a failure. There is no martial music in the sound of his verses. He never could have been a Tyrtæus, and could no more, as far as we are enabled to give an opinion, from the specimens before us, have written a ballad like Campbell's "Mariners of England," or the "Battle of the Baltic," than he could write the "Iliad." With much variety and tenderness, his verses have little force or vigor. He has the sweetness of Tennyson, without his quaintness or his varied power. He has all the lyrical excellencies of Moore, without his glitter—and we think also, without his playful imagination. He has a good deal of learning, without a great deal of imaginative power; and his wood-notes are warbled with a cadence

which is most exquisite. With the exception of the little piece called "Excelsior," we have not for many a long day read anything more affecting than—

"THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS."

"When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy calm delight:

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall:

"Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door,  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit us once more.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life.

"They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore;  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more.

"And with them came the being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,  
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered, not yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

"Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died."

The nicest analysis of the most metaphysical critic, we are of opinion, can scarcely detect a flaw in this very beautiful little poem. We must all bow down, as it were, involuntarily, and pay homage due at the shrine of genius—and genius, too, in one of its most exquisite moods. We can luxuriate in these beautiful thoughts. They have something which must come home to, and must touch,

the hearts of all of us—tears stand in our eyes as at the strain of well-remembered, melancholy music; when the world is locked in sleep and silence, and the common cares of life have subsided, the mind, no longer disturbed, can hold communion with the friends who have long passed away to that realm of shadows whither we shall follow them—they come back, then, radiant and beautiful—

“Each heart as warm, each eye as gay  
As if we parted yesterday!”

We see in these pleasant dreams the eye brighten and the lip smile, which are dim and cold long ago; and from these realms, so far away above the storms and cares of this miserable world, where it is pleasant to hope and believe our friends have gone, kindly they gleam upon us through the misty light of fancy: and we rise from these reveries strengthened and doubly armed for the battle of life by the reflection so beautifully expressed in the poet's concluding verse:—

“All our fears are laid aside,  
If we but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.”

Of kindred beauty with “The Footsteps of Angels,” and no unfit companion to it in thought and feeling, is a poem, entitled “Resignation,” which we extract from a subsequent collection of poems by Mr. Longfellow.\* Although our space is rapidly narrowing, we cannot pass it by. Such of our readers as are familiar with these beautiful lines on the same theme, by “La Motte Fouque,” will read it with increased gratification. All of them must do so with pleasure:—

“RESIGNATION.

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fireside, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

“The air is full of farewells for the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

“Let us be patient! Those severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume their dark disguise.

“We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

\* “The Seaside and Fireside.” By W. H. Longfellow. Liverpool: Walker.

“There is no death—what seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

“She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone into that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

“In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led—  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

“Day after day we think what she is doing,  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

“Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives;  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

“Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when, with rapture wild,  
To our embrace we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child:

“But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,  
Shall we behold her face.

“And though at times impetuous with emotion,  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moving like the ocean  
That cannot be at rest—

“We will be patient, and assuage the feelings  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing  
The grief that must have way.”

We must now pass to a consideration of the prose writings of Mr. Longfellow; and we have devoted so much of our space to his poetry, that we shall be unable to dwell at much length upon their merits.

With “Hyperion” the public have been for some time familiar; but it is not generally known that in this exquisite little story are shadowed forth the leading incidents of the poet's life, and that he himself is the hero of his own romance. We shall give the facts as they have come to our own knowledge, and, we are assured, they will not fail to interest our readers.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal. It so



happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty; and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. “Hyperion” was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away—they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his head-quarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrows.

The success of “Hyperion,” in America, was for some time doubtful—it “hung fire,” as the phrase is, until it reached England, where it rapidly gained an extensive popularity; and Longfellow was thus elected by the suffrages of our countrymen to the distinguished position he now occupies among his own.

The Romance of “Hyperion” consists simply of the facts we have thus briefly detailed, upon which are interwoven some beautiful episodes.

There is no attempt either at the construction of plot or incident. In this respect the author has not drawn upon his inventive faculties in the very least. We have a series of pictures, brilliant, beautiful, and ever-shifting; subtle reflections, full of sound and noble philosophy, and descriptions of the varied aspects of nature amid that enchanting spot where the scene is laid, so vivid and so beautiful, that we can only reiterate our regret that he has not studied more deeply, or to more advantage, the grand features of his own country. The chapter upon literary

fame is, perhaps, one of the best in the book; the philosophy which it breathes is sound and instructive:—

“And after all,” said Fleming, “perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word—wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throb, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle. There is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly—you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this press of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, come! the voices of the past say, wait! With calm and solemn footsteps bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait, should bide his time, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book; so be it, the deed and the book were well done? It is the part of an indecent and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do or say—to be always waiting to hear the echoes of our own voice! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful, because their purpose is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the trick and phantasy of fame; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait. Believe me the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is decreed, not because it is sought after, and there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish disappointment.”

The easy, graceful, flowing and unaffected style of this charming little romance, must be considered one of its chief attractions: in this respect it may stand a comparison with the writings of the poet's gifted countryman,

Washington Irving. It abounds with the traces of a highly-cultivated and elegant mind. And it is impossible not to recognize passages of a loftier tone, upon which the inspiration of genius is strongly stamped; and without being striking, it contains a sufficient amount of originality to distinguish it from, and lift it above the level of the present popular literature of the day. But the observation which we felt called upon to make, with reference to the poetry of Mr. Longfellow, applies, we think, with even greater force to his prose; elegant and graceful as it is, there is not much vigor, there is nothing national about it—an Englishman might have produced it just as well as an American. And although this by no means detracts from the merits of the author, or from the beauty of his compositions, yet, expecting to find in them something characteristic of the country which has produced the author, we cannot help owning to a little feeling of disappointment. It may be not a whit more unreasonable than that expressed by the English traveler who was struck with astonishment at hearing himself greeted so fluently in his own tongue, upon his arrival at Bologne.

We have contented ourselves with running rapidly over the leading features of "*Hyperion*;" it has been so long before the public, and is so well known to them all, that any lengthened or elaborate critique would be unnecessary. The other little volume\* which now awaits us, being a more recent production, might, had we space, call for a more lengthened comment. As a companion to "*Hyperion*," "*Kavanagh*" is by no means unworthy to occupy a distinguished position in the public estimation. There are many to whom it will unquestionably prove of higher interest than its predecessor. With equal grace and elegance of style, it contains more touches which come home and appeal to the hearts of all. A charming love story, its simplicity is exquisite; less exalted in its pretensions than "*Hyperion*," and with less of the peculiar power and reach of imagination by which that work is distinguished, it will perhaps be more popular with the generality of readers.

The little group of characters, round which converges the interest of the tale, are drawn with an exquisite and airy touch, which is very fascinating. Churchill, the dreamy enthusiast, who wastes his life away in vain

aspirations and resolves that bear no fruit, is happily contrasted with the active, energetic, practical young clergyman, whose labors wrought such a wondrous change among the inhabitants of the little town. The sweet and charming picture of the gentle and loving Alice Archer, with her pale face and dark eyes, rises out of the canvas, appealing to our sympathies not in vain; for beside it stands that of her more favored and more fortunate rival, fresh and glowing with the brilliant hues of youth and of love; and then, the old blind mother, conversing in the room below of moths and cheap furniture, and the best remedy for rheumatism, as forth from her door went two happy hearts, beating side by side with the pulse of youth, and hope, and joy; while within, and nearer to her still, sat the pale and blighted flower, doomed so soon to bow its head and die.

"The first snow came. How beautiful it was falling silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

"What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every word was muffled; every voice changed to something soft or musical. No more trampling hoofs—no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children. All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the church-yard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes, for before the winter came, she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed. Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave! Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion unnoticed and unknown."

The beauty of this passage is irresistible; and if the author had never written another line, would go far to establish his reputation. Nor can we, in lingering over these charming pictures, so rich with beauty, so true to nature, pass over without notice the minor figures which fill up the back-ground of the picture—the loving and the forsaken serving-

\* "*Kavanagh*," a Tale. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: George Slater, Strand.

woman, "the good chamber-maid, and the bad cook," who did the work of the house, tended the cow and poultry, and administered lamp-oil to the cock when he crowed hoarsely!—with her blue poplin Sunday-gown, her pink bow on the congregation-side of her bonnet, and her matrimonial engagement to the traveling-dentist, "who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something more dangerous and mercurial!" The awkward advances of the enamored woolen-draper, Hiram Adolphus Hawkins, "who spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The swain Silas, Sally Manchester's adorer, who adopted the quaint mode of expressing his devotion by writing letters with his own blood, "going barefoot into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands." And last, but not least, the retreating figure of Mr. Pendexter going from the ungrateful village, in the old-fashioned chaise, "drawn by the old white horse that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged his

stump of a tail, and had caused so much discord in the parish, stopping now as if he made common cause with his master, and even shaking from his feet the dust of the thankless place they were leaving." All these are pictures which appeal irresistibly to the fancy or to the heart; and which, while language and genius have power over the minds of men, cannot readily be forgotten.

So much of the space at our disposal had been occupied in describing the poetical works of Mr. Longfellow, that we have necessarily been obliged to pass over, with brief observation, many of the beauties of his prose: several passages which we had marked for extract, we are most reluctantly obliged to omit. We hope, however, upon some future occasion, it may be in our power to return to this interesting writer. That a pen so graceful, so powerful, and so eloquent as his, should remain idle, the beautiful philosophy inculcated in his writings forbids us to expect. We therefore take our leave of him for the present, in the hope that, before long, we may have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with him.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CRADLE SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

*Dreimal mit dem weissen Kleide, &c.*

THREE times with a robe of white  
Has thy mother deck'd thy bed;  
Thrice, with garments green bedight,  
Has thy place of rest been spread.  
She has look'd, in silent woe,  
If her child still sleeps below.  
But thy rest still dost thou keep  
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice, in spite of winter's wrath,  
Snow-drops came and violets blue,  
From their bed, to lure thee forth:—  
Thrice came pinks and roses too,  
Asking thee, with wooing tone,  
If thy slumbers were not flown?  
But thy rest still dost thou keep  
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Three times—and three hundred more—  
Sun and moon came, as of yore—  
Looking on with joyous blaze,  
Looking on with mournful gaze—  
Asking with their flickering light  
If no ray will end thy night?  
But thy rest still dost thou keep  
In thy cradle—fast asleep!

Thrice has gentle zephyr's sigh  
Play'd around thee tenderly;  
Thrice, with angry breath, the blast  
Roughly o'er thy cradle past—  
Each the post intent to gain;  
Both are warring now again!  
But thy rest still dost thou keep  
In thy cradle—fast asleep!



From the Edinburgh Review.

## SYDNEY SMITH'S SKETCHES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, M.A. London: 1849. Pp. 424.

THIS volume—printed, but, at the time we are writing, not yet published—appeals not to our tribunal; one hundred copies only have been issued to gratify the eye of private friendship. Under such circumstances, we feel little disposition to make it the subject of detailed criticism; nor would our disinclination for the task be removed, even were the merit of the volume much less or its faults much greater than they will either of them be found to be. For the deficiencies in a posthumous work, the publication of which was neither contemplated nor desired by him, the author cannot properly be held responsible. It is its merits alone, which are indeed his own. But in the present case those merits may be more gracefully made the subject of minute criticism anywhere than in this Journal, the pages of which have been so often illuminated by his wit and genius. Of that wit and genius it is not now necessary, here or elsewhere, to enter into a critical estimate. Sydney Smith has had his due place of honor long assigned him. We shall better occupy the little space allotted to us by presenting our readers with a few brief specimens of that vigorous intellect—a few scintillations of that brilliant wit—which in past times have so often delighted them.

But alas! there are other reasons for inexpressible reluctance to assume the critic's office in the case before us. The duty has been virtually performed by one—and it was the last office of the kind he ever did perform—than whom none could perform it more justly or more kindly;—by one of whom we do not venture to say more at present. We refer to that illustrious friend of Sydney Smith who, in conjunction with him and other men of genius, projected the present Journal, and who presided for so long a series of years over the tribunal of criticism he had established, with a taste, skill, and

energy, on which the public has already long since pronounced its judgment. He has now passed from among us; but his name and memory are embalmed in the veneration and affection of all who knew him.

Lord Jeffrey had received the present volume and was engaged in perusing it, only a few days before his death. The delight it gave him, and the spirit in which he seized the opportunity it afforded him of expressing his sense of the merits he had overlooked at first, are so strikingly characteristic of his candor and generosity of nature, that we must not suppress a brief account of what passed on the occasion.

The notes of these lectures, delivered nearly half a century ago—about the period, in fact, when the two friends first commenced their long literary career,—were never prepared or designed for publication. Their author had even often resolved on their destruction; and on one occasion partly accomplished his purpose. His family naturally begged a reprieve, and wisely as well as naturally; for, as old Fuller says of Herbert's remains, even "shavings of gold are carefully to be kept." At his death, the interest of the family in them was renewed. Anxious to ascertain the propriety or otherwise of giving these lectures to the public, and knowing how well they could rely on Lord Jeffrey's judgment and kindness, Mrs. Smith sent the manuscript to him for his opinion. He,—doubtless feeling much more strongly than the generality of men, how much injustice is often done to genius by publishing what itself would be mortified to think should see the light without the advantage of careful revision, and perceiving also, on a slight and partial inspection, that some parts of the present work would require that revision to do them full justice,—advised that the volume should not be published. Out of acquiescence, we

may presume, in this sentence, a few copies only were struck off in the first instance for private circulation.

And now comes the incident which it is such a pleasure to record. On perusing the volume in print, Lord Jeffrey at once discerned, in spite of *hiatus*, mutilations, and imperfections, so many indications of the "vis viva" of genius—so many traces of originality, splendor, and power—that he lost no time in writing to Mrs. Smith a beautiful letter, retracting his former cautious judgment in the amplest manner. "I cannot rest," said he, "till I have not merely expressed my thanks to you for the gratification I have received, but made some amends for the rash, and I fear somewhat ungracious, judgment I passed upon it, after perusing a few passages of the manuscript some years ago. I have not recognized any of these passages in any part of the print I am reading, and think I must have been unfortunate in the selection, or chance, by which I was directed to them. . . . I am now satisfied I was quite wrong. My firm impression is, that, with few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as anything he ever wrote; and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a truer and more engaging view of his character, than what the world has yet seen in his writings. Some of the conclusions may be questionable, but I do think them generally just, and never propounded with anything like arrogance, or in any tone of assumption; and the whole subject treated with quite as much, either of subtlety or profundity, as was compatible with a popular exposition of it. I retract, therefore, peremptorily and firmly, the advice I formerly gave against the publication of these discourses."

It was traits like these—of sweetness, frankness, and fearless love of truth; the rare magnanimity which made him ever ready to recant an error, when he had reason to suspect that he had been betrayed into one,—traits beautifully displayed in his introduction to his essays reprinted from this Journal,—which not only endeared him to so large a circle of friends, but rendered it impossible for him to have any permanent enemies. Such qualities had, in fact, long before his death, conciliated toward him the esteem and affection of most of those who, in earlier years, thought they had reason to complain of the severity of the criticisms which he had either himself passed, or had suffered others to pass, on their productions. Even literary

animosities—the most embittered, perhaps, of any—could not but yield before the genial warmth of his frank and kind-hearted nature. These traits made him more truly great than the opulence of his knowledge—the elegance of his fancy—the acuteness of his logic—or the vigor and the versatility of his genius.

After such a testimony, we trust that the publication of these "Elementary Sketches" may be confidently reckoned upon—perhaps before the appearance of our present number: in which case it is to be hoped that this beautiful and instructive letter will be prefixed to them.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, we think there was sufficient reason for Lord Jeffrey to affirm both his earlier and his later judgment; reason, in the first instance, for his caution,—prompted doubtless by a genuine solicitude for his friend's reputation,—and reason for his subsequent retraction on seeing the whole in print. He perceived that the volume, after all deductions, was everywhere so pervaded with vigorous thought, and so adorned by felicitous illustration, as to render it not only not unworthy of Sydney Smith's genius, but an acceptable contribution to the literature of mental philosophy: not to mention the numerous passages which, as often as the lecturer has occasion to apply his philosophy to the business and bosoms of men, do the greatest honor to the elevation of his sentiments and the humanity of his heart.

In truth, we are disposed to concur with Lord Jeffrey, in thinking, that however some *hiatus* may be "lamented," and certain modifications desiderated, this volume will raise Sydney Smith higher in the esteem of the public, as a thinker, than any of his previous writings. He has been by many principally regarded as a man of exquisite wit indeed, but of little more than wit; of infinite facetiousness, but with moderate powers of argument or speculation, at least in relation to abstract science. We are much mistaken if these pages do not vindicate his claim to rank with philosophers; whether he be not an illustration of his own theory, propounded in one of these lectures, and more than once propounded by other writers in this Journal,—that great wit rarely exists alone; that few men have ever possessed it in extraordinary measure, without being *capable* by nature of achieving something higher and better than its own triumphs; a theory supported by the fact that in one or other of its diversified modes, it has been an almost in-

separable concomitant of the most splendid forms of genius—whether in the departments of philosophy, poetry, or eloquence.

There are few parts of these lectures over which it is possible to glance, especially when we bear in mind the abstruseness of the subject, and the youthfulness of the professor,—difficulties not likely to be lightened by the necessity of descanting on such themes before a popular and miscellaneous audience, without being struck with the indications of power which they everywhere present. Inexhaustible vivacity and variety of illustration, one would, of course, expect from such a mind; but this is far from being all. The sound judgment and discrimination with which he often treats very difficult topics,—the equilibrium of mind which he maintains when discussing those on which his own idiosyncrasy might be supposed to have led him astray—of which an instance is seen in his temperate estimate of the value of wit and humor,—the union of independence and modesty with which he canvasses the opinions of those from whom he differs,—the comprehensiveness of many of his speculations, and the ingenuity of others,—the masterly ease and perspicuity with which even abstruse thoughts are expressed, and the frequently original, and sometimes profound remarks on human nature to which he gives utterance—remarks hardly to be expected from *any* young metaphysician, and least of all from one of so lively and mercurial a temperament,—all render these lectures very profitable as well as very pleasant reading; and show conclusively that the author might, if he had pleased, have acquired no mean reputation as an expositor of the very arduous branch of science to which they relate. Doubtless there is many a “bone” in these lectures which a keen metaphysician would be disposed to “pick” with the author; for when was a metaphysical banquet spread without abundance of such meagre fare? Still the general merits of the volume every man of sense will assuredly admit to be very great.

But our readers will feel that our rapidly dwindling space had better be devoted to giving them some light prelibation of the contents of this interesting volume, than to further disquisition on either its merits or defects; and to this accordingly we proceed.

When Sydney Smith undertook to popularize to a London audience the subject of Mental Philosophy he was just fresh from the schools of Edinburgh, where he had heard Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown

prelecting on their favorite science. It is impossible to conceive an assembly less adapted to the reception of such mysteries than a metropolitan audience of that period. It would have been almost as hopeful for a Stoic to lecture on Zeno's system in the Garden of Epicurus.

The title of the lectures will be apt to mislead many readers of the present day. The author uses the words “Moral Philosophy” in the sense in which they were currently accepted in the schools in which he had been studying; as including, that is, not only, what they are so often now used to import, Ethics properly so called, but the whole of what is denominated at present “Mental Philosophy.”

The Introductory Lecture is certainly not the least interesting in the volume. The following remarks on the alleged uncertainty and vagueness of the science are very characteristic:—

“The existence of mind is as much a matter of *fact* as the existence of matter; it is as true that men remember, as that oxygen united to carbon makes carbonic acid. I am as sure that anger and affection are principles of the human mind, as I am that grubs make cockchafer; or of any of those great truths which botanists teach of lettuces and cauliflowers. The same patient observation, and the same caution in inferring, are as necessary for the establishment of truth in this science as in any other; rash hypothesis misleads as much, modest diligence repays as well. Whatever has been done for this philosophy has been done by the inductive method only; and to that alone it must look for all the improvement of which it is capable. . . .

“A great deal of unpopularity has been incurred by this science from the extravagancies or absurdities of those who have been engaged in it. When the mass of mankind hear that all thought is explained by vibrations and vibratiuncles of the brain,—that there is no such thing as a material world,—that what mankind consider as their arms and legs are not arms and legs, but *ideas*, accompanied with the notion of *outness*; that we have not only no bodies, but no minds,—that we are nothing, in short, but currents of reflection and sensation;—all this, I admit, is well calculated to approximate in the public mind the ideas of lunacy and intellectual philosophy. But if it be fair to argue against a science from the bad method in which it is prosecuted, such a mode of reasoning ought to have influenced mankind centuries ago to have abandoned all the branches of physics as utterly hopeless. I have surely an equal right to rake up the mouldy errors of all the other sciences,—to reproach astronomy with its vortices—chemistry with its philosopher's stone,—history with its fables,—law with its cruelty and ignorance,—and if I were to open this battery against medicine, I do not know where I should stop.



Zinzis Khan, when he was most crimsoned with blood, never slaughtered the human race as they have been slaughtered by rash and erroneous theories of medicine.

"If there be a real foundation for this science, if observation can do *anything*, and has not done all, there is room for *hope*, and reason for exertion. The extravagancies by which it has been disgraced, ought to warn us of the difficulty, without leading us to despair. To say there is no path, because we have often got into the wrong path, puts an end to all other knowledge as well as to this.

"The truth is, it fares worse with this science than with many others, because its errors and extravagancies are comprehended by so many. . . . Every man is not necessarily an astronomer, but every man has some acquaintance with the operations of his own mind; and you cannot deviate *grossly* from the truth on these subjects without incurring his ridicule and reprehension. This perhaps is one cause why errors of this nature have been somewhat unduly magnified."

Nor less characteristic are the observations in confutation of the asserted tendency of the science to foster scepticism:—

"Scepticism, which is commonly laid to the charge of this philosophy, may, in the first place, be fairly said to have done its worst. Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained after his time, but mind—which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume, in 1737; so that, with all the tendency to destroy, there remains nothing left for destruction: but I would fain ask if there be any one human being, from the days of Protagoras the Abderite to this present hour, who was ever for a single instant a convert to these subtle and ingenious follies? Is there any one out of Bedlam who *doubts* of the existence of matter? who doubts of his own personal identity? or of his consciousness, or of the general credibility of memory? Men *talk* on such subjects from ostentation, or because such wire-drawn speculations are an agreeable exercise to them; but they are perpetually recalled by the necessary business, and the inevitable feelings of life, to sound and sober opinions on these subjects. Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief. It is not in our power to believe all that we please; our belief is modified and restrained by the nature of our faculties, and by the constitution of the objects by which we are surrounded. We may believe anything for a moment, but we shall soon be lashed out of our impertinence by hard and stubborn realities. A great philosopher may sit in his study, and deny the existence of matter; but if he goes to take a walk in the streets he must take care to leave his theory behind him. Pyrrho said there was no such thing as pain; and he saw no *proof* that

there were such things as carts and wagons; and he refused to get out of their way: but Pyrrho had, fortunately for him, three or four stout slaves, who followed their master, without following his doctrine, and whenever they saw one of these ideal machines approaching, took him by the arms and legs, and, without attempting to controvert his arguments, put him down in a place of safety." (P. 7.)

The following observations are in a higher mood:—

"But what are we to do? If the enemies of religion derive subtlety and acuteness from this pursuit, ought not their own weapons to be turned against them? And ought not some to study for defence if others do for the purposes of aggression? When the old anarch Hobbes came out to destroy the foundations of morals, who entered the lists against him? Not a man afraid of metaphysics, not a man who had become sceptical as he had become learned, but Ralph Cudworth, Doctor of Divinity; a man who had learned much from reading the errors of the human mind, and from deep meditation, its nature;—who made use of those errors to avoid them, and derived from that meditation principles too broad and too deep to be shaken; such a man was gained to the cause of morality and religion by these sciences. These sciences certainly made no infidel of Bishop Warburton, as Chubb, Morgan, Tindal, and half a dozen others found to their cost. . . . Locke was no sceptic, nor was Lord Verulam. Malebranche and Arnauld were both of them exceedingly pious men. We none of us can believe that Dr. Paley has exercised his mind upon intellectual philosophy in vain. The fruits of it in him are sound sense, delivered so perspicuously, that a man may profit by it, and a child may comprehend it.

"I have already quoted too many names, but I must not omit one which would alone have been sufficient to have shown that there is no necessary connection between scepticism and the philosophy of the human mind: I mean Bishop Butler. To his sermons we are indebted for the complete overthrow of the selfish system, and to his 'Analogy' for the most noble and surprising defence of revealed religion, perhaps, which has ever yet been made of any system whatever."

In a yet finer style are the remarks on the proofs which the mind itself affords of a Divine Creator—a subject not yet fully worked out, by either Dr. Chalmers or by any of the several writers whom Dr. Turton has enumerated in his "Natural Theology;" and which requires, to do it full justice, the deliberate labors of a mind—if ever there shall be such a prodigy—uniting the metaphysical depth of Butler with Paley's felicity of *representation*:—

"But there is no occasion to prop this argu-

ment up by great names. The school of natural religion is the contemplation of nature; the ancient anatomist, who was an Atheist, was converted by the study of the human body; he thought it impossible that so many admirable contrivances should exist, without an Intelligent Cause: and if men can become religious from looking at an entrail or a nerve, can they be taught Atheism from analyzing the structure of the human mind? Are not the affections and passions, which shake the very entrails of man, and the thoughts and feelings which dart along those nerves, more indicative of a God than the vile perishing instruments themselves? Can you remember the nourishment which springs up in the breast of a mother, and forget the feelings which spring up in her heart? If God made the blood of man, did he not make that feeling, which summons the blood to his face, and makes it the sign of guilt and of shame? You may show me a human hand, expiate upon the singular contrivance of its sinews and bones—how admirable, how useful for all the purposes of grasp and flexure! I will show you, in return, the mind, receiving her tribute from the senses;—*comparing, reflecting, compounding, dividing, abstracting*;—the passions, *soothing, aspiring, exciting*, till the whole world falls under the dominion of *man*; evincing that in his mind the Creator has reared up the noblest emblem of his wisdom and his power. The philosophy of the human mind is *no school for infidelity*, but it excites the warmest feelings of piety, and defends them with the soundest reason." (P. 11.)

The observations on the *utility* of the science are distinguished by a most judicious moderation—moderation the more admirable when it is considered that it is almost a uniform tendency of the juvenile metaphysician to form exaggerated estimates of the *practical* value of his favorite pursuits; and that the distinguishd man, at whose feet Sydney Smith has so reverently sat as pupil, had prophesied all sorts of splendid results from the more vigorous prosecution of the inductive science of Mind,—in relation particularly to education, legislation, and political economy. Such prospects, it need hardly be said, have not been realized; nor in our view are they likely to be. This branch of science, indeed, will be always worthy of the profound study of an intelligent nature; for what, in truth, can be worthy of it, if the very structure and mechanism of that very nature itself be not? These subjects are worthy of investigation quite apart from any presumed utility; just as there are many other things which we all study, and many study deeply, from the *direct* use of which not one in a million anticipates the actual making of two-pence. As to the immediately practical bearings of Mental

Philosophy on Education, we apprehend, with Sydney Smith, that all its more important facts have been pretty patent to mankind for thousands of years. And it may be added, that the application even of these more obvious facts depends much more on practical tact, skill, and habit, than on any profound knowledge of their theory. The best schoolmasters, we suspect, have not been, nor are likely to be, the most refined, mental analysts.

The *real* utility of the science consists in its being a peculiar *discipline*, a valuable system of intellectual gymnastics; in its immediate influence on our *habits* of thinking, investigation, and expression; and in the light it throws on the criticism of the greatest of the Fine Arts, more particularly on poetry and eloquence,—the philosophy of which is, in fact, a section of the science of mind. In these points of view, and especially in the two first, the utility of the science cannot be easily exaggerated; like language and the mathematics, it forms an essential part of that just and comprehensive training which must be employed in order to develop, in harmonious proportion, *all* the faculties of the human mind. These branches of education are all supplementary to one another; not one can be wisely dispensed with. Their capacity of *direct* application is in most cases secondary to their value as a discipline. But though not one person in a hundred may ever need to make use, in ordinary life, of the formulæ of Trigonometry, or the Calculus, or to refer to Descartes' Theory of "Innate Ideas," or Berkeley's "Theory of Vision," it is sufficient if the studies such things involve have ministered, better than any other branches of mere discipline could, to form a well-proportioned, active, healthy, robust mind, master of its faculties, and capable of using them powerfully and effectively in any direction in which the exigencies of life may require them to be employed.

"Of the *uses* of this science of Moral Philosophy, one is the vigor and acuteness which it is apt to communicate to the faculties. (P. 14.) . . . The subtleties about mind and matter, cause and effect, perception and sensation, may be forgotten; but the power of nice discrimination, of arresting and examining the most subtle and evanescent ideas, and of striking rapidly and boldly into the faintest track of analogy, to see where it leads, and what it will produce; an emancipation from the *tyranny of words*, an undaunted intrepidity to push opinions up to their first causes;—all these virtues remain in the dexterous politician, the acute advocate, and the unerring judge. . . . It may be of incalculable ad-



vantage to me, at an early period of life, to guard my understanding from the pernicious effects of association, though those effects cannot now be pointed out for the first time. I might have learned something about association, *without* the aid of this science, by the mere intercourse of life, but I should not have learned that lesson so early and so well. I am no longer left to gather this important law of my nature from accidental and disconnected remark, but it is brought fully and luminously before me;—I see that one man differs from another in the rank and nobleness of his understanding, in proportion as he counteracts this intellectual attraction of cohesion; I become permanently and vigilantly suspicious of this principle in my own mind, and when called upon in the great occasions of life to think and to act, I separate my judgment from the mere accidents of life, and decide, not according to the casualties of my fortune, but the unbiased dictates of my reason: without this science I might have had a general and faint suspicion, with it I have a rooted and operative conviction of the errors to which my understanding is exposed."

We shall not detain the reader any longer on that portion of the volume which embodies the first course of lectures, to which (if to any) the modest language of the preface is, as it seems to us, most applicable. Since they are, for the most part, a re-statement of the doctrines which the metaphysicians of the Scotch school had taught respecting the "Faculties" of the mind; though illustrated with all the novelty and freshness which the author threw over everything he touched. These early lectures are also frequently imperfect, and in some places provokingly abound in those unhappy printers' "stars," which shed darkness instead of light.

The lectures on "Wit and Humor," a right facetious subject, treated, one may be assured, *con amore*; as well as those on the "Beautiful and Sublime," and on the "Faculties of Animals," are un mutilated, and are distinguished, we think, by many original observations, as striking from their matter as their manner. It is from these we shall make our necessarily parsimonious selections.

The lectures on "Wit" open with a very admirable and acute survey of the principal attempts to define that Protean thing. The author points out as he proceeds the defects of each; he shows that Barrow's celebrated description is but an enumeration of its forms, instead of a definition of its essence; that Cowley, in a similar manner, has exemplified instead of defining it; that Addison's papers on the subject in the "Spectator" rather tell us how to "form a just taste in wit than to explain what it is."

"Dryden says of Wit, that it is a propriety of

thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject; but there is a propriety of thoughts and words in one of Blair's sermons which I never yet heard praised for their wit. And the thoughts and words are elegantly adapted to the subject in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' which is something much *better* than a witty poem. Pope says of wit,—

'True wit is Nature to advantage drest,

Oft thought before, but ne'er so well exprest.'

Then the *Philippics* of Cicero, the *Orations* of Demosthenes, are witty; Cæsar's Commentaries are witty; Massillon is one of the greatest wits that ever lived; the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet are prodigies of facetiousness. Sir Richard Blackmore's notion of wit is, that it is a series of high and exalted ferments. It very possibly *may* be; but, not exactly comprehending what is meant by a 'series of high and exalted ferments,' I do not think myself bound to waste much time in criticising the metaphysics of this learned physician." (P. 117.)

"Wit," says Johnson, 'may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discors*,—a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;' but, if this be true, then the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal, between acidification and combustion, are pure pieces of wit, and full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantry." (P. 120.)

Hobbes defines Laughter to be a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with infirmity of others, or our own former infirmity. . . . Taking the language of Hobbes to mean the sudden discovery of any inferiority, it will be very easy to show that such is *not* the explanation of that laughter excited by humor: for I may discover suddenly that a person has lost half a crown, —or that his tooth aches,—or that his house is not so well built, or his coat not so well made, as mine; and yet none of these discoveries give me the slightest sensation of the humorous. If it be suggested that these proofs of inferiority are very slight, the theory of Hobbes is still more weakened by recurring to greater instances of inferiority: for the sudden information that any one of my acquaintance has broken his leg, or is completely ruined in his fortunes, has, decidedly, very little of humor in it;—at least, it is not very customary to be thrown into paroxysms of laughter by such sort of intelligence." (P. 136.)

In the same manner, Locke's theory of wit is shown to include much more than is now or long has been ordinarily attached to the term. We doubt, however, whether our author (or Dugald Stewart, when commenting on the same passage of Locke) sufficiently adverted to the fact that the word "wit" was used in Locke's day in a much less restricted sense than at present,—a sense, of which the expression "mother wit" is a remnant,—when, in fact, a man of wit was nearly synonymous with a man of genius.



The theory which finds most favor in our author's eyes is that laid down by Campbell in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric." He describes it as the best to be found in our language, and, perhaps, on the whole with justice. But this, too, is faulty; at least it certainly includes far more than the word is now employed to designate.

The lecturer then proceeds to give us *his own* theory, which, as so often happens, is less satisfactory than his refutation of the theories of others. He defines "wit" to be the result of "any discovery of relations amongst our ideas," attended by *surprise*, and that *only*. Surprise, he contends, and justly, often attends a perceived relation among ideas, provocative of far different emotions from that elicited by wit; as, for example, those of the beautiful or sublime; and that it is even true that there are many instances in which such "surprising discovery of relations" has not the effect of wit, simply because all thought of wit is quenched in the beautiful or sublime. But he thinks, that where *surprise* only—unadulterated surprise—is the result, that then in every case we have *wit*: and that, if this be so, this constitutes its essence. He acknowledges that his definition had not given universal satisfaction, and that, to use his own expression, the week which followed the announcement of his definition "was one of the most polemical that ever he remembered to have spent in his life." He defends himself against his objectors, who adduced many examples of *facts* which occasion pure surprise, without producing any sense of facetiousness,—facts which all of us experience to be unpleasantly plentiful,—by saying that he did not mean that any surprising *facts* will produce the effect of wit, but any surprising "relations amongst *ideas*." We cannot say that the theory, even thus limited, will satisfy us. It seems undeniable that there are many "surprising relations" discovered amongst "*ideas*;" as, for example, those by which the algebraist often most unexpectedly solves a difficulty, or those which characterize some half score of the ingenious interpretations of the mysterious number in the Apocalypse, which produce no sense of the "*witty*" any more than of the "*beautiful*." They affect the mind in precisely the same manner as the discovery of the relations between the parts of some ingenious mechanical contrivance. Some of Sydney Smith's "polemical" friends might probably plead even his own definition of wit against itself, and affirm, that though it was certainly a *surprise* to them to find "any sur-

prising relation between ideas" denominated the essence of wit, they felt none of the appropriate emotion of wit in that surprise.

It appears to us, we frankly confess, that, though a *pleasing surprise* is a very general, perhaps uniform accompaniment and condition of the emotions both of "*beauty*" and "*wit*," it is in itself as little the *essence* of one as of the other. Though it should be supposed uniformly coincident with both, it is obviously more extensive than either. If this be so, it will still require some limiting terms to define those cases, neither more nor less, in which the surprise, as felt, is coincident with wit. That is, the essence of wit is still to be sought.

Such a definition we certainly shall not attempt; and instead of pursuing this difficult subject, shall prefer, as our readers will also prefer, enjoying some of the passages of these lectures in which Sydney Smith has, at all events, exceedingly well *illustrated* the nature of wit, however he may have failed to exhibit its theory.

The remarks on the necessity that we should learn betimes how to defy ridicule, in adherence to our convictions of right, are admirable, and admirably expressed; nor less so those on the limits which wit must prescribe to itself if it would not render itself odious:—

"I have insisted in the beginning of my lecture, on the great power of the ridiculous over the opinions of mankind; including in that term, wit, humor, and every other feeling which has laughter for its distinguishing characteristic.

"I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear;—do it not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*,—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can

tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause." . . . (P. 134.)

" . . . It is beautiful to observe the boundaries which nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our minds. Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? or to find subject for humor in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body? Who is there that does not feel himself disposed to overlook the little peculiarities of the truly great and wise, and to throw a veil over that ridicule which they have redeemed by the magnitude of their talents, and the splendor of their virtues? Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the man of humor meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that, in all the great feelings of their nature, the mass of mankind always think and act aright; that they are ready enough to laugh,—but that they are quite as ready to drive away, with indignation and contempt, the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth, and to beat down the Temples of God!" (P. 139.)

The judicious and moderate estimate he forms of the value of this intellectual endowment has already been referred to as a signal proof of the equilibrium of our author's judgment, naturally disposed, as he must have been, to regard with favor a quality which he himself so highly possessed. It is thus he speaks of it:—

"I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions, from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. . . . (P. 150.) . . . So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's

minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. . . .

I have talked of the *danger* of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous. Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. . . . But when wit is combined with sense and information,—when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle,—when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something much *better* than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature." (P. 151.)

Our author dismisses "puns," "charades," and the other diminutive forms of wit, with the following summary expression of his contempt:—

"I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems, for a moment, to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning, is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas, in order to be witty, operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done well whenever it is done. For we may observe that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing than they are about that which is useful. A common-place piece of



morality is much more easily pardoned than a common-place piece of poetry or of wit; because it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced; and though, in any individual instance, the thing may be badly done, the sacred necessity of the practice itself atones, in some degree, for the individual failure: but as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man has ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he sticks vulgar, gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly." (P. 131.)

"I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery. If charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy;—the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth." (P. 143.)

The following observations on the degree in which wit is susceptible of *culture* are curious and just:—

"It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation; that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning; and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody; and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*; but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit." (P. 129.)

Our author's prelections on Beauty are eminently "beautiful," but we cannot say that he appears quite consistent in his theory respecting it. We need not remind our readers what a "*questio vexata*" this has ever been in metaphysical criticism. Like her in whom Beauty was so pre-eminently embodied, Beauty itself has been the source of "dire contentions" between our critical Greeks and Trojans. From the day when Plato treated it in the "*Hippias Major*" down to very recent times, men were as much and ludicrously in doubt about the nature and cause of what all were so famil-

iar with, as about the theory of any facts whatever.

In general our author accedes to the theory adopted with different modifications by most modern metaphysicians;—that the beautiful is to be sought, not in some quality or qualities of external nature itself, but in the *mind*,—in pleasurable associations; that these may be of infinitely various kinds, and exist in all sorts of proportions; and that the emotion of the beautiful will depend for its intensity on the number, duration, individual force, and concurrent influence of the harmonizing elements.

This doctrine, we say, (in the main that of Alison,) our author accepts; yet it must be confessed, he does not very consistently adhere to it. For though he has defined Beauty to be "a feeling of the mind," (p. 173,) he on the next page (p. 174) speaks of Beauty as "a quality of matter," and even deviates into the absolute heresy, that there are many objects which have beauty in themselves, and immediately affect the mind with it.

If by this last expression he only meant (and we half suspect that he did only mean, or *would* only have meant, had he paused to adjust fully his own conceptions) that there are, as Lord Jeffrey says in his admirable critique on Alison,\* many cases in which the emotion of the beautiful springs up at once in the presence of certain objects, and does not wait to be slowly deposited as the product of those long trains of associations to which Alison attributes it, few would have objected to the expression; rather, most would have accepted it as a valuable correction.

Further, if he had merely meant, that the sensational and organic delight with which so many external objects, and their combinations, impress us, forms an immediate and appreciable element in the associations which determine the emotion of beauty,—however inferior in power may be the associations which are so founded on them, to other and higher associations dependent on intellectual and moral causes,—few, when their attention was

\* *Art. Beauty, Ency. Brit.* This exquisite piece of criticism (an expansion of an article in an early number of this Journal) is well worthy of a separate publication. On our once expressing to Lord Jeffrey a wish to see it in such a form, he said that he could have no objection, if the proprietors of the Encyclopædia had none. As so many of the contributions to that great work have been given to the public in a separate form, it may be hoped that this also will at length be added to the number.



fairly called to the fact, would have been disposed to disagree with him. It is a point, however, which has been too much overlooked. Perhaps, even Lord Jeffrey's critique has hardly given sufficient prominence to it. Had it been duly borne in mind, it would have removed that apparent paradox which seems to postpone the emotion of beauty (not merely higher degrees of it, but the emotion itself,) to a long, tardy, and intricate compilation of associations. There seems something more peculiar still in the special case of an ear for music. But, surely it is not difficult to suppose that the delightful sensations with which the eye and the ear, and all the senses are regaled amidst woodland scenery on a fine spring day—the mellow tints—the golden broken light—the variety of light and shade—the pleasing effects of the play of both under the waving foliage in the green forest glade—the whispering of the winds in the trees—the warbling of birds in the branches—the bright colors and fragrant scent of flowers—constitute a very positive item in the sum of associations on which the emotion of beauty is founded, and instantaneously lead to that emotion, however capable it may be (as we see it is) of being indefinitely intensified in relation to particular localities, by repetition of the pleasure, by all the bonds of remembrance with such scenes, by all the social pleasures with which such scenes may be enriched,—by all, in a word, which a cultivated and happy mind can bring to bear upon it.

But, alas! for the consistency of metaphysicians. Our lecturer certainly *says* something much more questionable, even if he would not on maturer thoughts have adhered to it. He expressly says that the eye has *beauty* for its object (at least in many cases) just as the organ of smell has fragrance for *its* object;—not merely that the eye and the ear have their appropriated *sensations* of delight from colors and sounds, as the nose from scents and the palate from flavor; but that the emotion of beauty (undoubtedly in many cases the instantaneous *reflex* of delighted sensation, though purely mental in itself,) is the direct object of the eye. He says, "it seems strange to me, that men should doubt any more of the gluttony of the *eye*, than of the gluttony of the mouth. As the palate feasts upon the savory and sweet, the ear feasts upon melody, and the eye gorges upon light and color, till it aches with pleasure." He contends, in opposition to Alison and Jeffrey, that matter is capable of immediately exciting *emotion*; and seems

to think that he has proved this in proving, what none deny, that it is capable of exciting agreeable or disagreeable sensations. This is of course true, and hence the approximate uniformity of men's notions of beauty; because external nature, affecting them in the same manner, will necessarily lead, for the most part, to the same associations, and therefore to a similar conception of the beautiful. But the difference of the degree of this emotion, in relation to the same objects, in different men,—the absence of it in many, in relation to certain objects which inspire others with rapture,—the power of investing with beauty objects once indifferent, or even disagreeable,—the fluctuation of the standard of taste in different ages and nations,—even, in some cases, the transfer of the emotion to opposite objects in the history of the same individual, all show that association, and not sensation, is the key to its explanation. This theory, and this alone, accounts both for the approximate uniformity, and the limited diversities of taste in mankind at large.

But whatever he means, or does not mean, it is impossible, here or elsewhere, to withhold our admiration of the manner in which the author has illustrated and adorned his theme, and of the many original and beautiful reflections which are interspersed amidst some rather questionable speculations.

We have left ourselves no space for extracts from the Lectures on the Beautiful; but we cannot help extracting the following brief paragraphs on the effect of custom and proportion in modifying our idea of beauty:—

"But in order to show the effect of custom upon the beautiful, take a chin, which is of no use at all. A chin ending in a very sharp angle, would be perfect deformity. A man whose chin terminated in a point, would be under the immediate necessity of retiring to America; he would be a perfect horror; and for no other reason that I can possibly see, but that Nature has shown no intention of making such a chin,—we have never been accustomed to see such chins. Nature, we are quite certain, did not intend that the chin should be brought to a perfect angle, nor that it should be perfectly circular, and therefore either of these extremes is a deformity. Now, something considerably removed from the perfect circle and the perfect angle, is the chin we have been most accustomed to see, and which, for that reason, we most approve of." (P. 187.)

"Mr. Burke contends, and in my humble opinion with great success, that proportion is never of *itself* the original cause of beauty. It is the cause of beauty, as it is an indication of strength and utility in buildings,—of swiftness in animals,—of any feeling morally beautiful; and it is agreeable, as it is customary, in animals, or the

proof of the absence of deformity ; but no proportion of itself, and without one of these reasons, ever pleases. No man would contend Nature ever intended that 6 to 2, or 9 to 14, are perfection ; that the moment a monkey could be discovered and brought to light, the length of whose ear was precisely the cube root of the length of his tail, that he ought to be set up as a model of perfect conformation to the whole sinuous tribe. Certain proportions are beautiful, as they indicate skill, swiftness, convenience, strength, or historical association ; and then philosophers copy these proportions, and determine that they must be originally and abstractedly beautiful,—applying that to the sign, which is only true of the thing indicated by the sign." (P. 190.)

Two of the best lectures in the volume are those entitled, "Faculties of Animals and Men," and "Faculties of Beasts." If one had picked up this portion of the manuscript by the road-side, one could have sworn to its authorship. How characteristic is the opening paragraph :—

"I confess I treat on this subject with some degree of apprehension and reluctance ; because, I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause by lecturing on *our* faculties ; and at the same time I know there is a very strong anthropical party, who view all eulogisms on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion ; and look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape, as high treason to the dignity of man.

"There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and ill-stated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or liberality ; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind,—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen,—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music,—that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them ; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear." (P. 238.)

—In an enumeration of the causes of man's superiority to the lower animals, there occur the following singular, yet apposite illustrations :—

"His gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock ; and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and

fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress. Every man's understanding and acquirements, how great and extensive soever they may appear, are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions.

"If lions would consort together, and growl out the observations they have made, about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve ; because they would be actuated by such a wide range of observation, and operating by the joint force of so many minds. . . .

. . . . A third method in which man gains the dominion over other animals, is, by the structure of his body, and the mechanism of his hands. Suppose, with all our understanding, it had pleased Providence to make us like lobsters, or to imprison us in shells like cray-fish, I very much question if the monkeys would not have converted us into sauce ; nor can I conceive any possible method by which such a fate could have been averted. Suppose man, with the same faculties, the same body, and the hands and feet of an ox,—what then would have been his fate ?" (Pp. 267, 268.)

"The fact seems to be, that though almost every quality of mind we possess, can be traced in some trifling degree in brutes ; yet *that* degree, compared with the extent in which the same quality is observable in man, is very low and inconsiderable. For instance, we cannot say that animals are devoid of curiosity, but they have a very slight degree of curiosity : they imitate, but they imitate very slightly in comparison with men ; they cannot imitate anything very difficult ; and many of them hardly imitate at all : they abstract, but they cannot make such compound abstractions as men do ; they have no such compounded abstractions as city, prudence, fortitude, parliament, and justice ; they reason, but their reasonings are very short, and very obvious : they invent, but their inventions are extremely easy, and not above the reach of a human idiot. The story I quoted from Bailly, about the ape and the walnuts, is one of the most extraordinary I ever read ; but what a wretched limit of intellect does it imply, to be cited as an instance of extraordinary sagacity !" (P. 270.)

The whole of this interesting subject is treated with great power. Instinct—its nature and limits—its resemblance and dissimilarities to reason—the "vain philosophies" which would exalt brutes to men or degrade men to brutes, or degrade brutes below themselves—even into mere machines,—are discussed in the spirit of true philosophy, and with the vivacity of genuine wit. Maintaining the just prerogatives of the "sovereign of this lower world," our author yet defends the claims of the subject brutes with an impartiality which may make the "lion" cease to regret that his race have no "painters."

In conclusion—though some may probably deem that this volume contains too much merriment for so grave a theme, and that philosophy is here masquerading it a little too lightly for her character,—the fault, if fault it be, may well be pardoned. It is rarely indeed that metaphysics have so transgressed. For one vessel (laden with a similar cargo) that rides too high in the water for want of ballast, there are a hundred whose weight sinks them to the water's edge,

and thousands whose too ponderous freight has sent them to the bottom, before they were fairly afloat. It is, in our judgment, a recommendation of these lectures that they may induce some to read about Mental Philosophy who would otherwise have never read about it at all. He who cannot bear philosophy except in conjunction with a congenial gravity, can find plenty of works to his mind.

## THE WORLD-LIKE STREAM OF ROSENDREAM.

BY T. WEBB.

THE moon shone bright,  
Her silv'ry light  
Falling fair on the crystal stream,  
Whose waters leapt  
O'er stones that wept  
By the Castle of Rosendream.

A maiden fair,  
The Lady Clare,  
Sat down beside  
The silver tide,  
That rippled and gurgled, danced and leapt,  
So joyously over stones that wept.  
She noticed how it danced and leapt,  
She noticed how it falsely crept,  
About the weeping stones ;  
And how, in truth, it sang and laughed,  
Altho' with false and cunning craft  
It utter'd sighs and moans.

And she thought that the world was like the stream  
That she saw 'neath the rocks of Rosendream ;  
That it ran its course in selfish glee ;  
That it cared not why or what might be  
A creature's woe ;  
That now and then it would make believe  
That it could sympathize and grieve.  
But 'twas not so :  
The world's great stream  
As falsely crept,  
And danced and leapt,  
As Rosendream.

Then Clare saw how the stream was black,  
Where darksome shadows, o'er it hov'ring,  
Changed its hue ;  
And yet it was a silver track,  
Where moonbeams bright, its waters cov'ring,  
Fell like dew.

And she thought that the world was like the stream  
That she saw 'neath the rocks of Rosendream ;  
That tho' where shaded it was black,  
Where lighted was a silver track.



From the Edinburgh Review.

## GERMANY AND ERFURT.

1. *Rückblick auf die Entwicklung der Deutschen Angelegenheiten im Jahre 1849.* (Retrospect of the Development of German Affairs in the Year 1849.) Berlin: 1850.
2. *Preussen und seine politische Stellung zu Deutschland und den Europäischen Staaten von Bülow-Cummerow.* (Prussia and her Political Relation to Germany and the States of Europe.) Berlin: 1849.
3. *An Heinrich Gagern; eine Stimme aus dem Deutschen Volke.* (To Henry Gagern; a Voice from the German People.) Stuttgart: 1849.
4. *Political Letters on Germany.* By GERMANICUS. (In the "Globe" Newspaper.)

WE closed our remarks on the Political State of Germany, twelve months ago, at the moment when the Headship of the German Union had been offered to the King of Prussia by the Parliament of Frankfurt, and while his answer was still uncertain. It was a moment in which much of the future of the civilized world hung upon the will of one man. A spontaneous and informal meeting of representatives of public opinion had drawn from the Germanic Diet the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, whose legality was undisputed, and whose decisions only wanted to be acted on to become laws. The arch of the constitution had been gradually raised, and the key-stone lay ready to consolidate the work. After apparent hesitation, and with semblances of regret, the King of Prussia declined the honor and the responsibility, and in so doing sealed the doom of the German Parliament. Disheartened, and, for the time, distracted, the Constitutional Party, who had struggled long and well against fanaticism and treachery, almost disappeared from the scene: the last days of the Assembly were characterized by impotent violence, and its extinction was almost more welcome to the friends of its promise and its purpose, than to the enemies who rejoiced over its downfall.

We have sometimes thought that the magnitude of this enterprise of a German Empire has not been sufficiently understood in this country to be justly appreciated; and the contemplation of what it was the King of Prussia by that act rejected, may both surprise and instruct. It was the revival in

himself and his House of the great traditional organization of that sacred Roman Empire, which fills the central period of European history: it would have placed within the control, not indeed of his arbitrary will, but of his counsel, his judgment, his administrative skill, and all the moral influences from which a sagacious constitutional monarch can distill so much real power, the political destiny of thirty-three millions of men, more generally educated, and less exposed to violent popular instincts, than any other civilized people: he might have wielded, for the defence of the nation and for the assertion of its rights and dignity against other powers, a force of not less than half a million of highly-disciplined soldiers; and through him a distinct and authoritative foreign policy would have impressed on the history of Europe the desire and opinions of the German people, instead of the nullity of the diplomatic equilibrium, which may represent, indeed, contending principles, but which expresses only rival interests.

But the acceptance of such a trust, though in itself an act of courage, does not imply the power or the means of conducting it to any good issue. There are two other grave points of consideration,—the obstacles which stood in the way of success, and the capacity of the man to surmount them. We have never concealed from ourselves or others the gravity of these impediments. However earnest and truthful the yearning of a large majority of the people of the several German States toward a comprehensive unity—a feeling based on a supposed historical reality, and

severely tested by persecution and by time,—yet it was evident that the ready consent of the governments of the smaller States, and the tardy or prospective adhesion of the larger, had little foundation either in their national sentiment, personal conviction, or high policy, and could only be the result in some cases of individual timidity, and in others of absolute despair. Many, and indeed most, of the grand-duchies and principalities had found the independence conferred on them by the Treaty of Vienna an intolerable burden: the evils of political convulsion and discontent were infinitely aggravated by the smallness of the locality; the public force was not sufficient to afford protection to life and property against the tumults of the hour; and royal dignity had not those means of preserving itself from insult, which the lowest delegated authority enjoys in a large and well-organized community. But in the case of the four kingdoms, it was very different. As long as the army remained faithful, there was no particular personal danger, and it was clear that nothing short of an exercise of revolutionary power on the part of the people, or the pressing fear of it, could force the governments into a scheme, with the grandeur of which they had no sympathy, and the immediate effect of which, in the elevation of Prussia, was eminently unwelcome to them. Hanover, with her old grudges, and still mindful of the thwarted ambition of her neighbor,—Saxony, with her sense of inconvenient contiguity, and the recollection of 1815, when her very existence was in peril,—and Würtemberg, with her avowedly Austrian and Russian predilections, were none of them likely to submit to anything but necessity; while Bavaria, proud of her historical and often anti-German past, and regarding herself as distinct from the north of Germany both in religious sentiments and in some material interests, was evidently determined to struggle hard, before she permitted her political individuality—now idealized to her imagination by her great sculptor Schwanthaler—to be subordinately grouped into a German Hegemony. The hostility of Austria to the project was sure to be that of a defeated rival; her unhappy relations with her own provinces could not, indeed, at that time have allowed of open hostilities, but no resources of diplomacy and intrigue would be spared, to mar the fortunes of the new-born Union, and present menaces might easily be fanned into future war. Of the opposing influences of foreign Powers, we speak with

caution, because they are each so modified by the internal condition of their several countries at any particular moment, that it is difficult to estimate the worth and weight of the opposition. But it has ever been the traditional policy of France to prevent the cohesion and compactness of Germany;\* and the establishment of this mighty Union, emanating from the popular will, constraining the inclinations of dynasties, and accepting all the principles of constitutional government, must have combined every element most distasteful to the Czar, and most likely to provoke his interference in the centre of Europe.

On the other hand, there is perhaps no undertaking of equal importance in history against which equal obstacles have not been brought to bear, but which men have not been found equal to surmount. The fable of Napoleon Bonaparte, as recorded by Archbishop Whately, rests on the unlikelihood of his success: for the heroic is ever supernatural, as far as ordinary life is nature, and our adult and accomplished world is just as susceptible of fantastic events and dramatic surprises as that distant past which imagination adorns and obscures. Will not the February of 1848 seem to future historians a moment of time as astonishing in the magnitude and diversity of its accidents, and as important in its results, as perhaps any other recorded on the dial-plate of the world? That hour assuredly was not unpropitious to great and new events; and the moral impulse from which the movement sprang had already done so much, that probability was no limit to its power. If in 1847 it had been predicted to the German governments that in the following spring the hitherto obstructive and absolutist Diet would unanimously decree, and all its members, including Austria, would issue orders for, the election of the National Assembly of Germany,—in which the power should be vested to give a Constitution (*die verfassunggebende National-Versammlung*); and that the Diet would solemnly surrender all its rights into the hands of a central power responsible to this Assembly, what language could have characterized the extravagance of the supposition? And yet this came

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\* We have heard a distinguished French statesman very lately assert "that he should think even the possession of the Rhenish Provinces of Prussia a poor compensation to France for the dangers of a German Union." There was more of this feeling in the moderation that prevented the French army in 1848 from establishing the kingdom of Northern Italy than liberal statesmen are willing to own.



about from two simple causes,—the intense desire of the German people for a national unity, and the involuntary confession of the separate governments, in the crisis of revolution, that there did lie in that union an ultimate defence, both of the social order, at that time seriously threatened, and of the very authorities themselves, at that time so gravely endangered.

When, indeed, the immediate peril was past, the international difficulties revived; and the unanimity of feeling, which had brought the Assembly together, was shattered by opposing interests and dynastic jealousies. The position of Prussia soon clearly defined itself. In March, 1848, M. Von Gagern had proposed to the Legislative Chamber of Hesse-Darmstadt that, until some complete change should be effected in the constitution of Germany, one German sovereign should be invited to take the direction of the affairs of the Confederation; and he strongly indicated the King of Prussia, as the only one whose political tendencies and material circumstances permitted him to be selected. The meeting of fifty constitutionalists, which took place at Heidelberg in the same month, under the superintendence of Gervinus and Bassermann, and which convoked the Vor-Parlament, made no concealment of its intention of proclaiming the King of Prussia head of the new *Bund*. But the revolution of March at Berlin considerably changed this aspect of things. The popular opinion which had looked on the King of Prussia as the necessary "Deliverer," now finding him in open battle with a portion of his people, and amenable to the same accusations as other sovereigns, turned bitterly against him. His tardy concessions to the popular will were then, at least, believed to have been extorted by necessity, and no credit was given to him for them. On the other hand, the ready acceptance of the convocation of the Frankfurt Parliament by Austria, had layed for the moment its own revolutionary spirit, and had been followed by the nomination of the Archduke John; so that the position of the Austrian party in the Assembly was very different from that which the statesmen of Western Germany could have anticipated. No one could have believed that Austria would have succeeded in making any head against the tide of liberal opinions or against the long-nourished and carefully inculcated doctrine, that the unity of Germany had been the passionate dream of the youth of Frederick William, and was now the main project of his experienced manhood.

It had, however, required a protracted and consistent course of Anti-German policy on the part of Prince Metternich to dissociate the ideas of German Unity and Austrian Headship in the German mind. When the proclamation of Kalisch, in 1813, had raised the standard of German nationality, and summoned to the field those popular hosts, who reinstated the power which the armies of Frederick the Great had been unable to preserve and would have been unable to restore, no thought of Prussian supremacy existed in the mind of any man. When, again, the princes had betrayed the hopes of the people, and Germany, dismembered and "leas'd-out,"\* found herself nearly as powerless for either her own development or her influence on the world as while she lay bound beneath the eagles of France, the forbidden dream of German empire was surmounted with the figure of Barbarossa, and the descendants of the House of Hapsburg were looked on as equally recreant to their own uncontested rights and their inherited duties to the common fatherland. The policy under which Austria rejected and persecuted this feeling, instead of making use of it, was certainly not founded on any chivalrous disinterestedness; but was a necessary consequence of a principle, the wisdom of which late events have rather confirmed than disproved,—namely, that the unitary government of Austria is only possible under an absolute sovereign. So strong was this conviction in the minds of the Emperor Francis and his minister, that, on the reconstruction of Europe, Belgium was given up without an effort; and Lombardy and Venice (which it is now a high political heresy to conceive of as disconnected from Austria) were accepted with reluctance, the Emperor having at the first pledged his word to the British commissioner that he would not resume them. The apparent sacrifice was reasonable and far-sighted. For the non-German population of Austria would in any case so far outnumber the German, that, under a common constitutional system, the German element would necessarily be overpowered; while, on the other hand, it was very problematical whether provinces so entirely alien as these in habits, language, and position, could be retained in faithful and profitable connection

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\* "This dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

*Richard II., Act. 2d, Sc. 1st.*



under an irresponsible central rule. When it had been once assumed that the federative principle should not be applied to Austria, but that, on the contrary, all the efforts of the government were to be bent toward obliterating provincial distinctions, it was wise to make the Empire as compact as possible: And, though the Lombard soldier is now playing *mora* on the frontiers of Saxony, this military triumph has been achieved by a waste of resources and of vigor which deprives the victory of present profit or future peace. As long, therefore, as the Austrian Government was determined rigorously to pursue the system of an absolute and centralized authority, it was impossible for it to take advantage of the great national feeling, which only saw in Austria the traditionary Head of the German Federation, administering its affairs in strict adherence to laws and customs, and honoring the liberties of the other States as its own. It was not so much an opportunity that had been lost by Austria, as that circumstances had arisen entirely incompatible with the form of national existence, which she had advisedly adopted and constantly adhered to. When, after the lapse of years, the influences of Austria and Prussia met face to face at Frankfurt, the chief author and agent of this system was himself in exile. On that occasion, Austrian statesmen would have done well to remember that, while, on the one hand, they could not reasonably have attempted to divest themselves of complicity with the former system, and to claim as their own the interests they had for thirty years been trampling under foot; on the other hand, it had now become equally extravagant to hope to realize what their ablest minister had never attempted in his plenary authority,—a unitary Austria, exercising empire over Germany.

But the suspension, or even the extinction, of the claims of Austria to the headship, did not necessarily imply their assumption by any other Power. Confederation (*Staatenbund*) and union (*Bundes-staat*) still remained two possible and distinct schemes of reconstruction. For all her own immediate purposes Austria had always found the old Diet sufficiently subservient, from Prussia down to Lichtenstein. But the restoration of the Diet implied the destruction of all that the Frankfurt Assembly represented: the very existence of that body had been an absolute proof that the Diet had failed of its object and end: the constitution they were there met to frame was of necessity to be something in principle and action other than

the Diet; and hence the representatives of Austrian interests, as opposed to German, became members of the Assembly for the purpose of destroying it, and framers of the constitution with the intent of making it null and void. Thus, when the parliamentary history of Frankfurt comes to be written, it will be seen that no abnegation of political consistency was too great to accomplish this object. If the Union must be decreed and the Headship offered to Prussia, the main effort was to be directed to giving it such characteristics as would make it most unacceptable to the King. Universal suffrage,—unwelcome to all industrial interests, as well as contrary to the general German appreciation of political power as a trust; and the suspensive veto,—eminently offensive to a mind which even at the moment of concession loves to cheat itself with the imagination of its own unfettered will,—these, and other democratic portions of the constitution, were carried by the votes of the Austrian members.

The essentially Conservative and Constitutional Party, of which Gagern is the head, was thus thwarted by the very persons who, if not Austrians, would have been its natural supporters; and the democrats profited by the aid of these treacherous allies. The design was successful; and the Constitution offered to the King of Prussia gave a plausible pretext to those who described it as an ill-concealed Republic. Many of the princes who adhered to it made no secret of their belief, that it would seal their political doom; and the king was earnestly warned, even by those who were not absolutely disinclined to the undertaking, to beware lest he became the puppet of a merely destructive faction, who would use his name and that of Prussia to complete the disorganization of society. Nor were there wanting accusations of treason to the order to which he providentially belonged. The cause of kings in such an hour, it was said, was the cause not of one, but of all; and the man of honor was appealed to, when the statesman hesitated. There are two springs of human action, before either of which all these and similar remonstrances might have given way: intense personal ambition, or entire conviction of rightful duty. But neither of them was here. When the hour of action arrives, it is not enough that a man should have his theory of what he would wish to see accomplished; the Deed comes to him dressed in circumstances so different from what his fancy had depicted: it stands before him,

long expected, yet hardly recognized: and the opportunity, on which days have meditated and nights have dreamt, passes by unseized, and is lost for ever. Heroic ambition, unshaken and unscrupulous, working out its ends by evil or by good, and trusting to be absolved by the history itself has made, rejoices too heartily in the occasion of action to analyze what lies beyond. Patriotic or philanthropic devotion confronts the danger, comparatively careless of victory, in the self-sufficing consciousness of right; and is less the agent of its individual will than of a certain divine necessity. By one of these impulses Frederick the Great raised up Prussia, by the other Washington created the United States; and either might have erected a United Germany. As it is, the "*gran rifiuto*" of modern times will long remain a subject for the conflict of probabilities; and be discussed as one of those events which, if it had happened otherwise than it did, might have altered the history of Europe.

The King of Prussia, now acting under the counsel of General Radowitz, attempted to obtain by diplomatic means what he had rejected when presented by the popular will; and the events which occurred in rapid succession proved incontestably that there was no fear of a fierce and brutal demagogy succeeding, even under the most favorable circumstances, to turn the national sentiments to their own ends. The Democratic party believed that the moment was arrived when the people, hopeless of any good from above, and indignant at the abandonment of the great cause by their chosen chief in the crisis of its consummation, would rise in its wrath and sweep before it all established government, as it had done in France on much less provocation. Baden and Saxony burst into open revolution; in the former the extinguisher itself caught fire, and the army joined the rebels. Austria at the time was too busily occupied with her own embroilments to be capable of offering any material assistance, and no army but the Prussian seemed of sufficient force to arrest the movement. But the King of Prussia could not leave his own dominions unprotected; and it was only by calling out the Landwehr that he was enabled to succor his distressed confederates. On this emergency, the king summoned his people to be the guardians of public order in Prussia, while he put down by force the outbreaks, which his own refusal of the Headship of Germany had provoked. This was much to ask; for

it required the Prussian people to assume the attitude of repressing the excesses to which the irresolution of their sovereign had the appearance of having mainly contributed, and also to show him a mark of entire confidence at the very moment when he had disappointed their highest national hopes. And yet, almost without an exception, the service was faithfully discharged,—that service, which would have been rendered with tenfold readiness, had it been demanded to maintain order and arrest confusion in United Germany. There is also little doubt, but that the ultra-democratic portions of the Frankfurt Constitution would have been constitutionally altered with great facility: or that the reaction against the extravagancies of democracy, which was certain to invade the minds of men, might have been prudently used to fence round the central authority with all such protection as was compatible with constitutional freedom. The governments which had received, and those who might desire to receive, the assistance of Prussia in their hour of need, were naturally expected to be prepared with some equivalent. The results of gratitude were now to be added to those of fear, and upon this groundwork the so-called League of the Three Kings,—of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony,—was established. It was based on a constitution which embodied all that was really essential in that of Frankfurt: and the parties were bound to adhere to this engagement for the space of one year. If by that time no arrangement had been come to by the other German States, they were at liberty to reconsider the scheme. The King of Wirtemberg, having been forced into submission to the Constitution of Frankfurt, did not think it worth while to adopt the Prussian modification; and Bavaria, after holding out hopes of an amicable agreement, grew more positive in her alienation, in proportion as Austria grew freer from actual embarrassment, and more able to afford her a direct support and countenance.

The intervention of Russia in the Hungarian war had now liberated Austria—not from any great national calamity, but—from the necessity of admitting the limited independence of that extensive kingdom. There was no period during that conflict, up to the actual intervention of foreign troops, when the young Emperor would not have been joyfully crowned at Pesth as King of Hungary; and it is doubtful whether that would not have been the result of Hungarian victory, even at the last moment. But, there



are certain favors which no man can receive at the hands of another without some loss of self-esteem, and so it is with nations. Gloss it over as they may, the acceptance of this assistance has inflicted a most humiliating wound on Austrian dignity: and all the brave blood in which it has since been bathed cannot heal it. To have been the first German power to call in Russian troops to its assistance, was an odious characteristic in the judgment as well as instincts of all true Germans: and the pretensions of Prussia must now, accordingly, be doubly galling to the cabinet of Vienna, after so flagrant a demonstration of its own weakness. In the very cause of order, of which Austria had been the persistent champion, Prussia was winning national laurels all her own, while Austria was receiving Cossack aid. The very provinces which Austria had of old wrapped round the German Empire, and stood between Germany and France, were now rescued from anarchy by Prussian troops; and Saxony was compelled by circumstances into that dependence on Prussia, which, from her local position, it must have been naturally one of her chief political objects to avoid.

About this time a meeting of the Conservative National Party took place at Gotha, at which it was resolved to adhere to the League of the Three Kings, distinguished by the title of "the 26th of May." By this act a certain sanction of public opinion was given to what otherwise might have been regarded as a simple demonstration of royal will, and liable to all the changes and chances of that condition. This engagement gradually received the accession of all the Powers who had been parties to the constitution of Frankfurt, with the exception of Hesse-Homburg (whose landgrave is an Austrian field-marshal,) and of Frankfurt, still the residence of the Austrian Archduke John. Plenipotentiaries of all these governments met at Berlin under the presidency of Prussia, for the purpose of preparing the drafts of the measures to be laid before the General Assembly, which it was now decided should be held at Erfurt. Military conventions were also entered into, which drew closer the relations between the forces of several of the States and those of Prussia. During these arrangements the liberation of Austria by Russian arms enabled the kings of Hanover and Saxony to show with how little sincerity or good-will they had joined the League at all, and it was only by more firmness than Prussia had often exhibited, that she succeeded in definitively

fixing the convocation of the Assembly for the 20th of March, 1850.

If the extinction of all enthusiasm and of the power that accompanies the passionate impulses of multitudes delays almost indefinitely the solution of the German question, and complicates its difficulties by allowing authority to interests and designs which would otherwise have been swept away on the instant, it is an advantage to a foreign reviewer to be able now to state the case as one of facts, and to balance the plain reasonableness of the propositions before him. The long and weary negotiations between Berlin and Vienna have produced no fruit; neither the consent of Austria to a German Union, nor the contentment of Prussia with a simple Federation. The division of Germany into Circles which would submit each of the lesser States to one of their powerful neighbors, and thus absorb them into the several kingdoms, has been one basis of the Austrian proposals. This plan would reconstruct Germany under six divisions; and was in no way unwelcome to the smaller sovereignties; for by these means a better chance of future importance was held out to them, than by any other political arrangement. But just in proportion as the power of these separate kingdoms was consolidated, would the subdivision of Germany be confirmed; and, whatever other advantages might result from it, the scheme supposed an entire abandonment of all notion of a United Germany. A circular from Prince Wittgenstein to his diplomatic agents, dated July 21, 1849, sketches out a simpler form of partition, viz.: an Austrian Germany south of the Main, and a Prussian Germany to the north. This is a scheme which could only be realized by sheer material force; and which has neither historical basis, nor public opinion, nor State necessity to stand on. Any such project is totally without a precedent, unless a precedent is accepted in the dismemberment of Poland, or in the secret treaty (of the 14th April, 1816) between Austria and Bavaria, in which the former power guarantees to the latter the reversion of the Baden Palatinate, in case of the extinction of the direct male line of the existing Grand Duke. By this treaty Austria is exhibited disposing of territories, over which she had not the slightest pretence of right; thus evincing the sincerity of the regard so loudly expressed by her for the independence of lesser Powers,—the appearance of which at least was preserved in the old Diet by the parity of votes given to the smaller and greater States. But a new de-



vice has been lately started, and at the present moment is attracting the attention, more perhaps than the confidence, of the public. The former Austrian proposals had altogether rejected the principle of popular representation; a course which it would seem is no longer regarded politic. There shall, therefore, be an Assembly, consisting of about 300 members,—one third elected by the Legislative Assemblies of Prussia, one third by those of Austria (including all her non-Germanic States), and one third by those of the rest of Germany. Above this must be placed a Directory of Royal Commissioners, one named by the Emperor and each of the six Kings, and one by the two Hesses (Darmstadt and Cassel). The other States can appoint one of these seven its representative in the Directory, except where especial engagements of agnation and rights of succession connect it with some especial Power—a stipulation evidently introduced to prevent the general surrender of themselves by the smaller States into the hands of Prussia. It is with the same object that the two Hesses are preferred to Baden as the seventh Director, in order to cut off Baden from Prussian influence, and thus force her into submission to Bavaria. To this scheme the three kings of Würtemberg, Bavaria and Saxony, have formally acceded, the latter at the imminent risk of a collision with his parliament. Hanover, as yet, abstains, both on public and private grounds. Her local isolation prevents her from joining a league from which she could derive no material advantage; and there are men among her ministers who anticipate that the flagrant false pretensions and extravagance of the scheme would, if it attained any substance, drive the whole public opinion of Germany to Erfurt as the only hope of refuge.\* For if such an assembly were convened, it would contain some fifty or sixty deputies, not only not Germans, but in many cases, and in some justly, implacable enemies of the German name and power,—who, in a division of parties, might become the arbiters of German destinies. These fears, however, never will become alarming, from the universal conviction that the Assembly, as proposed, is a mere bait thrown out to catch the constitutionalists; and that its only serious intention is to arrest the congress of Erfurt. How, in-

deed, could the hundred Austrian members be elected by the Legislative Assembly of Austria, which is not yet in existence, while the Directory might be summoned at once and assume the whole faculty of administration? And when this authority had been once constituted, what reasonable man can believe that any portion of its power would be willingly abandoned to the chances of even such an imperfect representation.

Were it really possible to test the opinions of the intelligent and educated classes of Germany on this question of Unity as distinguished from the interests of princes, the theories of philosophers, and the schemes of statesmen, we should rejoice in the occasion. We are by no means minded to assume that the impulses which called together the Parliaments at Frankfurt still exist in the sober second-thought of the people; but we must own that, as yet, we have no proof to the contrary. There is, no doubt, a strong party who are repelled by the prominence which circumstances have given to Prussia in the practical working out of the idea, just as there is a large body of Prussian officials who have no notion of opening Prussian employments to the rest of Germany, and who raise the cry that Prussia must perish when Germany begins. Now it is clear that Prussia, having interpreted the 11th article of the Federal Act of 1815 into the right of all and any German States to form among themselves a league of any kind,—even as in the case of the Hohenzollern Principalities, to merge themselves in any other State,—she cannot contest with Austria or Bavaria the right of forming with the kings or other princes such a confederation as they may think fit. These are the privileges of the dynasties;—beyond and above these rest the rights and the will of the people. No portion of Germany, except Austria, is now without its legal organ; the press is free; public meetings on this topic could hardly be dispersed by force, if conducted with order; and we own that we should see our way much more clearly by these lights than by any array of diplomatic notes, of projects written to be rejected, and counter-projects rejected before proposed.

Germans must not be surprised that England, whose commercial interests are so intimately bound up with the peace of Europe, should look with suspicion on any political change, which may compromise the friendly relations of the great Continental Powers. It requires both knowledge and foresight to understand the evils which threaten the

\* See a dispatch of M. Detmold, Hanoverian Plenipotentiary at Frankfurt (dated Feb. 14), which has found its way into the Cologne Gazette of March 21.

peace of Europe from the old constitution of Germany; but it requires neither the one nor the other to feel that the irritation of Austria and the wrath of Russia are elements of future distress to all other European nations. On the other hand, in case the rivalry between Prussia and Austria could be turned into any fair and liberal alliance, this would, in itself, be a guarantee for peace; and any organization of Germany, founded sincerely on such a basis, not dynastically but nationally, might well defy the violence of all Foreign Powers. If, therefore, the Austrian scheme were practicable, its advantages are undeniable; and nothing but a consideration of its material and moral obstacles has inclined us against it. Some of these we have already alluded to: the immense disproportion of the German and non-German populations; the non-German, and, frequently, anti-German sympathies of whole races of Austrian subjects; the pride and power of the Slavonians, who make no concealment of their hatred and contempt for Germany, which they look upon as crumbling into senile impotence, while the future of Europe rests with their youthful energies: how can these and any principles the like of these possibly become constituents of a German Unity? Again, can Germany, or ought she, to be made responsible for all the complications of foreign relations, to which the diverse and distracted portions of Austria expose the Austrian government,—for instance, to a war with Piedmont or France for Lombardy, with Russia for Galicia or Transylvania? Nor would the strength which Austria might acquire by the German Union be of a nature to secure her from those acts of cruel and treacherous weakness which have disgraced her administration, and are still dishonoring it. The permissive massacres of Galicia or the proscriptions of conquered Hungary may be repeated any day, as long as no higher moral principle than the success of the hour shall guide the counsels of Vienna. Providence wonderfully adapts the moral strength of governments to the elevation of their moral standard; and self-defence is a poor excuse for evil deeds, when the weakness that makes it necessary is the consequence of ignoble motives or willing ignorance. And has the moral or the intellectual elevation of the Austrian government or people been such as to authorize her to assume and retain the direction of any large portion of the human race? A strict police gave to the sensuality of Vienna a sobriety

—even a decency—which had the effect of organizing vice to an extent almost unknown in any other capital. The absence of all proper excitement to the understanding or even imagination encouraged an animal life which debased but did not shock, and which, if completely successful, would have ended as much in limiting as in perverting the human faculties. But as weeds will grow up where seed is not sown, there was enough of prurient and rampant life to prevent this consummation. Good books were not read, but bad ones were eagerly devoured. There was a regular hierarchy of forbidden publications,\* and those absolutely interdicted had the largest circulation. While the North of Germany was rising into a higher existence, under the inspiration of poetry, history, and philosophy, there was nothing too corrupt or too dull for the Austrian market; and thus there is little wonder that the outbreaks in the Austrian cities have been characterized by a purposeless confusion, and have resulted in less political improvement than has been generally the case in the recent series of popular commotions. To replace Prince Metternich by Prince Schwarzenberg, and a patriarchal despotism by an indefinite state of siege, is as sad an issue of the efforts and sacrifices of political enthusiasm as its bitterest enemies could desire.

Germany requires moral guidance as well as national improvement; and if Austria cannot supply the one or the other, can Prussia? The negative proposition is doubtless much the easier to decide. In the encouragement of commerce, at least, Prussia has deserved well of Germany: she is the author of the Zollverein, the revision of which, at the end of 1853, she proposes shall be submitted to the German parliament. The scheme of German Unity must attach Hamburg to the Commercial League,—an object which would long ago have been obtained, in conjunction with another still more important, had not Baron Von Bulow broken off the negotiations, all but concluded, for the adhesion of Hanover. That State, not unreasonably, demanded some pecuniary satisfaction, by way of compensation to her people for the increase of price in many articles of common consumption, which would have followed from her junction with the Zollverein. The propositions were refused at the very moment when their acceptance

\* "*Damnatur*," "*Non Admittitur*," "*Transeat*," "*Erga Schedam*." In the last case the name of the purchaser was transmitted to the police.



seemed certain; and but for this accident, Prussia would have met the question of a German political Unity in 1848, with a commercial Unity already complete, Austria alone excepted,—an immense advantage as a starting-point. As it is, the power of exclusion from the Zollverein, on its revision, is a weapon of force in the hand of Prussia, and may be skillfully used, especially against Würtemberg and Bavaria. The Austrian government feels the full advantage of commercial union with Germany, and many points are already in process of agreement with Prussia. But it does not seem likely that any terms will be arrived at, as concerning a common tariff; for Austria, although inclined to turn in the direction of free imports, can find no better way of conciliating the States of the Zollverein than by proposing that they should consent to a higher tariff, until such time as her national interests are sufficiently advanced for her to admit of a liberal one. Again, after much irresolution, and even semblance of bad faith on the part of the authorities, and after some immoderate acts on the part of the representatives of the people, the Prussian parliament is now firmly cast in a mould which promises endurance and development; while, on the contrary, the paper-constitutions of Austria bear about them a singular unreality and disregard of circumstances—so very singular, that they look less like the theories of well-intentioned men, than deceptive measures artfully designed, should they be ever put in practice, to discourage free institutions by their failure, rather than encourage them by their success. From present appearances, then, we think it may fairly be concluded that the political influence of Prussian predominance would not, in the long run, be adverse to the constitutional liberties of Germany. Under a constitution so popular as that proposed at Erfurt, it is impossible that minor despotisms could revive; and the breadth of political views and the sense of the national dignity which must be created by the habits of a great assembly would go far to neutralize the petty spirit of local politics, and infuse a higher feeling into the separate legislatures.

Although the accidental character of the present rulers of Prussia should justly have little to do with an enterprise, the success of which must depend on something far above and beyond the merits or conduct of individual men, yet it is in the power of those who hold authority in Prussia, at this moment, to check or advance the movement

almost at will. Much will turn on the position assumed by her at Erfurt: if it is firm and independent,—relying on the affections of the people, regardful of the rights of princes, less as individuals than as representatives of their subjects,—tolerant of objections and criticism,—and rather contemplating the necessity with regret than boasting of the occasions in which her material force has been called on to defend the cause of order,—in that case, mere insolent menaces and coarse insinuations will not prevail against her work. But she must also be prepared to have the conduct of her government toward its own people taken as a test of her sincerity. If, for instance, the independence of Switzerland should be violated in the name of the feudal protectorate of the Prince of Neuchâtel, the weaker members of the League will naturally feel less confidence in entrusting themselves to Prussian power; if restraints upon the press, or limitation of trial by jury, take place at Berlin, the constitutionalists of Germany will be the less willing to attach themselves to a centre whose influence might be indirectly extended even to the modification of those fundamental rights which Frankfurt had established, and which it has bound itself to confirm. And as regards Foreign Powers, it is essentially incumbent on Prussia to give no color whatever to the very natural imputation, that in all this project her first object is her own aggrandizement. This suspicion can only be set to rest by a resolute perseverance in declining every species of superiority not absolutely necessary for the service of the Union. Radowitz has begun well.

It is agreeable to many minds to represent in some personality an idea or scheme of action which they desire fully to apprehend. In that of German Unity the figure of Gagern offers itself in undisputed prominence. His father, acting as representative of the House of Nassau at the Congress of Vienna, distinguished himself through his desire to extend the sphere of the German Diet, by the admission of Luxemburg and Holstein,—a plan, however, which would have weakened its influence, by dispersing it. His son joined the army in 1815, and passed into precocious manhood on the field of Waterloo, where the accidents of war placed him for a moment in a position of command. Thence he returned to civil life, and at the University of Jena partook with enthusiasm of all the hopes and projects with which the youth of Germany hailed the new-born independence of their country. We know how these have since



been thwarted and perverted; but with his sanguine temperament disappointment rather dimmed than darkened the future; and what was the zeal of the student is now the faith of the statesman. He soon after became distinguished in the service of the State of Hesse-Darmstadt, and retained office till he found his own opinions running so continually counter to those of his government, that he felt he had no alternative but to resign. After a short course of opposition, he resolved to retire from politics; and considerations of a private nature favored his determination. He had been attached to a lady in the full enjoyment of health and beauty, and had looked forward to a proud and prosperous domestic life as ample compensation for the troubles and vexations of public duty. But a serious and probably fatal malady seized upon the object of his affections, and brought the daily prospect of death into the natural region of life and hope. The lady long combated his resolution to devote to her weakness and sorrow the vigor and bloom of his existence, but in vain. For nine years he tended her with undivided care, and he since has mourned her loss as deeply as if she had been to him all that their hopes had ever promised. Indeed, her great moral and intellectual qualities must have given to those years of apparent sacrifice a present happiness of the highest order; for it was in that atmosphere of pure and tranquil affection that his mind was disciplined by study and experience to the stature it has now attained. Agriculture became his favorite pursuit; and his anxiety for the improvement of the cultivation of Germany led him to a minute consideration of her material interests. These he found to coincide in most points with that Union of the German States which had been the delight of his youth; so that, on his higher and inner life being broken up, he returned to public occupation, his imagination fortified by practical learning, and his feelings justified by his judgment. His political worth became apparent to the whole of Germany, as soon as it was perceived that his appoint-

ment to the government of his adopted country arrested the torrent of revolution in 1848; and all the public men of different States, who saw present safety and future welfare in German unity, at once turned to him instinctively as their friend and guide. In the conduct of this question, steering between anarchy and despotism, he has shown himself worthy of this trust; his massive and towering figure and his genial countenance inspire immediate confidence; while a hearty optimism, which in the moment of personal failure seems to his colleagues to have a character of insensibility, bears him above all repulses, disappointments, and disasters. He meets the Assembly of Erfurt as resolutely as he met that of Frankfurt; and if there were many men of his character engaged along with him, we should not hesitate as to the issue.

There can hardly be a greater contrast in history than the aspect of the circumstances under which these two Assemblies come together. If that of Frankfurt was borne so high on the wings of hope that its fall was inevitable, that of Erfurt has been in imminent danger of being crushed before it dares to rise. The one, however, looks as though it might be a beacon over the deep of time, the other was as the burning of a prairie. The folly of democratic violence has, for the moment, placed at the discretion of governments much more than it is desirable should be so placed; and the essentially conservative and pacific character of the Erfurt project renders any appeal to popular excitement contradictory to the very terms of its existence. Will this one stable organization rise above the confusions that still possess Europe, and demonstrate that there is no more instability in progress than in reaction? For mere Order, even that of the divine Cosmos, is in itself a barren thing—as barren as mere Liberty: each requires the breath of life to generate what is good and great,—and it is only to their coincidence and harmony that we can look for any permanent advantage to the societies of mankind.

From the North British Review.

## SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. Vols. 2 and 3. 1850.

SINCE our last publication two more volumes of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's Life of his father have appeared, and the interest of the work continues undiminished. Such letters of the poet as have fallen into his son's hands form almost the whole materials from which the narrative is framed. The letters, however, from which the son's narrative is put together, differ essentially from those published in the earlier part of the first volume, in which the poet endeavored in advancing life to summon back his recollections of infancy and childhood. Such recollections are more or less vivid; but even where the affections are strongest and truest, the memory does not, cannot preserve the past. The picture is a fading one, and imagination is called in to perfect the outline or supply the colors. The process is not the less a process of the imaginative faculty that we are unconscious of any power but that of memory being called into active exercise; and we regard the portraits of Southey's uncles and aunts, and the heroes and heroines with whom he has peopled the dream-castles of his childhood with no more assured sense of their having had an existence in the world of realities than his Rodericks and Florindas, who, though the names be found in legends and chronicles, are the creations of the poet's mind as truly as the Ladarluds and Kailyals, who never had any other being than in romance. The pictures of Southey's relatives, given in his letters to Mr. May, affect us precisely in the same way as the Doctor Daniel Dove, and the Bhow Begum of the Doctor. The part of the work which more properly belongs to his son, is formed, as far as the work has yet gone, of letters written as the occasions of every-day life required, expressing, always very naturally and often very happily, such thoughts as the impulse of the passing moment suggested; the fixed opinions, too, of

a man very opinionative, and often very unreasonably intolerant of all opposition, are repeated in letter after letter. These opinions are seldom enforced by anything that can be properly called argument, of which, indeed, Southey appears to have been himself, in any true sense of the word, incapable, and of which from others he would seem to have been singularly impatient. Even in his formal works, and in the case of questions which demanded careful investigation and examination of principles, Southey assisted those who sought to form a judgment for themselves rather by accumulating authorities from old writers than by bringing the powers of an original thinker to the inquiry. In his letters it was not to be expected that powers of mind which had not been exhibited in his works should appear. Southey's best letters are those which are occupied with literary gossip, and unluckily for Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book, of this class of letters we find more in Mr. Robert's Life of William Taylor, and in Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography, than he has as yet been able to give us. In the letters to Taylor and to Brydges we have—as also in those to his friends Bedford and Wynn, which are found in Cuthbert Southey's book—in addition to the opinionativeness never at any time absent, that which gives its true charm to Southey's correspondence and to much of his poetry—"the thousand phantasies unsought and undetained" that pass over the mind in a state of dreamy half-consciousness when it can scarcely be described as fully occupied or entirely active, when it is not so much thinking as playing with thoughts. But all Southey's letters, in whatever tone or temper they are written, to whomever or on whatever subject, are illustrative of the peaceful tenor of a fully occupied life; there is no effort in any of them—no display of any kind—no affect-

tation. Those in the second and third volumes of "The Life and Correspondence" are in actual contrast with the autobiographical letters, and if it were not that the business of a man occupied with literature can scarcely be without interest to a very large class of readers, would have no better claim to publication than ordinary business letters. As it is, we think they have been published at too great length. The mere fact that a letter has been written by Southey is not an adequate reason for its being printed. The fact that a letter was originally private—was written confidentially, is surely a reason why it should not be published; and though there may be easily imagined quite sufficient reasons to outweigh these considerations, yet it is for the person who prints private letters to make out such a case. The biographers of every man whose name is familiar to the public are sure to imagine that whatever relates to him has to all men an abiding interest, and if there be nothing to give offence to men still living, and, indeed, very often whether there be or not, every idle word becomes fixed in permanent and ineffaceable record. In one volume of biography, which we have been lately looking over, the bill of the upholsterer who furnished a poet's cottage is printed; in another a washer-woman's accounts and a tailor's day-books occupy pages upon pages; a third, mentioning a gentleman's marriage, gives three letters stating the fact, and nothing but the fact, which had never been a subject of dispute or doubt, and not content with this, adds an extract from a local newspaper, and a copy of the entry in the parish register. Why all this? Does it not occur to persons engaged in biography that the shorter and the more simple the annals, the nearer they are to what it must be presumed is their chief purpose—the preservation of an enduring record of the deceased? Books may easily be made too long to be read at all; and it is scarcely fair to the fame of Southey, already oppressed with the weight of his own works, to increase the burden by volume after volume, of whatever in his toil for daily bread he may have set down in his journals, much of which must have been merely as aids to his own memory, aids of a kind which every man who has to write for the public must use—and more of it, in all probability, as an index of reference to such books as he found it necessary to consult.

The biographer of Southey may, however, regard one of the questions which we have mooted as decided for him by the poet him-

self. When the Life of William Taylor was about to be published, Southey gave to Mr. Robberds such letters of Taylor's as were in his possession, in order that both parts of the correspondence should be published. Their letters were chiefly on literary subjects. There was both in his letters, and in Taylor's, something to communicate which many would be glad to learn. There was a good deal respecting his own and Taylor's studies. And if there was now and then the mention of some incident interesting to them alone, such interruption occurred but rarely—so rarely, indeed, that on the whole we think it was wise, if the letters were published at all, that they should be published without abridgment. With Mr. Robberds we had but one fault to find—the letters refer very often to proposed alterations of passages in manuscript poems, and without the poems, it is impossible to understand the criticism. In some cases the poems were never printed, in others the printed poem so differs from what it was in manuscript that the passages referring to it in its former state cease to have any application. Such letters should surely have been omitted, or notes given, which would have been the true course, whenever the Editor had the opportunity of thus rendering the meaning clear.

We have, in our last Number, transcribed a sentence from a letter of Coleridge's, describing to Southey the scenery at Keswick, and the house which was to be his future home. In another letter Coleridge again endeavors to paint the landscape or landscapes; and Southey himself has frequently done all that can be done by words—to bring it before the eye. In writing to Mr. Wedgewood, Coleridge says,—“The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes—the two lakes, the vale, the river; and mountains and mists, and clouds and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking to each other. Often when in a deep study I have walked to the window, and remained there, looking without seeing, all at once the lake of Keswick and the mountains of Borrowdale at the head of it, have entered into my mind with a suddenness as if I had been snatched out of Cheapside and placed for the first time in the spot where I stood; and that is a delightful feeling—these fits and starts of novelty received from a long-known object. The river Greta flows behind our house, roaring like an untamed son of the hills, then winds round and glides away in the front, so that we live in a peninsula. But besides



this ethereal eye-feeding, we have very substantial conveniences. Our garden is part of a large nursery garden, which is the same to us and as private as if the whole had been our own, and then, too, we have delightful walks without passing our garden gates."

In September, 1803, Southey, after negotiating for a house in Wales which some accidental circumstances interrupted, went to take up what was intended to be a temporary abode at Greta Hall, the house described in those letters of Coleridge which we have quoted, and which was then the residence of Coleridge. Some sad changes had taken place in his family during the past year. His letters mention the death of his mother, and of his first and—then—his only child.

"We had been suffering for twelve hours, and the moment of her [his mother's] release was welcome: like one whose limb has been just amputated he feels the immediate ceasing of acute suffering; the pain of the wound soon begins, and the sense of the loss continues through life. I calmed and curbed myself and forced myself to employment; but at night there was no sound of feet in her bed-room, to which I had been used to listen, and in the morning it was not my first business to see her. I had used to carry her her food, for I could persuade her better than any one else to the act of swallowing it. \* \* \* I have now lost all the friends of my infancy and childhood. The whole recollections of my first ten years are connected with the dead. There lives no one who can share them with me. It is losing so much of one's existence. I have not been yielding to, or rather indulging grief; that would have been folly. I have read, written, talked: Bedford has been often with me and kindly. When I saw her after death, Wynn, the whole appearance was so much that of utter death that the first feeling was as if there could have been no world for the dead; the feeling was very strong, and it required thought and reasoning to recover my former certainty, that as surely we must live hereafter as all here is not the creation of folly or of chance."

Southey's first letter on his arrival at Keswick was to his brother Thomas, then a Lieutenant in the navy, and with whom he at all times kept up an affectionate correspondence. The death of his child was then a recent grief.

"To escape from Bristol was a relief. The place was haunted, and it is my wish never to see it again. Here my spirits suffer from the sight of little Sara (Coleridge's daughter), who is about her size. However, God knows that I do not repine, and that in my very soul I feel His will is best. These things do us good; they loosen, one by one, the roots that rivet us to earth; they fix


and confirm our faith till the thought of death becomes so inseparably connected with the hope of meeting those whom we have lost, that death itself is no longer considered as an evil. . . .

Edith (Mrs. Southey) suffers deeply and silently. She is kept awake at night by recollections, and I am harassed by dreams of the poor child's illness and recovery, but this will wear away. Would that you could see these lakes and mountains! how wonderful they are! how awful in their beauty. All the poet-part of me will be fed and fostered here."

In another letter to his brother he tells him, among the advantages of Keswick as a residence, that the beauty of the surrounding scenery tempted him to take more exercise than he had ever taken elsewhere. Health and cheerful spirits were the immediate result. His means of support were derived chiefly from writing reviews of new publications in the *Annual Review*; and he at the same time carried on works that may be more properly called his own, some of which were so successful as to add something—not much, however—to his income. Wynn, a school-fellow of his, gave him an annuity of £156 a year. Still, to keep the wolf from the door was no easy task; and Southey had to work for others as well as those for whom it was his duty to provide. It was well for him that his lot was cast at a distance from the great city. Neither his health of body nor of mind could have been preserved there; and where he resided he seems to have had every source of enjoyment that was possible for a studious man. In his poems he is fond of adverting to the fact of his living among the mountains; and in his "Colloquies on Society," the designation he gives himself is a name derived from that fact,—*Montesinos*. In October of the same year he again writes—

"The mountains, on Thursday evening, before the sun was quite down, or the moon bright, were all of one dead blue color; their rifts and rocks and swells and scars had all disappeared—the surface was perfectly uniform—nothing but the outline distinct; and this even surface of dead blue, from its unnatural uniformity, made them, though not transparent, appear transvious, as though they were of some soft or cloudy texture through which you could have passed. I never saw any appearance so perfectly unreal. Sometimes a blazing sunset seems to steep them through and through with red light; or it is a cloudy morning, and the sunshine slants down through a rift in the clouds, and the pillar of light makes the spot where it falls so emerald green that it looks like a little field of Paradise. At night you lose the mountains, and the wind so stirs up the lake that it looks like the sea by moonlight."

In a letter to Bedford, we have the mountains in another of their ever-varying aspects—the date is February 16, 1804:—

"I have seen a sight more dreamy and wonderful than any scenery that fancy ever yet devised for Fairy land. We walked down to the lake side; it was a delightful day, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. The opposite shore of Derwentwater consists of one long mountain, which suddenly terminates in an arch, thus , and through that opening you see a long valley between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain; to the right of the arch the heights are more varied and of greater elevation. Now, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the surface of the lake was so perfectly still, that it became one great mirror, and all its waters disappeared; the whole line of shore was represented as vividly and steadily as it existed in its actual being—the arch, the vale within, the single houses far within the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, the farthest hills, and the shadow and substance joined at their bases so indivisibly that you could make no separation even in your judgment. As I stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds seemed lying under me; I was looking down into the sky, and the whole range of mountains, having one line of summits under my feet and another above me, seemed to be suspended between the firmaments. Shut your eyes, and dream of a scene so unnatural and so beautiful. What I have said is most strictly and scrupulously true; but it was one of those happy moments that can seldom occur, for the least breath stirring would have shaken the whole vision, and at once unrealized it. I have before seen a partial appearance, but never before did, and perhaps never again may, lose sight of the lake entirely; for it literally seemed like an abyss of sky before me—not fog and clouds from a mountain, but the blue heaven spotted with a few fleecy pillows of cloud, that looked placed there for angels to rest upon them."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 258.

That Southey was satisfied with his description of the phenomenon which he witnessed, is evidenced by his having used almost the very words of this letter in the account which he makes his imaginary Spaniard, Espriella, give of his first visit to the lake country; and through all Southey's correspondence we have every now and then—as was perhaps inevitable when a man wrote so much—a good deal of repetition of this kind. This is often, no doubt, unconscious—often, too, it is for the purpose of saving himself trouble. It has never gone, we believe, quite so far as in the case of Goethe, who sent copies of the same love poems to more than one young lady, each of whom thus seemed to be given a right to think herself the object of the great poet's idolatry.

What lover of the city was it who called

a great mountain a great impostor? Southey's friend Taylor seems to have had as little love for mountains as Samuel Johnson himself. It is not in a letter to Southey, nor in any connection with the Cumberland mountains in particular, or the raptures of the poets who dwelt among them, that Taylor writes, but to a sober Liverpool man—"When you arrive in Paris, climb the turrets of *Notre Dame*. Man! what a panorama! I never could understand the merit of a mountain prospect. The eye walks on broken flints; the paths are too steep to ascend or descend; the rills too fall-y\* to float a canoe; the hills too rugged for the plough; where there might be pasture glares a lake; cottages can be staked there, not a city. Look here: I like these masses of stone, which mind has moved; which the arranging hand of man has piled into dwellings, enriched into temples, laid out into streets, or expanded into public edifices, where centre the roads of a thousand miles, the produce of millions of acres, the picked intellect of a hundred departments, the best works of human art, in literature, picture, architecture, sculpture, the brain of France, the wonder of Europe, the result of ages, the glory of society. . . . I have enjoyed myself wonderfully. I am exactly made to delight in that class of beautiful objects which derives effect from associated ideas of human skill."† Taylor repeats the same tirade against mountains in a letter to Southey—"How can you delight in mountain scenery? The eye walks on broken flints; not a hill tolerant of the plough, not a stream that will float a canoe; in the roads every ascent is the toil of Sisyphus, every descent the punishment of Vulcan; barrenness with her lichens cowers upon the mountain-top, yawning among mists that irrigate in vain; the cottage of a man, like the eyry of an eagle, is the house of a savage subsisting by rapacity in stink and intemperance: the village is but a coalition of pigstyes; where there might be pasture glares a lake; the very cataract falls in vain—there are not customers enough for a water-mill. Give me the spot where victories have been won over the inutilities of nature by the efforts of human art—where mind has moved the massy everlasting rock, and arranged it into convenient dwellings and stately palaces—into theatres and cathedrals, and quays and docks and warehouses, wherein the primeval

\* Is this a misprint, or is the word fall-y, and of William Taylor's own mintage?

† Robberds' *Life of W. Taylor*, vol. i. p. 413.



troglydite has learned to convoke the productions of the antipodes."

Of the mountains among which he lived, Southey was in no small degree proud. The secluded leisure in which it was alone possible for him to pursue his industrious occupations, was secured to him for a great part of the year by the barrier which they interposed between him and the world of London, with its everlasting interruptions. In spite of his not taking exercise enough, health soon returned, the tendency to consumption passed away, and the life which a few years before seemed to depend on the chance of his being enabled to feed its decaying strength with Mediterranean sunshine, became vigorous and active in a climate severe enough to try the most robust. The room in which he lived commanded from one window the Bassenthwaite lake, woods, and mountains. From the opposite, the Derwentwater, and fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Straight before us is a wilderness of mountains, catching and streaming lights and shadows at all times.\* The northern winter is of considerable length, half the autumn and all the spring may be regarded as added to what are called the winter months—fully two thirds, if not more, of the year. In the summer were his holidays; for a month or two the tourists, many of them bringing him letters of introduction, were moving in every direction among the lakes and mountains, and Southey made it a point to show the lions. These were his holidays. When he occasionally visited London he was more occupied with business and with society than he found good for his nerves.

"London," says he in one of his letters, "disorders me by over stimulation. I dislike its society more from reflection than from feeling. Company to a certain extent intoxicates me. I do not often commit the fault of talking too much, but very often say what would be better unsaid, and that too in a manner not easily forgotten. People go away and repeat single sentences, dropping all that led to them and all that explains them, and very often in my hearty hatred of affectation I commit faults of the opposite kind. Now I am sure to find this out myself, and to get out of humor with myself, what prudence I have is not ready on demand; and so it is that the society of any except my friends, though it may be sweet in the mouth, is bitter in the belly."

One great advantage to a man engaged in literature of a residence in the country, Southey's peculiar occupation as a reviewer

prevented him from enjoying. It must be no small luxury to a man fond of books, to live in his own library among the true books—which, after all, are not many—and not have his time and thoughts distracted by the countless volumes which are every day thrown on the table of a man living in London. But Southey found time for these and for all things.

"My actions," says he, "are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper, and this is my life—which if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish.

When I cease to be cheerful it is only to become contemplative—to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passeth not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument, and some efficient good behind me."

The enjoyment of opening a box of books is vividly described, and this must be of infrequent occurrence, except in the country:—

"You would rejoice with me," writes Southey to Coleridge, "were you now at Keswick, at the tidings that a box of books is safely harbored in the Mersey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of Fletcher\* than of Bonaparte. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo; among them the collection of the oldest Spanish poems, in which is a metrical romance upon the Cid. I shall sometimes want you for a Gothic etymology. Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening of a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the porter opens the door up stairs and says, Please to walk in, Sir. That I shall never be paid for my labor, according to the current price of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me £10,000 to forego that labor, I should tell him and his money to go to the devil, for twice the sum would not produce me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to be in the next world, to take a fly and visit those old worthies who are my only society here, and to tell them what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumber.

\* Coleridge to Wedgewood.

\* Keswick carrier.



land, two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them, and perhaps feel more about them."

We transcribe without abridgment a letter to his friend Rickman, both because it not alone exhibits the work at which he was engaged, but gives a picture of the workman. Poor Tobin's anxiety to get an epilogue from him is not a little amusing. It would not be easy to persuade the writers for the theatre that it would be easier for such a man as Southey to compose a play than an epilogue. The letter opens with the mention of his son Herbert's birth.

"October 13th, 1806.

"MY DEAR RICKMAN,

"You will be glad to hear that my child proves to be of the more worthy gender.

"I would do a great deal to please poor Tobin, (indeed, it is doing a good deal to let him inflict an argument upon me,) but to write an epilogue is doing too much for anybody. Indeed, were I ever so well disposed to misemploy time, paper, and rhymes, it would be as much out of my reach as the moon is; and I bless my stars for the incapacity, believing that a man who can do such things well cannot do anything better.

"I am also thoroughly busy. Summer is my holiday season, in which I lay in a store of exercise to serve me for the winter, and leave myself, as it were, fallow to the influences of heaven. I am now very hard at Palmerin,—so troublesome a business, that a look before the leap would have prevented the leap altogether. I expected it would only be needful to alter the *propria quæ maribus* to their original orthography, and restore the costume where the old translators had omitted it, as being to them foreign or obsolete; but they have so mangled, mutilated, and massacred, the manner; vulgarized, impoverished, embeggered the language; so lopped, cropped, and docked the ornaments, that I was fain to set my shoulder stiffly to the wheel, and retranslate about one-half. As this will not produce me one penny more than if I had reprinted it with all its imperfections on its head, the good conscience with which it is done reconciles me to the loss of time; and I have, moreover, such a true love of romance, that the labor is not irksome, though it is hard. To correct a sheet, sixteen pages of the square-sized black-letter, is a day's work—that is, from breakfast till dinner, allowing an hour's walk, and from tea till supper; and the whole is about sixty sheets.

"Secondly, Espriella is regulated by the printer, who seems as little disposed to hurry me as I am to hurry him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thirdly, the reviewing is come round, of which, in the shape of Missionaries, Catholic Miracles, Bible and Religious Societies, Clarkson, and little Moore, (not forgetting Captain Burney,) I have more to do than I at first desired, yet not more

than will make a reasonable item on the right side of the King of Persia's books.

"Fourthly, I have done half the Cid; and whenever I seem sufficiently ahead of other employment, to lie-to for a while, that is what I go to.

"Lastly, For the Athenæum, *alias* Foolæum, for I abominate such titles, I am making some preparations,—meaning, among other things, to print there certain collections of unemployed notes and memoranda, under the title of *Omniana*.

"By God's blessing I shall have done all this by the end of the winter, and come to town early in the spring, to inspect certain books for the Cid, at the Museum and at Holland House.—God bless you.  
R. S."

We have the helmet in which he did battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in another letter,—

"My eyes are better, which I attribute to an old velvet bonnet of Edith's, converted without alteration into a most venerable studying cap for my worship; it keeps my ears warm, and I am disposed to believe that having the sides of my head cold as this Kamschatka weather, [he is writing in November,] needs must make it, affected the eyes. You may imagine what a venerable, and, as the French say, *penetrating* air this gives me,—hair, forehead, eyebrows, and eyes, are hidden, nothing appears but nose, but that is so cold that I expect every morning when I get out of bed to see the snow lie on the summit of it—this was not my old Egyptian plague, but pure weakness."

In another letter we have a similar description,—

"Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately, with the long worsted pantaloons, and-gaiters-in-one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat up stairs plays with me; for puss, finding my room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me."

And in speaking of himself in connection with the editor of the Quarterly Review,—

"Let not Gifford suppose me a troublesome man to deal with, pertinaciously about trifles, or standing on punctilios of authorship. No, Grosvenor, I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clock-work in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own,' when he wrote his 'Imitation'; working hard and getting little,—a bare

maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity, with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning; not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, and not so proud as happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted or happier man upon the face of this wide world. Your godson thinks that I have nothing to do but play with him, and anybody who saw what reason he has for his opinion, would be disposed to agree with him. I wish you you could see my beautiful boy."

Another letter to Rickman, when the boy is six months old, shows the onward-looking spirit of the affectionate father. Rickman had been writing to him about the Keltic language, and Southey replies.

"Should Herbert live I should more incline (as more connected with my own pursuits) to let him pass two or three years in Biscay, and procure all that is to be found of Cantabrian Antiquity—a distinct stock, I learn, from the Keltic; but I believe that one part of our population came from these shores, of which the prevalence of dark hair and dark complexion is to me physical proof. Nothing can be so little calculated to advance our stock of knowledge as our inveterate mode of education, whereby we all spend so much time in learning so little. I was from the age of six to that of twenty learning Greek and Latin, or, to speak more truly, learning nothing else. The little Greek I had, sleepeth, if it be not dead, and can hardly wake without a miracle; and my Latin, though abundant enough for all useful purposes, would be held in great contempt by those people who regard the classics as the scriptures of taste."

We suspect that some twenty years later, Southey would have used a different language on this subject—at all events, the course adopted with respect to his own education was one to which it is not fair to appeal, as to him no school instruction in any true sense of the word was given. It is a mistake to say that nothing but the dead languages are taught when a boy learns Greek and Latin. What he learns in addition to these—what he learns even in the effort to learn languages, is the power of reasoning, exercised at the same time that the memory is disciplined, and so impossible is it to substitute a different system of education for that which the experience of many centuries has approved, that we have never known a self-educated man who did not exhibit, whatever the original powers of his mind, an incapacity for just reasoning. What he knows he over-estimates, and makes no allowance at all in his calculations for the possibility of his being ignorant of anything—and the effect is, that even when he is right, the conclusions to

which he has come exist in his mind as prejudices, which preclude any farther examination of such questions as he made his mind up on, as it is called, and producing little influence on others, impede rather than assist the progress of truth. From these faults Southey's own mind was not altogether free, and we think so far from the Latin and Greek, which he read at school, doing him any harm, the great misfortune of his life was that he neglected such learning. But we must pass to another mention of his son Herbert, in whom his whole being seemed to be wrapped up for the few years of his brief life. He is now two years old, and his father's play-fellow.

"We have got the prettiest kitten you ever saw—a dark tabby—and we have christened her by the heathenish name of Dido. You would be very much diverted to see her hunt Herbert all round the kitchen, playing with his little bare feet, which she just pricks at every pat, and the faster he moves back, the more she paws them, at which he cries 'naughty Dido,' and points to his feet and says, 'hurt, hurt,' naughty Dido! Presently he feeds her with comfits, which Dido plays with a while, but soon returns to her old game. You have lost the amusing part of Herbert's childhood—just when he is trying to talk, and endeavoring to say everything."

*This is a father's tale, and told to a brother.* Southey lived in his affections. In a letter written to his friend Bedford, written a few days after, we have Herbert again—"My son is the oddest fellow in the world; I wish you could see his bright eyes." To another friend he writes, March 31, 1809,—  
"I have now three girls living, and as delightful a play-fellow, in the shape of a boy, as ever man was blest with. Very often when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged."

In a letter to Landor, we have an account of the sudden seizure of the child by croup. Immediate medical aid was fortunately within reach, and the danger arrested; but the father's heart, who had all along thought of the boy as too lovely to live, had its misgivings. After all cause for fear would seem to have been over, he writes to Landor:—

"Even now I am far, very far from being at ease. There is a love which passeth the love of woman, and which is more lightly alarmed than the wakefullest jealousy. Landor, I am not a Stoic at home; I feel as you do about the fall of an old tree; but, oh! what a pang it is to look upon the young shoot, and think it will be cut down. And this is the thought which almost at all times haunts me. It comes upon me in mo-



ments when I know not whether the tears that start are of love or of bitterness. There is an evil, too, in seeing all things like a poet; circumstances which would glide over a healthier mind sink into mine; everything comes to me with its whole force; the full meaning of a look, a gesture, a child's imperfect speech, I can perceive, and cannot help perceiving; and then I am made to remember what I would give the world to forget. \* \* \* The heaven of anxiety is working in my whole system; I will try to quiet it, by forcing myself to some other subject."

In a letter to Bedford, the same tone of feeling is again expressed:—

"The poor child has been so used to have me for his play-fellow, that he will have me for his nurse, and you may imagine with what feelings I endeavor to amuse him. But, thank God! he is lively and likely to live. \* \* \* Still the instability of human happiness is ever before my eyes. I long for the certain and the permanent; and, perhaps, my happiest moments are those in which I am looking on to another state of being, in which there shall be no other change than that of progressing in knowledge, and thereby in power and enjoyment.

"I have suffered some sorrow in my time, and expect to suffer much more; but, looking into my own heart, I do not believe that a single pang could have been spared. My Herbert says to me, 'You are very naughty,' when I hold his hands while his neck is dressed. I have as deep a conviction that whatever affliction I have ever endured, or yet have to endure, is dispensed to me in mercy and in love, as he will have for my motives for inflicting pain on him now; if it should please God that he should ever live to understand them."

Within less than a month of the date of this letter, affliction fell upon him in a form which he had not anticipated.

"May 22, 1809.—We lost Emma yesterday night. Five days ago she was in finer health than I had ever seen her, and I had repeatedly remarked it. \* \* \* The transitoriness of everything here is always present to my feeling, as well as my understanding. Were I to speak of my family as sincerely as Wordsworth's little girl, my story would be, that I have five children, three of them at home, and two of them under my mother's care in Heaven. No more of this. \* \* \* Herbert, thank God, seems well: seems is all one dares to say."

We have dwelt the longer on the occasional notices of Herbert Southey, because, while Southey loved all his children, his whole heart seemed to have been given to this child, whom he was fated early to lose.

Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book has not yet advanced far enough to exhibit to us the do-

mestic group which, in a few years after, circled round Southey's hearth. We transcribe a sentence from a letter written by Southey to Wilberforce, soon after the death of Herbert, as we do not wish to separate the memoranda which relate to him.

"They only who know me in my daily habits can imagine or believe how great has been the extent of my loss, or how it is possible that a child of ten years should have been so entirely the companion as well as pupil of his father. I was recovering Greek in the process of teaching Herbert; we were learning German together, and were to have begun Saxon in the same manner. For his age, there was no better Latin scholar; in Greek, he was fit for the fifth form of Westminster; and he was acquiring, with little expense of time, and no trouble, the French and Spanish. With all these acquirements going on, his life was like a continual holiday, so much was his disposition and mine to mingle sport with study, and find recreation in all things. He was the constant companion of my walks, and felt as much interest in my pleasure as I did in his. His disposition was as beautiful as his intellect, and therefore I had ever an ominous apprehension that he was not destined to grow upon earth, where it was not possible that his nature could be improved, and but too certain that it must in some degree be sullied. The feeling which thus prepared me for this privation has not been without its use in enabling me to submit to it with resignation. I hope and believe that I have borne this affliction as becomes a Christian. The Stoicism which I endeavored to practice in youth, and not without signal benefit, might have supported, but could not have consoled me. My heart is weaned from the world, and the brightest spot in the prospect before me is, when the light from Heaven shines upon the grave. Yet do not imagine that I give way to sorrow, or indulge in vain sorrow or guilty regret. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Never were these words pronounced with more heartfelt sincerity than when I repeated them in the most painful scene and moments of my life. I am thankful for the abundant blessings which I still possess; but of all things most thankful for having possessed a son whom I loved so entirely, who was so entirely worthy to be loved, and whom I shall one day rejoice."

Coleridge is frequently mentioned, often with impatience, at what seems his indolence, but always with unbounded admiration of his genius. In speaking of Coleridge, he is led to the mention of one whom he had known; who had died early, having disappointed all the hopes formed of him. The name is not given in the letter from which we quote, nor is it supplied by the editor. Were it possible now to disinter it, the value of the warn-

ing would not be increased by a communication of the name.

"I knew one man resembling Coleridge, save that with equal genius, he was actually a vicious man. If that man had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and his social advantages, and as such, we who knew him and loved him at school used to anticipate him. I learnt more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, because the rain fell when the young plant was just germinating, and wanted it most; and I learned more morality by his example than anything else could have taught me, for I saw him without envy. He is dead, and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory alive. A few individuals only remember him with a sort of horror and affection, which just serves to make them melancholy whenever they mention him, or think of his name. This will not be the case with Coleridge; the *disjecta membra* will be found, if he does not die early; but having so much to do, so many errors to weed out of the world, which he is capable of eradicating, if he does die without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted. Wordsworth will do better, and leave behind him a name unique in his way; he will rank among the very first poets, and probably possess a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakspeare."

We have Hazlitt mentioned in two of the letters of the second volume. He was at this time still pursuing painting as a profession, and had not yet contemplated authorship as his vocation in life. We are not quite sure, that with all his occasional praise of the poets of the lake country, he was likely at any time to have quite satisfied them; but his portraits of them with the pencil were things more to be deprecated than any criticism, however severe. A printed book is fair game for any man, though we think it would be as well he let alone his friends' books when he could not praise them; but what right had he to tell the world in calumnious colors, that they were an ugly set of dogs? This was unkind, and appears to have been felt. Southey laughed a little, to be sure, at the effect, but did Wordsworth?

"Hazlitt," says Southey to Duppa, "whom you saw at Paris, has been here,—a man of real genius. He has made a very fine picture of Coleridge for Sir George Beaumont, which is said to be in Titian's manner; he has also painted Wordsworth, but so dismally, though Wordsworth's face is his idea of physiognomical perfection, that one of his friends, on seeing it, exclaimed, 'At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, yet determined to die like a man;' and if you saw the picture, you would admire the criticism."

In a letter to Coleridge, three portraits of him are mentioned, and among them this "very fine" one of Hazlitt's.

"I went into the exhibition merely to see your picture, which perfectly provoked me. Hazlitt's does look as if you were on your trial, and certainly had stolen the horse; but then you did it cleverly; it had been a deep, well-laid scheme, and it was no fault of yours that you had been detected. But this portrait by Northcote looks like a grinning idiot; and the worst is, it is just like enough to pass for a good likeness with those who only know your features imperfectly. Dance's drawing has that merit, at least, that nobody could ever suspect you of being the original."

Coleridge and Southey had the misfortune of having given up the prospects of regular professional life at an early age. Their views of religion and of politics not only prevented their taking orders in the Church of England, but placed them in a state of what was regarded as hostility by the ruling powers. Coleridge's acquaintanceship with Thelwall, and the intimacy that both had with Godwin, and others of the persons most prominent in the warfare which the press and the platform was waging against the Government, and indeed against the principles of all government—while Rebellion was raging in Ireland, and Revolution triumphant in France—rendered intelligible, if it did not justify the system of espionage then adopted. We always had doubts of Coleridge's having been right in thinking that a spy was employed to watch his and Wordsworth's movements; but a passage in these letters of Southey shows that he was not misinformed. Men such as Southey and Coleridge were felt as an important accession to the party which they were understood to join; and the first Reviews which took notice of their works were those in the hands of that party. The very subject of "Joan of Arc" was hailed as one in which the defeat of England was celebrated; indeed, Pitt himself was introduced, in one of the allegorical passages of the poem canceled in later editions, as the "dark vizier," to whom the miseries of an ill-governed country were to be attributed. In Coleridge's poems were passages in which Episcopacy was denounced, and the union of Church and State represented, as that which realized the Scriptural picture of Antichrist. These passages were written in a very elevated tone of feeling, and the language was of that imaginative cast which affects imperfectly educated men almost contagiously. Words produce their



effect, awakening not thought but passions, and praise is conferred as the formed sympathies, that are appealed to, suggest. The poet who inveighs against war is lauded by the Quaker reviewer. If "mitred Atheism" be one of the figures in a poem, it is surely not wonderful that a dissenter, pledged against Episcopacy, and who has not only to rejoice over a new convert to his doctrines, won from the Establishment, in the young poet, but has gained a new word for his vocabulary without the expensive process of any additional thought, bestows his warmest admiration on the young conjuror who has taught him a new charm. Ludicrous as it may now seem, it was something for the cause of reform and dissent when Coleridge preached at Bath, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, against Pitt and hair-powder, and when it was communicated to the congregation that the preacher was "the Reverend S. T. Coleridge, from Cambridge University."\* To their politics more than to their poetry Coleridge and Southey owed the first plaudits which they received. As praise thus given was felt by the bestowers to be a boon rather than a right, it is not surprising that they resented the after course of the men whom, when they were mere boys, they had thought attached to their political views, and whose early influence on the public mind was certainly in great part due to the dissenting journals and to the temper of exaggeration in which political advocates—and such our poets were regarded as being—are always spoken of by their party. We do not think that either Southey or Coleridge can, in any offensive sense of the word, be regarded as abandoning what was unreasonably called their party, or as at any time of life acting in violation of principle, though it was not at all surprising that those who reckoned on their alliance, and found they had miscalculated, should so represent the matter to themselves as well as others. That the publications to which we allude were regarded by Southey as having aided the circulation of his early works, is proved by his letter to William Smith,†—

"The poem to which, with all its faults, he is indebted for his first favorable notice from the public, may possibly have been honored with a place in Mr. William Smith's library, as it received the praise of all the dissenting journals of the day. It is possible that their recommendation

may have induced him to favor 'Joan of Arc' with a perusal, and not improbably in a mood which would disregard its manifold demerits in style and structure for the sake of its liberal opinions. Perhaps, too, he may have condescended to notice the minor poems of the same author, sanctioned as some of these also were at their first appearance by the same critical authorities."

The circumstances under which these distinguished men were forced into a sort of doubtful public life in their struggle for bread, were unfavorable—to say the least—to their resuming their abandoned studies, or, perhaps, to their being permitted, had they so wished, to return to their colleges.

In these circumstances, Southey's unwearied industry and punctuality recommended him to the booksellers. Unequal health, and a range of studies more extensive than Southey's, and requiring more time for thought, rendered task-work such as Southey's a thing impossible for Coleridge; and hence the imputation of indolence and idleness at times when he was laboriously engaged. His works are the best answer to the charge; for we believe that there was no single year in which he did not produce something that the world would not now be willing to have lost—and this under the disadvantages of uncertain health, of an unfixed home, and of his talents being of an order that it would not at any time have been easy to command a market price for their produce. We have mentioned William Taylor in a former part of this paper, and we must now quote a letter from Southey to him on one of Taylor's projects; but it may be desirable that we first speak of Taylor himself. His works would well deserve a separate notice, but we must content ourselves with a sentence, and this for the purpose of rendering the letter we quote intelligible.

Taylor was the son of a Norwich merchant, and was sent in early life to the Continent to learn languages, with commercial views. He made himself acquainted with the literature of Germany; and partly for the purpose of supplying himself with money for the purchase of books while he was living with his father, he became a contributor to the *Reviews* of the day. The articles on foreign literature, in the *Monthly* and *Annual Reviews*, were chiefly supplied by him. His style was his own—always thoughtful, often fantastic, sometimes—more especially when he wrote in verse—singularly happy. His translation or imitation of "*Bürger's Leonore*" is an instance of this which every one will remember.

\* Cottle's "Early Recollections."

† Southey's *Essays*. London, 1832. Vol. ii.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed—  
Splash, splash across the sea,"

was at one time familiar to every ear.

"The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthly sound is none,"

—difficult as it would be to give it a distinct meaning, were lines which affected the imagination of all. Wordsworth, a severe critic, regarded them with the highest admiration. The persons who took any interest in poetry looked in vain for a poem from Taylor,—his time was consumed from day to day in the journeywork of the day. He wrote as industriously as if he were writing for bread, and as carefully as if he thought of fame being to be purchased by his accounts of other men's books. "I can trace William Taylor," says Mackintosh in 1808, "by his Armenian dress gliding through the crowd in annual reviews, monthly magazines, *athenæums*, &c.; rousing the stupid public by paradox, or correcting it by useful and unseasonable truths. It is true, that he does not speak the Armenian, or any other language, but the Taylorian; but I am so fond of his vigor and originality, that, for his sake, I have studied and learned his language. As the Hebrew is studied for one book, so is the Taylorian for one author." In 1803 Taylor set up a newspaper in Norwich, which he called the *Iris*, and the prospectus of which is no bad specimen of the Taylorian. "*Iris*," says the prospectus, "sprung from Curiosity or Thaumasia, and was the messenger of Juno, the goddess of empire. On swift wings she brought and bare every variety of intelligence in pleasing words. Her errands were worthy, and conspicuous as the colors of the rainbow. She sometimes instructed the slumbering monarch, sometimes brought perfume to the toilet of her protectress, and sometimes indicated for the deceased the path to Hades. Her robes were blue and white. The rival of Mercury—the terror of Chronos, she is every way fitted for our patroness." Southey, when he saw this prospectus, thus writes to his friend:—

"Your prospectus has the mark of the beast. I should have known it had it been for a York or an Exeter paper, and excellently good it is. I wish I had advertisements to send you, or anything else. I am reviewing for Longman—reviewing for Hamilton—translating; perhaps again about to versify for the Morning Post; drudge, drudge, drudge. Do you know Quarles's emblem of the toad that tries to fly but is chained by the leg to earth? For myself I could do easily,

but not easily for others; and there are more claims than one upon me. But in spite of your prospectus, and all the possible advantages of a party newspaper in a county where parties are nearly equal, I cannot be satisfied that William Taylor should be a newspaper editor; that he who should be employed in preparing dishes for the daintiest palates should be making wash for swine. Few men have his talents, fewer still his learning, and perhaps no other his leisure joined to these advantages. From him an *opus magnum* might—ought to be expected. Coleridge and I must drudge for newspapers from necessity, but it should not be your choice."

Taylor was indoctrinated with the German theologies, and was the great hierophant in revealing them to England. He did not deny revelation, but the Scriptures revealed to him other things than it communicated to any other of the children of men; and whatever he imported from Germany was dashed with stranger matter of his own. Our Lord he believed to have written the "Wisdom of Solomon" after his crucifixion. He created for himself a Daniel, not the Daniel,—and his Daniel was the sublimest of poets, for to him he ascribed whatever most he admired in the prophetic books of Scripture. Thales wrote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Wilkes was the author of Junius's Letters. Southey did not spare his friend, but admired him; and he deserved to be admired, notwithstanding all his absurdities.

"Dear William Taylor," one of his letters begins, "your theology does nothing but mischief. \* \* \* The regular troops of infidelity do little harm; and their trumpeters, such as Voltaire and Paine, not much more; but it is such pioneers as Middleton, and you, and your German friends, that work underground, and sap the very citadel. That Monthly Magazine is read by all the dissenters—I call it the Dissenters' Obituary—and here you are eternally mining, mining, under the shallow faith of their half-learned, half-witted, half-paid, half-starved pastors. We must not give strong meat to weak stomachs. I have qualms of conscience about it myself. There is poor Burnett gone stark foolish, because he has been made the friend of the wise—diseased at once with a plethora of vanity and an inanition of knowledge, with all the disposition to destroy himself, only that he cannot muster up courage, and that, I suppose, he will do at last in the hope of being talked of as an instance of neglected genius. Oh, that proverb about the pearls and the swine has a great deal more in it than I once imagined! I, who am a believer, were I now at three-and-twenty with the opinions that I hold at nine-and-twenty, would choose the Church for my profession; but then I have a deep, and silent, and poet-feeling connected with these things which has grown with me, and will grow."



Taylor had, in the year 1791, persuaded his father to retire from business. The family consisted but of his father, mother, and himself; their means seemed ample, and were sufficient to enable them to live in the best society that Norwich and the neighborhood afforded. William Taylor's entire time was given to study and to writing for periodical publications; and he may be described as the first who adopted the course of rather communicating to his readers what he knew of a subject, than confining himself to an account of the particular book which accident laid on his desk. The income of the Taylors was not so large as the public believed. There had been some losses owing to American failures, and another serious loss occurred at a time it could be ill borne, when Taylor's parents were old, and when one of them was blind. After retiring from business, Taylor's father was tempted to try to increase his means by the practice of insuring at Lloyd's. He deposited £1500 to pay losses and averages as they occurred, with a merchant to whom he gave his proxy. Interest was allowed on the deposit, and an annual profit was divided besides of £100, £120, or £150. The merchant who held their proxy failed.

"This failure," he says to Southey in a letter written at the time, "sweeps away all this deposit, the interest it produced, the annual profit of insuring, and an independent capital responsible for the outstanding risks. Our total suffering will annihilate between three and four thousand pounds. We cannot subsist, in our contracted shape, on the interest of what remains. The capital will last but our joint lives; but I shall be abandoned at once to solitariness and penury. To what can I look forward but to a voluntary interment in the same grave with my parents? Oh, that nature would realize this most convenient doom!"

It is customary to complain of the want of generosity in society, and it would be a mistake which few who know anything of the world, or who have thought at all on the subject, would make, to expect assistance or sympathy in the hour of trial or of distress from the crowd of persons whom accidental circumstances have connected with the sufferer even in something like intimacy. In Schiller's language—

"As light  
As the free bird from the hospitable twig  
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:  
No human tie is snapped between us two.  
Yea! he deserves to find himself deceived  
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life

Impress their characters on the smooth forehead;  
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth."\*

In the case of the Taylors there was the necessity of immediately changing the house in which they lived to a smaller one, and reducing their expenditure by the amount to which their income was diminished. This some of Taylor's friends endeavored to prevent—one gentleman urged the old lady's blindness as a reason for her not removing from a house with every spot of which she was familiar, and pressed on Taylor an annuity of £100 a year—another told him that he had left him a sum of £500 in his will, and wished to give it at once. Southey made anxious efforts to get him appointed to an office in the British Museum, which had become vacant by the retirement of Douce; and also urged the publication of his collected works, for which arrangements were suggested that would have made this a source of considerable income. These modes of meeting the difficulty are insisted on in Southey's letters to Taylor; but it was not in Southey's character to rest satisfied with exertions such as these, which after all depended, both in the case of the appointment to the Museum, and of anything to be realized by the immediate sale of his collected writings, on the success of solicitations which no man whose services could be worth anything to an institution, or whose works could be of any permanent value, could make or consent to have made for him. We do not know whether the plan suggested by Southey would have been feasible, as there was that in Taylor which would have resisted any attempt to relieve him, but it is due to Southey to mention it. He proposed the purchase of an annuity for Taylor's life by a few of Taylor's friends, either by raising a sufficient sum at once, or by yearly subscriptions.

"This"—he is writing to an intimate friend of Taylor's—"of course is a thing on which the very wind must not blow. Ten years hence, or perhaps five, if the least desirable of those plans should be found the most practicable, you and Harry [Southey's brother] may be able to co-operate in it. I am ready now, either with a yearly ten pounds or with fifty at once. If more were in my power, more should be done; but if his friends do not love him well enough to secure him at least £100 a year, one way or other, the world is worse than I thought it."

The income which remained to the Taylors after their losses was found sufficient

\* Death of Wallenstein—Coleridge's Translation.

for their purposes; and William Taylor must have taken a more gloomy view of the future when he first wrote than events justified, as he lived for twenty-five years after this, and, though never rich, left at his death property amounting to several thousand pounds. The fear, however, of want, roused him into some active measures for the publication of parts of his works which, we are sorry, were not carried out; for with all his heresies—religious and literary—we incline to believe that his works contain a vast deal of matter worthy of preservation. Mr. Robberds, his biographer, has done some service by giving lists of his publications, and references to the works in which they are contained. The facts brought before us in looking over the biography of literary men satisfy us, that in England there must be a vast amount of generous conduct that from its nature can never come before the public eye. In the case of Southey himself, his school-fellow Wynn gave him an annuity of £150 a year; and Landor, when he found Southey, was prevented from writing poetry by the expense of bringing before the public books for which he could find no remunerative sale, offered to undertake himself the risk of the publication. In resigning the annuity to Wynn, Southey writes—

"You had been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and at one time sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother. It was being done to as I would have done."

Through Southey's whole life we find unnumbered proofs of his own generosity, and that he must have known by his own experience how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive." He made exertions not alone in the editing of the works of Chatterton and Kirke White, for the families, for whom he thus created a valuable property, but also endeavored in every way to promote the sale by means which he disregarded or thought unbecoming with respect to any of his own publications.

Southey's support was derived, we have said, chiefly from his task-work for reviews. He appears to have been sufficiently bold in his criticisms on other men's books. "Stop thief!" is the commencement of a savage dissection of the rhymes of some poor devil who had been plundering Wordsworth; "This is a Dutch imitation of the German sublime," is his account of a poem which has since become popular; "*Hayley, gaily, gamborally, draggletail, dreary, dun,*" is his

word of welcome to poor old Hayley when he published some hobbling ballads; and he in turn appears to have borne with great good-humor such of the attacks on his poems as he saw—anxious, however, about them, inasmuch as they had effects on the sale.

"The public," he says, "do not buy poetry unless it be made fashionable; mine gets reviewed by enemies, who are always more active than friends: one reviewer envies me, another hates me, and a third tries his hand on me as fair game. Thousands, meantime, read the books, but they borrow them, and then wonder that they do not sell. . . . Puff me, Coleridge! if you love me, puff me!—puff a couple of hundreds into my pocket!"

Of the "Annual Review," while it lasted, he and Taylor were the great strength, and the care which he took in the actual study of the works he reviewed, stood him afterward in good stead, as the subjects of his papers in the Quarterly Review on its first establishment were those on which he had written in the Annual. In writing to a friend in 1806, he says,—

"If you have seen or should see the Annual Review, you may like to know that I have borne a great part in it thus far, and I may refer you for the state of my opinions to the Reviews of the Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Mission, vol. i., of Malthus's Essay on Population, Miles's History of the Methodists, and the Transactions of the Missionary Society, vol. ii. and iii., and of the Report of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. In other articles you may trace me from recollections of your own, by family likeness, by a knowledge of Spanish literature, and by a love of liberty and literature freely and warmly expressed."

Scott, always anxious to serve his friends, suggested to Southey a connection with the Edinburgh Review, by which a large addition to his income might be obtained. We quote the letter in which Southey declined the proposed engagement.

"I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make concerning the *Edinburgh Review*, and fully sensible of your friendliness, and the advantages which it holds out. I bear as little ill-will to Jeffrey as he does to me, and attribute whatever civil things he has said of me to a special civility, whatever pert ones (a truer epithet than severe would be) to the habit which he has acquired of taking it for granted that the critic is, by virtue of his office, superior to every writer whom he chooses to summon before him. The reviews of Thalaba and Madoc do in no degree influence me. Setting all personal feeling aside, the objections which weigh with me against bearing any part in this journal are these:—I



have scarcely one opinion in common with it upon any subject. Jeffrey is for peace, and is endeavoring to frighten the people into it: I am for war as long as Bonaparte lives. He is for Catholic Emancipation: I believe that its immediate consequence would be to introduce an Irish priest into every ship in the navy. My feelings are still less in unison with him than my opinions.

\* \* \* Every separate article in the *Review* derives authority from the merit of all the others; and, in this way, whatever of any merit I might insert there would aid and abet opinions hostile to my own. \* \* \* To Jeffrey as an individual I shall ever be ready to show every kind of individual courtesy; but of Judge Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust.

"To recur to the *Edinburgh Review*, let me once more assure you that, if I do not grievously deceive myself, the criticisms upon my own poems have not influenced me; for, however unjust they were, they were less so, and far less uncourteous, than what I meet with in other journals; and though these things injure me materially in a pecuniary point of view, they make no more impression upon me than the bite of a sucking flea would do upon Garagantua."

Southey soon found more profitable work than reviewing in the *Annual* by the sheet, where the sheet was prodigiously large and closely printed, and the payment was very small. It is probable that it was Scott's friendly interference that made him be selected to write the historical volumes of the *Edinburgh Annual Register* at a salary of £400 a year. When his engagements enabled him to get rid of his slave-work in the *Annual Review*, he writes exultingly, "My reviewing is this day finished for ever and ever, Amen. Our fathers, who are in the Row, will I dare say wish me to continue at the employment while I am weary of it. Seven years have I been like Sir Bevis, preying on rats and mice and such small deer, and for the future will fly at better game. It is best to choose my own subjects." Reviewing, however, was destined to be his fate to the last. His exceeding diligence and punctuality, on which the conductors of such publications could entirely rely, distinguished him from almost every other person engaged in literature. Literature was his profession in a sense as distinct as the practice of the law is that of a barrister, and no other person of his day can be named, except perhaps his friend William Taylor, who in writing for reviews was not snatching from some more proper occupation a few hurried hours, or availing himself of those channels of communication with

the public for some ulterior end. His writings were Southey's means of livelihood, and mercantile regularity was as necessary in his dealings with the booksellers as with his banker. On no other condition could his unexampled diligence have had that portion of its reward, which consisted in being able to support and educate his family, and to feel also assured that his cherished hopes of an undying name, arising from the exertion of his talents in the higher walks of literature, were aided essentially by the quiet of heart and mind arising from these habits. At all events, on regularity in its principal contributors must depend the success, almost the existence of a *Review*. Some differences arose between the London and *Edinburgh Review* partners in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Southey was the first person to whom the Longmans applied for aid when it seemed likely that a rival publication would be started. They asked him for "articles in his best manner," offering a higher rate of payment than he received in the *Annual Review*. In his reply he told them that his principle was to do his best at all times, without reference to the amount of payment; and to this fair taxing of his powers he owed the perfect facility with which he at last came to write, and the occasional felicity of his style, which has, however, been praised something more than it deserves. The articles prepared on this occasion were transferred to the *Annual Review*.

In the autumn of 1808 the *Quarterly Review* was set up. Scott seems to have been the originator of this powerful opponent to the *Edinburgh Review*, then circulating nearly nine thousand copies, and commanding great influence over public opinion. Southey's political opinions had been for a long time those of the Tory party on most questions of Church and State, and on the Spanish question he went farther and augured more favorably than any statesman of the day, except perhaps Canning. His faith was in the character of the people; but while his predictions as to the ultimate success of the Spaniards were not contradicted by the final issue of the European war, we think that he had scarcely the right which he assumed of congratulating himself on being an inspired prophet. On the questions of Church and State, on which he was fond of writing, he says, in one of his letters of the year 1812, that he was "no Church bigot. It would be impossible for me to subscribe to the Church articles upon the mysterious points. I rather withhold

assent than refuse it; not presuming to define in my own imperfect conceptions what has been left indefinite." This is modest, and no doubt expresses what the writer thought was a true account of the state of his feelings; yet this man, who here says he is no Church bigot, in a letter written within two days from that which we quote, speaking of Cobbett and Hunt, whom he calls the evangelists of the populace, tells the friend to whom he is writing,—“There is no way of securing the people against this sort of poison but the old receipt of Mithridates—dieting them from their childhood with antidotes, and making them as ready to die for their Church and State as Spaniards.” If this be not bigotry, is it not worse? Shall a man have the right to say I will indoctrinate the people, so that their love of Church and State shall be an unreasoning prejudice, and is not this what is proposed? Writing about Ireland, he says, that “if Ireland were far enough from our shores to be lost without danger to our own security, I would say, establish the Catholic religion there as the easiest way of civilizing it,” and this in a letter in which he earnestly impresses the danger of what was called Catholic Emancipation. As to political concessions nothing could be fairer than arguing on such subjects from considerations of the kind suggested, but how is it possible to justify the proposal of establishing Catholicism in Ireland when made by a person professing Southey's views of its being “the greatest work of human wickedness,” which is his language in this very letter?\*

\* We transcribe the passage in a note:—“I am for abolishing the test with regard to every other sect—Jews and all—but not to the Catholics. They will not tolerate: the proof is in their whole history, in their whole system, and in their present practice all over Catholic Europe; and it is the nature of their principles now to spread in this country, Methodism and the still wilder sects preparing the way for it. You have no conception of the zeal with which they seek for proselytes, nor the power they have over weak minds; for their system is as well the greatest work of human wisdom as it is of human wickedness. It is curious that the Jesuits exist in England as a body, and have possessions here; a Catholic told me this, and pointed out one in the streets of Norwich, but he could tell me nothing more, and expressed his surprise at it, and his curiosity to learn more. Having been abolished by the Pope, they keep up their order secretly, and expect their restoration, which, if he be wise, Bonaparte will effect. Were I a Catholic, that should be the object to which my life should be devoted, I would be the second Loyola.

“Concessions and conciliations will not satisfy the Catholics; vengeance and the throne are what they

politics on which there was any very serious difference between Southey and the principal persons engaged in the Quarterly Review. Gifford, half for fun—for it became necessary to have some amusing articles in each Number—seems every now and then to have insisted on sacrificing some victim of the opposite party; and the real or supposed political offences of those whom the Tories regarded as enemies were punished by review of works which otherwise would probably have been allowed to expire unnoticed. This Southey resisted, and as far as he could endeavored to prevent. Now and then, as in the case of James Montgomery, he saved a friend by undertaking the business of reviewing him himself. On the whole, Southey moved pretty well in harness, though he had occasionally to feel that the reins were in a firm hand. Southey complained often bitterly enough of the suppression of passages in his articles. This, we can well believe, was sometimes, more especially in a journal supposed to speak the sentiments of the then Government, absolutely necessary; but what was to Southey exceedingly vexatious, was that the facts omitted—not unlikely to have been omitted from the very fact of their bringing forward something of real importance at a moment deemed inconvenient for its discussion—were often not preserved in

want. If Ireland were far enough from our shores to be lost without danger to our own security, I would say establish the Catholic religion there, as the easiest way of civilizing it; but Catholic Ireland would always be at the command of the Pope, and the Pope is now at the command of France. It is dismal to think of the state of Ireland. Nothing can redeem that country but such measures as none of our statesmen, except perhaps Marquis Wellesley, would be hardy enough to adopt,—nothing but a system of Roman conquest and colonization, and shipping off the refractory to the colonies.

“You ask me about the Catholic question. I am against admitting them to power of any kind, because the immediate use that would be made of it would be to make proselytes, for which Catholicism is of all religions best adapted. Every ship which had a Catholic captain would have a Catholic chaplain, and in no very long time a Catholic crew; so on in the army; just as every rich Catholic in England at this time has his mansion surrounded with converts fairly purchased,—the Jerningham family in Norfolk for instance. I object to any concessions, because no concession can possibly satisfy them; and I think it palpable folly to talk or think of tolerating any sect (beyond what they already enjoy) whose first principle is that their Church is infallible, and, therefore, bound to persecute all others. This is the principle of Catholicism everywhere, and when they can they avow it and act upon it.”



the printing-office. In one of his letters, he entreats that if Gifford thinks it necessary to use the pruning-knife, the copy may be returned—

"Because it is ten to one that the passages which he would curtail, being the most Robert Southeyish of the whole, would be those that I should like best of all, and therefore I would have the satisfaction of putting them in again for my own satisfaction, if for nobody else's. I must still confess to you, Grosvenor, that I have my fears and suspicions as to the freedom of the Review, and this article will, in some measure, put it to the proof; for it is my nature and my principle to speak and write as earnestly, as plainly, and as straight to the mark as I think and feel. If the editor understands his own interest he will not restrict me. A Review started against the Edinburgh will instantly be suspected of being a ministerial business, and a sprinkling of my free and fearless way of thinking will win friends for it among those very persons most likely to be prejudiced against it, and to be misled by the Scotsmen. The high orthodox men, both of Church and State, will always think as they are told: there is no policy in writing to them; the Anti-Jacobin and British Critic are good enough for their faces of brass, brains of lead, and tongues of bell-metal. I shall not offend them, though my reasonings appeal to better hearts and clearer understandings. I would say this to him if I knew him; but I do not desire you to say it, because I do not know how far it might suit the person to whom it relates."—*Southey to Bedford, December, 1808.*

In a letter to his friend Duppa, he says,—

"You may have known that I have some dealings, in the way of trade, with your bookseller, Murray. One article of mine is in his first Quarterly, and he has bespoken more. Whenever I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you once more under this roof, it will amuse you to see how dexterously Gifford emasculated this article of mine of its most forcible parts. I amused myself one morning with putting them all in again, and restoring vigor, consistency, and connection to the whole. It is certainly true that his Majesty gives me a pension of £200 a year, out of which his Majesty deducts £60, and a few shillings; but if his Majesty trebled or decupled the pension, and remitted the whole taxation, it would be the same thing. The Treasury should never bribe, nor his judges deter me from delivering a full and free opinion upon any subject which seems to me to call for it. If I hate Bonaparte, and maintain that this country never ought to accept of any peace while that man is Emperor of France, it is precisely upon the same principle that I formerly disliked Pitt, and maintain that we never ought to have gone to war."

In a letter to May (August, 1812,) he writes—

"My article upon the French Revolutionists in the last Quarterly is a good deal the worse for the mutilation, which, as usual, it has undergone, but which I regard less than I do the alteration of a single word; speaking of 'the pilot that weathered the storm,' I wrote, 'whatever may have been his merits,' and this is altered into 'transcendent as,' an alteration of which I shall certainly complain. Had the article been printed entire it would have done me credit."

This was no doubt a little too much. Southey wished to write without directly contradicting what he supposed was the tone with which the Review was bound in consistency to speak of Pitt, and shaped an ambiguous sentence for the purpose of a compromise between the general opinions of the editor of the Review and the author of the particular article. It seems scarcely fair to have made such an alteration without a previous communication with Southey. But Southey and Coleridge were singularly unfortunate in their review notices of Mr. Pitt. In a collection of letters of Coleridge, published in 1836, we find him giving an account of a review of his published in the Edinburgh—"Clarkson, the moral steam-engine, a giant with one idea, had recently published his book,\* and being in a very irritable state of mind his wife expressed great fears of the effect of any severe review in the then state of his feelings. I wrote to the editor, and expressed to him my opinion of the cruelty of any censure being passed upon the work as a composition. In return I had a very polite letter, expressing a wish that I should review it. I did so, but when the Review was published, in the place of some just eulogiums due to Mr. Pitt, and which I stated were upon the best authority, (in fact they were from Tom Clarkson himself,) was substituted some abuse and detraction."

While Southey was engaged in reviewing, he never gave up the production of separate works of his own. Of these, with the exception of the "Life of Nelson," "Espriella's Letters from England" was the most popular. The third edition of it is on our shelves, and it was perhaps more often reprinted. In it are contained the germs of a good deal that Southey afterward produced in a more expanded form. Southey complained that his was not an age of heresiarchs—that the breed had degenerated. "They were really great men in former times, devoting great knowledge and powerful talents to great purposes." Alas! for the historian of the

\* History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Church in Southey's day. The heresiarchs of his time were the most ignorant of mankind, and were half insane—

"The Devil saw Brothers the prophet,  
And Brothers the prophet saw him."

Joanna Southcote, however, had commenced her ministry, and her early career gives the lively Spaniard materials for a pleasant chapter. The semi-catholicism of Oxford, which has always lingered there from the days of the Reformation, and which seems to regard theology as if it was one of the fine arts, and a mere question of taste, and which in our day has reappeared with much fatal effect, is well described.\* A review of one of the books on Wesley, about whom he had written a good deal in *Espriella*, gave rise to what we regard as the most interesting and instructive of his works, the "Life of Wesley." Another paper of his in the *Quarterly* led to his writing the "Book of the Church," a work to which we cannot award the praise claimed for it by the admirers of Southey. Indeed, to the facts of the book, on which he probably most valued himself, we are disposed to assign no higher value than to Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*." We regard with distrust the class of legends on which he seems fond of building; and are more than doubtful whether, be the legends true or false, it is wise to build at all on such a foundation.

In so voluminous a writer as Southey it would be easy to exhibit passages quite inconsistent with each other, but some are of a kind for which we were not prepared. His "Life of Cowper" opens with a sentence describing him as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers." In a letter to Bedford, we find this sentence—"His popularity is owing to his piety, not his poetry; and his piety is craziness. I like his letters, but think their so great popularity one of the many proofs of the imbecility of the age." Still the cu-

rious thing is, that in a person writing so much and living so much alone, led therefore to give a shape in words to every thought as it passed through his mind, there is not more of real or apparent inconsistency. He tells us of his anxiety to see an article in print, having himself forgotten "the form and manner" of it the moment it had passed from his hands. In truth, he seems to have as entirely forgotten what he had written as a practicing barrister forgets the speeches he has made. Nothing seems to have interrupted such parts of his work as could be done in the half-mechanical way in which he had accustomed himself to work. This, however, was the case only with his prose; other and higher powers were required for his poetry. "Anxiety," thus he writes, "unfits me for anything that requires feeling as well as thought. I can labor; I can think. Thought and labor will not produce poetry." In 1809, Southey, writing to Scott, says, "Half my time I sell to the booksellers; the other half is reserved for works which will never pay for the paper on which they are written, but on which I rest my future fame. I am, of course, straitened in circumstances; a little more would make me easy. My chance of inheritance is gone by; my father's elder brother was worth £40,000, but he cut me off without the slightest cause of offence."

Southey appears to have borne the disappointment, if any, which this kinsman created, with good humor. He wrote some verses on the occasion, for which we have not room; the point of which is, that the old age of poor Dives would have been a happy one had he opened his doors to his brother's children:

"Then had the sapless boughs  
With buds of hope and genial fruit been hung,  
Yea, with undying flowers.  
And wreaths forever young!"

The value of the undying flowers and wreaths forever young, were estimated at a higher rate, it would seem, by Southey himself than by his relatives. The Bristol Alderman, of whom he tells in a letter, (July 1809,) would probably have preferred such wreaths around his living head. "Gentlemen," said he to the persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns, "I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you can get your accounts settled with my executors; now, if you will allow me a handsome discount, I'll settle

\* "To do Oxford justice," Southey makes his Spaniard say, "it must be admitted that the apostacy began in the State, and was forced on her; that she clung to the faith till the very last, restored it with avidity under the short sunshine of Philip and Mary's reign, and whenever there has appeared any disposition toward Catholicism in the Government, has always inclined toward it as the saving side. More remains of the true faith are to be found here than exist elsewhere in England, as the frequency of Church service, the celibacy to which the fellows are restricted, and the prayers which are made in every College for the souls of the benefactors."—*Espriella*, vol. ii. p. 22.



them myself at once." They came into his proposal, and the old Alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

The volumes now before us bring Southey's biography down to the close of the year 1812. Of his poems during that interval, "Madoc" and "Kehama" were published, and the greater part of "Roderick" written. The correspondence with William Taylor enables us to show how Southey exulted in what he felt he had done in "Madoc":—

"In classing 'Madoc in Wales' with the historical plays of Shakspeare," says the poet, "you bestow the highest praise, and what I feel to be the most appropriate. It has the historical verisimilitude and the dramatic truth. The other part [Madoc in Aztlan] which is *sui generis*, you over and underrate. It is below Milton and Homer, infinitely below both, for both are unapproachably above my strength of wing. It is below Tasso in splendor, and in structure of fable; above him in originality; and equal in feeling even to Spenser. As to the others, I will not admit comparison. Virgil and Camoens are language-masters of the first order—nothing more; and the Messiah—pardon me if I say at least nine-tenths of what you admire in that poem appears to me bubble, and bladder, and trumpery—just what I should produce for a mock-heroic, and could produce with facility. There is one uniform substitution of *bulk* for *sublimity*."

Of "Madoc" Scott wrote to him expressing the highest admiration. A copy was sent to Fox; and Lady Holland told Southey that the rule at St. Anne's Hill was to read aloud till eleven, but that when they were reading "Madoc" they often read till the clock struck twelve. Miss Seward was an admirer. She read admirably, and she was fond of reading aloud such passages as she admired. Her encomiums on "Madoc" were communicated to Southey in such a way as led to a few letters between him and the lady; and when he next passed through Lichfield, he had no choice but paying her a visit.

"She resided in the bishop's palace. I was ushered," says Southey, "up the broad brown stair-case by her cousin, the Reverend Henry White, then one of the minor canons of that cathedral—a remarkable person, who introduced me with jubilant but appalling solemnity. Miss Seward was seated at her desk: she had just finished some 'verses to be inscribed on the blank leaves of the poem Madoc.'"

She read them aloud. Southey felt the ridicule of the position in which he was placed, and could scarcely forbear laughing

aloud. "Madoc" was very unwisely printed in a very expensive form; and lauded as it was in many circles, it would appear that it was doubtfully received by the public. It was printed at the risk of the Longmans—half the profits of the sale to be the poet's; and the account at the end of a year exhibited a balance in his favor of £3, 19s. 1d. Another year increased his profits to £25, and there we believe ended all he got from the first edition of the work. In the Reviews the poem was treated harshly. Still the extracts given from it in *The Edinburgh* were selected from the more striking parts of the poem: and we do not agree with Southey in thinking that the circumstance of the poem having failed to acquire popularity was in almost any degree to be ascribed to the effect of the Reviews. At all events, whatever the Reviews might say, his own estimate of the poem was a high one.

"I build," says he, "the hope, the confidence of my own immortality on 'Madoc,' because, in a story, as diversified as that of 'Thalaba,' human characters are well developed, human incidents well arranged; because it will be as new in the epic, as Thalaba is in the romance, and assert a bolder claim to originality than has been asserted since the voice of Homer awoke its thousand echoes."

Southey thought the sale of the book a good deal increased by Miss Seward's preaching its merits in all quarters in conversation, and she also wrote a review or defence of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Taylor lauded it in more than one publication. In writing to a friend who had published a book, Southey says—

"Need you be told the history of all Reviews? If a book falls into the hands of one who is neither friend nor enemy—which for a man known in the world is not likely—the reviewer will find fault to show his own superiority, though he be as ignorant of the subject on which he writes as an ass is of metaphysics, or John Pinkerton of Welsh antiquities and Spanish literature. As your book, therefore, has little chance of fair play, get it into the hands of your friends."

As for "Madoc," it was in vain that either friend or enemy strove for or against it. The book was too big; it was encumbered with notes, and notes of a character little likely to interest any but a few antiquarians. The praise given to it by its admirers was calculated, too, to suggest that the work was anything but one of amusement; and it was in

vain that passages of great beauty were from time to time brought before the public,—

"It was heavier than the income-tax,  
And twenty times more difficult to raise."

Its size and weight more effectually fixed it to the shelves of the publishers' ware-rooms, or those of the improvident bookseller who was tempted to hazard his order for a copy, than the old chains fastened the valued treasures of a monastic library. Southey was not disheartened; he said he would still write poems, but that he would not print them; that he would leave them completed, and that he would thus day by day go on building what he called his own imperishable monument, and creating what in better times would be a property to his family. Scott's praise of the poem must have been gratifying to Southey; but he told him that his first impression was unfavorable, and he might have told him, as we learn from Scott's correspondence, published by Lockhart, that he reperused the poem in compliance with the entreaties of others. This study of the poem ended in admiration; and Scott ventured to predict, that a day of popularity would come, and that "'Madoc' would assume his real place at the feet of Milton." Still Southey had to look for the means of support. He could not, and no bookseller would of course venture to print volumes which there seemed little chance of selling; and to speak of writing poems for a future day was to speak of what no man ever executed, or perhaps could execute. The excitement of sympathy would be absolutely necessary to sustain the most independent thinker for any length of time in such a purpose; and we know that, in point of fact, Southey had, as he calls it, "abdicated" as a poet, when he fell into personal acquaintanceship with Landor, whose "Gebir" he had long admired. They met at Bristol in 1808. "He was," says Southey, "the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me." Landor talked of *Thalaba*, which led Southey to mention to him his early fancy of writing a series of mythological poems, of which "*Thalaba*" might be considered one, having Mohammedanism as its basis; but that he had given up the plan, as he could not afford to print them. Landor's reply was, "Write them, and I will print as many copies as you please of them." Southey declined the offer; but Landor's praise led to his resuming "*Kehama*." In a short

time after their meeting, he sent him the opening of the poem, and told him, if he thought it deserved to be finished, he would borrow hours from sleep, and accomplish the task, by rising each day two hours before his customary time. In another letter, he tells Landor that blank verse would not suit "*Kehama*." "There must be quicker, wilder movements; there must be a gorgeousness and ornament also—Eastern gem-work and loneliness; rhyme must be rattled upon rhyme, till the reader is half dizzy with the thundering echo." He then speaks of some of the artifices of versification by which effects are produced, of which the reader, or rather the hearer, of verse is conscious, without recognizing the source. These are, however, mysteries in which we could not hope to interest our readers. Southey says, that Sir William Jones's poems on the Hindoo mythology, introduce his gods too coldly and formally; we agree in this; and we think Southey has shown great skill in rendering his scheme of Hindooism intelligible, so that there really is nothing in "*Kehama*" that does not present its meaning to a reader, without any previous study; but in the structure of his verse he is somewhat more indebted to Sir William Jones, than has, we believe, been observed. Through "*Kehama*" there are constant re-duplications of sound—rhymes occurring everywhere, as well as at the end of a line. Of this Jones was fond; and we do not remember it elsewhere in English poetry, except the strange jingles in Sylvester's "*Du Bartas*" may be regarded as somewhat like; but where Sylvester crowds his rhymes he always uses such out-of-the-way words, that no purpose seems aimed at at all; and the oddity of the language, and the seriousness of the thought, are in perpetual contrast.

There is a curious proof in one of Southey's letters to his friend Bedford, that he dreaded the effect of prominent passages in this poem of "*Kehama*;" and yet in one of the prefaces to his collected poetical works, he tells us, that in "*Kehama*" alone of all his poems, passages were from time to time written, to be interwoven with the general texture, as opportunity would serve. The lines beginning

"They sin who tell us love can die,"

are remembered by every one; and Bedford admired them.

"Ah, Grosvenor!" says Southey, "the very way in which you admire that passage in '*Keha-*



ma,' convinces me that it ought not to be there. Did I not tell you it was clap-trappish? You are chapping as hard as you can to prove the truth of my opinion. That it grew there naturally, is certain; but does it suit with the poem? Is it of a piece in color with the whole? Is not the poet speaking in himself, whereas the whole character of the poem requires that he should be out of himself? I know very well that three parts of the public will agree with you, in thinking it the best thing in the poem; but my poem ought to have no things which do not necessarily belong to it."

The correspondence with Landor contains one or two interesting passages on the subject of Landor's Count Julian and Southey's poem on the same subject, which, as yet but planned, afterward appeared as "Roderick the Last of the Goths." This was the most popular, and we are inclined to think, the best of his poems; it certainly is the most eloquent. The situations, however, in which the characters are placed, and the incidents of the poem, are everywhere superior to the execution—there being throughout the entire work too much of words. Southey speaks of having studied compression. It may have been so in some of his poems; and "Madoc," he says, was an instance; but still the fault of overloading everything with words, instead of by some one suggestive word, escaping the necessity of carrying this load of lumber with him, was Southey's fault from youth to age. It is the one vice of his style—most conspicuous in his imitations of the old chronicle—as in his "Cid;" but least pardonable in his verse. Passages singularly beautiful in conception are thus inadequately presented to the reader's mind. Southey felt this fault; and of one of his poems he says to Taylor,—*"I am correcting it with merciless vigilance—shortening and shortening—distilling wine into alcohol."* In another letter he says,—*"I have read Cowper's *Odyssee* and *Trissino* to cure my poetry of its wheyishness."* In one of Taylor's letters is a sentence which authors would do well to remember:—

"There is a pleasure, an ecstasy in poetical composition, which becomes associated with the words and phrases it dictated—while the recollection of this rapture is fresh, the words and phrases in question wind us poets up to ecstasy, although they have no such power over other persons; hence the absolute necessity of keeping all poetry long enough to forget the orgasm of production, if one would judge of it sanely."

Landor's praises of Southey, as we have seen, led to Southey's again exercising the

poetic art. Yet the praise of a man who saw nothing to admire in Spenser, was calculated to leave the poet not without some misgivings as to his judgment. Taylor was perhaps the man who most of all others read Southey's works with pleasure, and in a letter of his on the subject of "Roderick," he discusses the faults and the beauties of the poem with great fairness. There is, he says, a good deal of prosing in the poem, the reader's attention is detained on little things when he is impatient for the proper business of the work.

"Poets should live in cities: the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature which spreads its ennui in watching for hours the eye-let holes of a rill's eddies is very well for a goat-herd, and may grace an eclogue; but where the fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phenomenon not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer who is sent to reconnoitre is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing and picturesquizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga—you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its excessive religiosity. All the personages meet at prayer; all the heroes are monks in armor; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favorites are reconciled to the church and die, with the comfort of absolution, as if not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopee; and in this religiosity there is more of Methodism and less of idolatry, than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era."

Taylor thinks there are too many women in the poem, and he thinks them but little interesting. The character of Roderick he thinks the finest delineation in the whole compass of epic poetry.

"No other epic poet has known how to draw a truly great man: like the knights of olden days such can be only created by their peers. I admire in the poem its originality and its raciness. Hardly any incidents are borrowed from ancient or modern art. Hardly any translated passages occur, and the consummate knowledge of the country, historic and geographic, must endear the poem to Spanish patriotism forever. Next to the '*Paradise Lost*' and the '*Fairy Queen*,' we shall rank '*Roderick*' as third among our Epic poems."

Would, for Southey's sake, that the sentence had stopped there, but it goes on—

"No single poem of *Ossian* surpasses it.—But the Spaniards will rank it third in epic art, and if they concede priority to Homer and to Tasso, will quarrel for you against Camoens and Virgil. I read the poem to myself aloud, and found myself frequently steeped in tears over the tender emo-

tions—your empire is unrivaled—you are the *Kotzebue of the Epopœa*.”

The names of Ossian and of Kotzebue, though Southey was at one time a student of Ossian, must have sounded ominously in his ears; still there was no improbability in anticipation that the poem might become popular in Spain.

The volumes of Southey's correspondence before us do not bring the story of his life down to the publication of “*Roderick*,” but the poem is adverted to pretty often under the name of Pelayo. During most of the time treated of in these volumes he was engaged with his history of Brazil, and published considerable portions of it. About half his day, reckoning his day from about 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., seems to have been given to this work, and to his compilations for Portuguese history. The rest was employed in reviewing. His hours for poetry were won from rest by rising early. We have not as yet in these volumes come to any picture of the domestic circle, by whom Southey was surrounded. It is, we presume, reserved for some future volume. We take leave of Southey at this stage of his life—his reputation securely established—his income, if not large, yet adequate to all his wants—his time fully occupied, and with tasks in which he felt unintermitted delight. We transcribe from one of his poems the language in which he poured out the gladness and gratitude of an overflowing heart, for the blessings abundantly bestowed. The lines are in a description of his return from a summer visit to the Continent.—

“Oh, joyful hour! when to our longing home  
The long expected wheels at length drew nigh!  
When the first sound went forth ‘they come! they  
come!’

And hope's impatience quickened every eye.

“Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,  
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,  
Waving his hat around his happy head;  
And there a younger group his sisters came:  
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,  
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

“Soon each and all came crowding round to share  
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;  
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!  
And when those overflowings of delight

Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,  
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

\* \* \* \*

“Oh! happy season theirs when absence brings  
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,  
Yet at the present object love re-springs  
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again;  
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,  
When gradually composed, we sink to rest.

“Soon they grew blythe as they were wont to be:  
Her old endearments each began to seek;  
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,  
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;  
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus  
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

“But there stood one whose heart could entertain  
And comprehend the fullness of the joy;  
The father, teacher, playmate, was again  
Come to his only and his studious boy;  
And he beheld again that mother's eye,  
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his  
infancy.

“Bring forth the treasures now—a proud display.  
For rich as eastern merchants we return;  
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister gray,  
The Friars, whose heads with sober motion turn,  
The Ark, well filled with all its numerous hives,  
Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their  
wives.

“The tumbler loose of limb; the wrestlers twain;  
And many a toy beside of quaint device,  
Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain  
Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,  
The German shepherd carves with curious knife,  
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

“It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,  
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill:  
The keen impatience of the younger brood,  
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;  
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy,  
Of those glad girls and that vociferous boy!

“The aged friend serene with quiet smile,  
She in their pleasure finds her own delight;  
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while,  
The aunt's rejoicing in the joyful sight,  
And he who, in his gayety of heart,  
With glib and noisy tongue performed the show-  
man's part.

“Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,  
Preserve this boyish heart to life's last day;  
For so that inward light by Nature given,  
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;  
And brightening as the shades of age descend,  
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.”



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## DIES BOREALES.—NO. VI.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

*Camp at Cladich.*—SCENE I.—*The Wren's Nest.*—TIME—*Six A. M.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.\*

NORTH. You recollect the words of Edmund in *Lear*—

“A credulous father, and a brother noble  
Whose nature is so far from doing harm,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
One's practices ride easy.”

This is exactly Iago with Othello—believing in virtue, using, despising it. These idolators of self think the virtuous worship imaginary, unreal Gods. But they never doubt the sincerity of the worship; and therein show a larger intelligence, a clearer insight than those other idolators who, shut up in their own character, ascribe their own motives to all; and in virtues can see only different shapes of hypocrisy.

TALBOYS. The Devil himself knows better, sir. He knows that virtue exists; only he flatters himself that he can undermine its foundations. “And oftentimes does succeed”—seeking Evil “as contrary to His High Will whom we resist!”

NORTH. The Evil Principle at war with the Good.

TALBOYS. In what war soever, sir, you are once engaged, you soon feel yourself pledged to it. A few blows given on both sides settle you fast, and you no longer inquire about the cause.

NORTH. To an evil soul all good is a reproach; therefore he wars on it. To the self-dissatisfied the happiness of the good is

a reproach; therefore, if he be thoroughly selfish, he pulls it down.

TALBOYS. Every one's impulse is to throw off pain; and if no pity, no awe, no love be there to stay him, he pulls down of course.

NORTH. My dear Talboys, believe me, that, for a moment, every man has motives fit for a fiend. Perhaps he obeys—perhaps rejects them. The true fiend is constant.

TALBOYS. Every man has motives fit for a fiend! I beg you to speak for yourself, my dear sir.

NORTH. I speak of myself, of you, and of Iago. What is the popular apprehension or theory of the malice disclosed in “*mine Ancient*”—not the Old one, but the Standard-bearer?

TALBOYS. Why, the prompt, apt, and natural answer will be, he is a Devil.

NORTH. And pray what is a Devil?

TALBOYS. Iago.

NORTH. Don't reason in a circle, sir.

TALBOYS. I'd rather reason in a circle, sir, than not reason at all. I like reasoning in a circle—it is pleasant pastime in a cold, raw morning—far preferable to ascending Cruachan; for you are never far from home, and when tired can leap out at your own pleasure, and take some reasoning in a straight line.

NORTH. You are always so pleasant, Talboys, circular, or zig-zag. Whence is the malice in the heart of a Devil?

TALBOYS. I want data, sir. Milton has given some historical elucidation of it; but the People reason less, and are no philosophers.

NORTH. Hate in a devil is like Love in an Angel—uncaused, or self-causing; it is his natural function—his Essence, his Being. Herein the seraph is a seraph. The fiend is a fiend.

\* [Our readers will gladly welcome Christopher North to the tripod. After an interval, these admirable papers have been resumed in Blackwood.—ED.]

TALBOYS.

"Evil! be Thou my good! By Thee at least  
Divided Empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By Thee, and more perhaps than half will reign."

Reason—Motive—Cause.

NORTH. Prospero calls Caliban a devil—  
a born Devil.

TALBOYS. Also a demi-Devil—as Othello  
calls Iago.

NORTH. The Philosopher knows—in *humanity*—of no born devil. He follows, or  
tries to follow, the causes which have turned  
the imperfect nature into the worst. The  
popular sense takes things as it finds them,  
and acknowledges "born devils," Iago being  
one, and "of the prime." The *totality* of  
monster in the moral world seems to that un-  
philosophical, sincere, and much-to-the-pur-  
pose intuition, expressed under the image of  
a *nativity*. The popular sense recognizes a  
temper of man which elects evil for evil's  
sake—which inflicts pain, because it likes to  
see pain suffered—which destroys, because  
it revels in misery.

TALBOYS. Coleridge calls Iago's "a mo-  
tiveless malignity." He hated Othello for  
not promoting him, but Cassio. That seems  
to me the real tangible motive—a haunting,  
goading, fretting preference—an affront—an  
insult—a curbing of power—wounding him  
where alone he is sensitive—in self-esteem  
and pride. See his contempt for Cassio as  
a book-warrior—and "for a fair life"—sim-  
ply like our notion of a "milk-sop." Why  
Othello, who so prizes him for his honesty as  
to call him ever "honest Iago," keeps him  
down, I have not a guess—

NORTH. Haven't you? And pray what  
right have you to interfere with the practice  
of promotion in the army of the Venetian  
State?

TALBOYS. I cannot approve of this par-  
ticular instance—it looks like favoritism.  
Othello fancied Cassio—Cassio was the gen-  
teeler young fellow of the two—the better-  
born—Iago had risen from the ranks—and  
was a stout soldier—

NORTH. You don't take your character of  
Cassio from Iago?

TALBOYS. I do. Iago was a liar—but  
here I think he spoke truth—there is  
nothing in the Play indicating that Cassio  
had seen much service—he had never been  
at Cyprus—nor anywhere else—he had  
never seen a Turk—he had never—

NORTH. Hold your tongue.

TALBOYS. A more disgraceful Brawl—

NORTH. Hold your tongue, I say.

TALBOYS. Don't keep pouring out your  
excuses for him, sir, with such overwhelming  
volubility—it won't do. He knew his own  
wretched head. "I have very poor and un-  
happy brains for drinking," yet drink he  
would,—“I have drunk but one cup to-  
night, and that was craftily qualified too”—  
worse than shirking—"behold what innova-  
tion it makes here,"—and yet he would not  
join the Teetotallers. Out on such a Lieu-  
tenant! Iago was an ill-used man.

NORTH. Talboys—

TALBOYS. O that ceaseless volubility!  
Shakspeare afterward makes Iago say that  
Cassio "has a daily beauty in his life."  
Where do we see it? In his *liaison* with  
that "fitchew?" From pleading with the  
Divine Desdemona on a question to him of  
life or death, to go straight to sup—and  
sleep with Bianca!

NORTH. Othello's "Now thou art my  
Lieutenant," shows the importance meant by  
Shakspeare to be attached to the previous  
oppression—or "holding down" of Iago.  
Alas! how that allocution instigating Iago  
to murder by more than a promise of pro-  
motion, sadly lowers Othello to me—I  
hardly know why. I feel a descent from  
his own passion to a sympathy with Iago's  
desire to step into his superior officer's shoes.  
I can fancy that Shakspeare meant this.  
Ay, that he did; for I believe that turbulent  
passion, in some of its moods, lowers—de-  
grades—debases a great and generous nature.

TALBOYS. Iago was jealous of Othello.  
He says he was, and either believes it, or  
tries to believe it. His own words intimate  
the doubt, and the determination to believe.  
Malignity and hate indulge in giving accept-  
ance to slight grounds—such he says, in  
his own coarse way, was the rumor—and  
perhaps it was true—

NORTH. Certainly it was false. High  
characters, as Coriolanus, Hotspur, Othello,  
are, by a native majesty of spirit, saved and  
exalted from the pursuit of illicit pleasure.

TALBOYS. They are. But let his jealousy  
of Othello—sincere or assumed—or mixed  
or alternating—enter as an element into the  
hatred.

NORTH. Let it. Iago was, you said truly,  
a stout Soldier—and I add, a hard, unfeel-  
ing, unprincipled Soldier. Of all trades in  
the world, that of a Soldier is the worst and  
the best—witness an Iago—an Othello.  
The same trade helped to make both. In  
Othello we almost see Wordsworth's *Happy  
Warrior*—in Iago one—



"Yet ill he lived, much evil saw,  
'Mongst men to whom no better law  
Nor better life was known;  
Deliberately and undeceived,  
Those bad men's vices he received,  
And gave them back his own!"

You are convinced, without a hint, that he is infidel—atheist: everything shaped like religion, like moral conscience—his mind shakes off and rejects with scorn. He does not, however, as I said, disbelieve in Virtues. He believes in them, and uses them to the destruction of the havers. What he disbelieves is the worth of Virtues. To that savage Idol, Self, the more bleeding and noble victims, the more grateful the sacrifice.

TALBOYS. A singular combination in him, sir, is his wily Italian wit—like Iachimo's—and his rough—soldierlike—plain, blunt, jovial manners—the tone of the Camp, and of the wild-living, *reckless* Camp—plenty of hardihood—fit for toil, peril, privation. You never for a moment doubt his courage—his presence of mind—his resources—he does not once quail in presence of Othello at his utmost fury. He does not stir up the Lion from without, through the bars of his cage, with an invisible rod of iron—that is, a whip of scorpions; he lashes up the Wild Beast, and flinches not an inch from paw that would smite, or tusk that would tear—a veritable Lion Queller and King.

NORTH. I cannot but believe that the Othello of Shakspeare is black, and all black. I cannot conceive the ethnography of that age drawing—on the stage especially—the finer distinction which we know between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro. The opposition, entertained by nature, is between White and Black—not between White and Brown. You want the opposition to tell with all its power. "I saw Othello's visage in his mind" is nothing, unless the visible visage is one to be conquered—to be accepted by losing sight of it. I say again, that I cannot myself imagine the contemporary audience of Shakspeare deciding color between a Moor and a Negro. The tradition of the Stage, too, seems to have made Othello jet black. Such, I opine, was the notion of the Moor, *then*, to the People, to the Court, to the Stage, to Shakspeare.

TALBOYS. Woolly-headed?

NORTH. Why, yes—if you choose—in opposition to the "curled darlings."

TALBOYS. Yet Coleridge has said it would be "something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable Negro."

NORTH. Coleridge almost always thought, felt, wrote, and spoke finely, as a Critic—but may I venture, in all love and admiration of that name, to suggest that the removal which the stage makes of a subject from reality must never be forgotten. In life you cannot bear that the White Woman shall marry the Black Man. You could not bear that an English Lady Desdemona—Lady Blanche Howard—should—under any imaginable greatness—marry General Tous-saint or the Duke of Marmalade. Your senses revolt with offence and loathing. But on the Stage some consciousness that everything is not as literally meant as it seems—that symbols of humanity, and not actual men and women, are before you—saves the Play.

TALBOYS. I believe that Wordsworth's line—

"The gentle Lady married to the Moor,"

expresses explicitly the feeling of the general English heart—pity for the contrast, and a thought of the immense love which has overcome it.

NORTH. White and Black is the utter antithesis—as, at intensity, Night and Day. Yes—Talboys—Every jot of soot you take from his complexion, you take an iota from the signified power of love.

TALBOYS. As you say, sir, the gap which is between the Stage and Reality must prevent, in our hearts, anything like loathing of the conjunction.

NORTH. The touch of such an emotion would annul the whole Tragedy. A disparity, or a discrepancy, vast as mysterious—but which love, at the full, is entitled to overlook—overstep! Whether Fate dare allow prosperity to a union containing so mighty an element of disruption, is another question. It seems like an attempt at overruling the "*Æterna fœdera rerum*."

TALBOYS. For half an hour after her death, Othello believes her guilty. You must take it for a representation of what his feelings would have been, if she had really been guilty.

NORTH. Unless the fact of her innocence have a secret potency that reaches, through all appearance and evidence of her guilt, into his innermost soul. Be that as it may, he is, after the deed, perplexed and unmanned, totally unlike a man who has performed a great sacrifice to the offended gods. You may say that the convulsion of upturn love is too fresh, and that he would in time have regained his strength—that had she been

guilty, the first half-hour must have been just what it was. All I know is, that his mind first becomes clear, when he knows her innocent. Then he is, in a measure, himself, and sees his way. Had she been guilty, he would have lived two years with a stern, desolate soul—not harsh, perhaps, to honest folks, though—and have then fallen in battle.

TALBOYS. But how is Iago affected by the blackness? No doubt, with more hate and aversion at being commanded by and outshone by him. High military rank and command—high favor by the Senate—high power and esteem in the world—high royalty of spirit—happiness in marriage—all these in Othello are proper subjects of envy, and motives of hate in Iago. The Nigger!

NORTH. Antipathy of bad to good—of base to noble—exacerbated by physical antipathy of color! But I could never fathom the hate, and malice, and revenge of Iago.

TALBOYS. It is unfathomable—and therefore fit agent in Tragedy.

NORTH. Even so. I don't believe that Shakspeare always means you to be able to lay motives in the balance and weigh them. Far otherwise.

TALBOYS. Ay—Think how the Murder of Duncan leaps up, Hell-born, into the heart of Macbeth—at the breath of the Weird Sisters!

NORTH. Perhaps. Poetry shaping out an action, distinguishes herself, amongst other points of distinction herein, from History, that while she shows lucidly and of her own clear knowledge, the concatenation of Cause and Effect, yet passion and imagination require the indefinite. There is then a conflict of claims and powers; and the part of logic is hence imperfectly rendered. You see the river sweeping by you, without knowing all the springs that have fed it.

TALBOYS. Say that again, sir.

NORTH. There is the hatred—a tragical power, which the Poet is principally concerned to use—less to explain.

TALBOYS. You said, sir, the noble Moor must have been much disennobled ere he could have cried to Iago, "Now thou art my lieutenant."

NORTH. I did, and you think so too.

TALBOYS. I do. Othello and Iago are joint conspirators to two double murders. Can you conspire to a murder—a private assassination—without lowering yourself—even on the Stage? Othello takes on himself the murder of Desdemona—act, responsibility, consequences; but does he not seem to hire Iago to assassinate Cassio?

NORTH. What did Othello intend to do—after all was accomplished? Consequences indeed! He was stone-blind to the future. What does he expect? that when he has killed his wife, everything is to go on as smoothly as before? That no notice will be taken of it? or that he will have to make another speech to the Senate? He has told them how he married her—the counterpart will be to relate "a plain unvarnished tale of my whole course" of smothering and stabbing her with bolster and dagger. "Now thou art my lieutenant"—shows—if not stone-blindness—a singular confidence in the future.

TALBOYS. The Personages who come in at the End look at the matter contrariwise. Othello exalts the killing of his wife into a sacrifice of Justice. But Cassio? That is mere—pure Revenge. "O that the slave had forty thousand lives,—one is too poor, too weak for my revenge."

NORTH. Upon what pedestal does Othello stand *now*—engaging another to kill Cassio in the dark, for his own revenge? I repeat it, surely the noble Moor is now very much disennobled.

TALBOYS. I rejoice, my dear sir, that you have so completely got rid of that nasty cough—your voice is as clear as a bell. Lungs sound—

NORTH. As those of a prize bagpiper. Talboys, I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare shows up in Othello foul passions—that you see in him two natures conjoined—the moral Caucasian White, and the animal tropical Black. In the Caucasian, the spiritual or angelical in us attains its manifestation. In the offspring of the tropics, amongst the sands, and under the suns of Africa, the animal nature takes domination. The sands and suns that breed Lions, breed Men with Lions' hearts in them. The Lion is for himself noble, but blood of the Irrational in the veins of the Rational is a contradiction. The noblest moral nature and the hot blind rage of animal blood!

TALBOYS. Ay, the noblest moral nature, and high above every other evidence of it, his love of HER—which, what it was, and what it would have remained, or become—and what he was and would have been, had Iago not been there—we may imagine! With all the power of a warrior, and a ruler, he has the sensibility of a Lover—with all spontaneous dignity and nobility, he has the self-mastery of reason—before his overthrow.

NORTH. Wherefore, my dear Sheriff, I prefer Othello as a specimen of the *Ethical*



*Marvelous.* Like, as in another kingdom, a Winged Horse or a Centaur—the meeting of two natures which readily hold asunder. All this has under the *Æthiop* complexion its full force—less if you mitigate—if not mitigate merely, but take away, where are we all? The innate repugnance of the White Christian to the Black Moorish blood, is the ultimate tragic substratum—the “*must*” of all that follows. Else—*make* Othello White—and, I say again, *see* where we are!

TALBOYS. Shakspeare, sir, is not one to flinch from the utmost severity of a Case.

NORTH. Not he, indeed—therefore I swear Othello is a Blackamoor.

TALBOYS. And I take it, sir, that Othello's natural demeanor is one of great gravity, to which the passionate moods induced are in extremity of contrast. I conceive that, by these mixtures and contrasts, he is rendered picturesque and poetical.

NORTH. I swear Othello was a Blackamoor—and that Desdemona was the Whitest Lady in Europe.

TALBOYS. Had he lived to be tried for murder, I think his counsel might have successfully set up the plea of insanity.

NORTH. They might have successfully set it up—but I, the Judge, would have successfully put it down. Honestly, I don't think Othello mad; and for this reason, that the thought never before came into my head. An incident that appears to me most wonderful in dramatic invention is—the Swooning. Look at the precise words preceding his falling down. To me it has no other effect or sense, than that of the blood being driven up into the head, and oppressing with physical pressure that bodily organ—the brain. The soul strikes the body like a hammer, and knocks it down.

TALBOYS. Ay, how his words waver—“That's not so good now”—from a man believing, or on the point of believing. There is to me a physical faintness in these words, and in the play upon the words “lie with her,” &c., intellect reeling to fall.

NORTH. Good. But I believe body and soul of Othello—or the relation between body and soul—to be physiologically right and sound. The swooning goes soon off—the accident of an hour—the mind is else in full vigor, sound, and misled. You must recollect that a mind of supereminent physical (may one say so?) and moral power—a mind that would have been strong and calm through the Russian Campaign of Napoleon—is not in a day stricken into a state which requires the medical skill and atten-

tion of Dr. Willis. Othello had an immensely strong physical constitution undoubtedly—had he not, the adventures related would long ago have extinguished him. This is one meaning of that sudden and strange narrative which children are taught by rote, and which men may not have quite fathomed; but a strong body and strong soul conjoined, do not lightly admit of disjunction. Madness, properly so called, is a disjunction, in some way or kind, of the natural union between soul and body. A few days disrupt the ties in the aged Lear. You may think that in Othello—I suppose *Ætat.* 40 or 45—the ties would bear some wrenching of the rack, ere snapping. I think that they held firm.

TALBOYS. True, sir, insanity would even detract from the moral majesty and splendor of Othello.

NORTH. It would. The time comes back to me when I *did not care for the Play or the Man*. The Play now seems to me wonderful, more even than Hamlet or Lear—and the Man, in poetical invention, a match for Achilles or Satan.

TALBOYS. Sir—sir.

NORTH. Passion in the blood like that of a Negro—and right in the soul as of Socrates or Epaminondas. Yes, Talboys, the Majesty of the Moral soul in Othello seems to me the most prophetic, or divining, or inconceivable of Shakspeare's conceptions.

TALBOYS. Nay—nay—my dear sir.

NORTH. Everything else might seem to offer its own reason—

TALBOYS. Nay—nay—my dear sir. Compare the gross Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus with Ours.

NORTH. Well, do—but Othello—you don't know whence he is derived. He is a tropical animal—kindred to the lion—the tiger—the dragon—and, on the other hand, he has the rational equipoise of the faculties that stamp the Philosopher—and he is everything between the two.

TALBOYS. An Eloge, indeed—perhaps a *leetle* too eulogistic.

NORTH. No. What a simple sincerity colors the narrative of his love-making! Is your *imagination* bewitched by the wild story of his adventurous life? Hers, doubtless, was fascinated. But your *soul*, methinks, is won to approving the Venetian Maiden's choice by a profounder, a more legitimate charm. Who ever heard Othello relate, and hung back from believing him? He is honest, and she is honest. That is the bond whereby the *Parcæ* united their

souls and their threads. Why they disunited both—how that infernal intervention of Lachesis and Atropos crossed their pure souls in their pure conjunction, let Clotho—if she can—tell.

TALBOYS. Let's be more cheerful.

NORTH. Ay—let's.

TALBOYS. Othello shows that our Good—our excellence—our capacity of happiness—lies all in Love. That our light in which we walk—our light which we give forth—is Love. He declares this, by cleaving to this Good—by having it—by losing it—by recovering it. The self-consciousness of Othello returns to its unison with universal being—with heaven's harmony of the worlds. Iago denies this Good—never acknowledges it—although he serves involuntarily to demonstrate the truth—of which Othello perishes the self-sacrificed witness. It is great, sir, in the Tragedy, but in him the House of Love is divided against itself. His jealousy, child of his love, lifts up a parricidal hand, wounds and is wounded—but only unto its own death. And what is the feeling left by the catastrophe?

NORTH. Say, my friend, say.

TALBOYS. Peace—rest—repose—depth of tranquillity—like the sea stilled from storms.

NORTH. The charmed calm that reflects heaven.

TALBOYS. Peace grounded in this proved thought—that LOVE IS BEST. Of all the Persons, whose stars will you accept to be your own? If you are a man, Othello's; if woman, the wronged and murdered Desdemona's. Study forever the two closing and summing up verses—"I *kissed* thee ere I *killed* thee; no way but this—Killing myself to die upon a kiss!" To gather up all the terror that is past, as if not only the winds were upgathered like sleeping flowers, but upgathered into the sleeping flowers. I don't know how to avoid comparing—all alike as the characters are—the end of Romeo and Juliet—Lear and Cordelia—Othello and Desdemona. I never can separate them. LOVE the mightiest torn asunder in life—reunited in death. Love—the solace of lapsed and mortal humanity.

NORTH. Lend the Old Hobbler your arm.

SCENE II.—*Pavilion. TIME—After Breakfast.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH. NOW FOR THE GRAND INQUIRY.

How long think you was Othello Governor of Cyprus, and Desdemona the General's wife?

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TALBOYS. How long? Why some weeks, or some months; quarter of a year, half a year, a year.

NORTH. A most satisfactory answer indeed to a simple question. How long have I been Commander of the forces at Cladich?

TALBOYS. Tents pitched on the 14th May, 1849—This is the 24th of June Ditto. You, like Michael Cassio, are "a great arithmetician"—and can calculate the Days.

NORTH. That's precise. Let's have some small attempt at precision with respect to the time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Well,—then—a—month—Two MONTHS.

NORTH. And you are a student—a Scholar—in Shakspeare!

TALBOYS. What the ace do you mean?

NORTH. JUST TWO DAYS.

TALBOYS. What the deuce do you mean? THE MAN has lost his Senses.

NORTH. Who? Shakspeare?

TALBOYS. Really, sir, you are getting daily more and more paradoxical—and I begin to tremble for your wits.

NORTH. See that your own have not gone a wool-gathering, Talboys. Two Months! For two Months read two Days—I insist on it.

TALBOYS. Gentlemen, the case seems serious. What would you propose?

SEWARD. Let's hear the Sage.

NORTH. Open Shakspeares. Act II.—Scene I.

BULLER. All ready, sir.

NORTH. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus—not Nicosia, the capital of the Island, which is inland—thirty miles from the Sea—but Famagusta.

TALBOYS. So says in a note Malone—what's that to the purpose?

NORTH. I wish to be precise. Ship ahoy!

TALBOYS.

"The ship is here put in,  
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore"—

NORTH.

"A sail—a sail—a sail!  
My hopes do shape him for the Governor."

BULLER.

"'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General."

TALBOYS.

"The riches of the ship is come on shore!"

BULLER.

"Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

NORTH.

The Moor! I know his trumpet."

There's the power of poetry for you—I d  
pity poor prose. The sea-beach—town—



fortifications—all crowded with people on the gaze-out—for hours. For ships on the stormy sea. But not a ship to be seen. Obedient to the passion of the people, one ship after another appears in the offing—salutes and is saluted—is within the Bay—inside the Break-water—drops anchor—the divine Desdemona has landed—Othello has her in his arms—

“O my soul’s joy!

If after every tempest comes such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken’d death!  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high; and duck again as low  
As hell’s from heaven!”

all in five minutes—in three minutes—in one minute—in no time—in less than no time.

TALBOYS. What’s your drift?

NORTH. Handle Shakspeares! Scene II.—A Street—On the day of Othello’s arrival—the Proclamation is issued “that there is full liberty of feasting for this present hour of Five, till the bell has told Eleven”—For besides the mere perdition of the Turkish Fleet, it is the “celebration of his nuptials.”

TALBOYS. We all know that—go on.

SEWARD. His nuptials! Why, I thought he had been married at Venice!

NORTH. Who cares what you think? Scene III.—A Hall in the Castle—and enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and attendants. Othello says—

“Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
Let’s teach ourselves that honorable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.”

And before retiring for the night with Desdemona, he says—

“Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,  
Let me have speech with you.”

TALBOYS. Why lay you such emphasis on these unimportant words?

NORTH. They are not unimportant. Then comes the Night Brawl—as schemed by Iago. Othello, on the spot, cashier Cassio—and at that very moment, Desdemona entering disturbed, with attendants, he says—

“Look if my gentle love is not rais’d up.—  
Come, Desdemona; ’tis the soldiers’ life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak’d with strife.”

Iago advises the unfortunate Cassio to “confess himself freely” to Desdemona—who will help to put him in his place again—and Cassio replies—“betimes in the morning I will be-

sech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here;—and the Scene concludes with these words of Iago’s—

“Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I’ll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife; Ay, that’s the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.”

“By the mass, ’tis morning,” quoth Iago—and Act II. closes with the dawn of the Second Day at Cyprus. You don’t deny that?

TALBOYS. Nobody denies it—nobody ever denied it—nobody ever will deny it.

NORTH. Act Third. Now for ACT III.

TALBOYS. Our six eyes and our six ears are all wide awake, sir.

NORTH. It opens before the Castle—as the same morning is pretty well advanced—and Cassio is ordering some musicians to play “Good-morrow, General.”

TALBOYS. On the same morning? I am not so sure of that, sir.

NORTH. Nobody denies it—nobody ever did deny it—nobody ever will deny it.

TALBOYS. Not so fast, sir.

NORTH. Why, you slow coach! Cassio says to the Clown, who is with the Musicians, “There’s a poor piece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the General’s wife be stirring, tell her, there’s one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech;”—and as the Clown goes off, Iago enters—and says to Cassio—

“You have not been a-bed, then?”

And Cassio answers—

Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife. My suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

Iago. I’ll send her to you presently;  
And I’ll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.”

Emilia then enters, and tells Cassio that all will soon be well—“the General and his Wife are talking of it—and she speaks for you stoutly.”—

TALBOYS. All this does not positively imply that the preceding night was the night of the Brawl. Cassio, though originally intending it, on reflection may have thought it too precipitate to apply to Desdemona the very next day; and there is nothing improb-

able in his having been with Iago till day-break on some subsequent night. It is not quite clear, then, that the Third Act commences on the morning after Cassio's dismissal.

NORTH. O rash and inconsiderate man!

TALBOYS. Who is?

NORTH. You. It is not quite clear! I say 'tis clear as mud or amber. Iago has with such hellish haste conceived and executed his machinations, that Cassio has been cashiered some few hours after landing in Cyprus. In the pride of success, he urges on Cassio to apply without delay to Desdemona in the morning. We see the demi-devil determined to destroy—"By the mass, 'tis morning—pleasure and action make the hours seem short." Iago may have gone to bed for a few hours—Cassio had not—"You have not been a-bed, then."—"Why, no; the day had broke before we parted." The Time of the end of Second Act, and of the beginning of Third Act, are thus connected as firmly as words and deeds can connect. You say there is nothing improbable in Cassio's having been with Iago till daybreak on some subsequent night? Why, who the devil cares to know that Cassio had not been to bed on some other night? His not having been to bed on *this* night is an indication of *his* anxiety, and Iago's question is a manifestation of *his* malevolence cloaked with an appearance of concern. In each case an appropriate trait of character is brought before us; but the main purpose of the words is to fix the time, which they do without the possibility of a doubt. They *demonstrate* that the Third Act opens on the morning immediately subsequent to the night on which Act Second closes. This morning dovetails into that night with an exactness which nothing could improve.

TALBOYS. Why so fierce, my good sir?

NORTH. Fierce! I may well be fierce. What! Cassio's desire to see Desdemona cool before morning—Iago's desire to drive him on to his destruction cool too—and both walk away without further heed—and when next seen, after an interval of some weeks or months, talking about not having been in bed during some other night on which nothing particular has happened! Bah!

TALBOYS. Sir, I do not like to see you so much excited. You mistake me—I was merely, at your bidding, assisting you in your expiscation of the Time—we are at one about it.

NORTH. My dear Talboys, forgive me—my irascibility is a disease—

TALBOYS. Health — health — exuberant health of mind and body—May you live a thousand years.

NORTH. The Third Act, then, you allow, opens on the morning of the day following the night on which the Second Act closes.

TALBOYS. I not only allow, my dear sir, I insist on it. Let me hear any man deny it, and I will knock the breath out of his body. Proceed, sir.

NORTH. Obstinate? I never called you obstinate, my dear Talboys. Well—let me proceed, with you for an ally. In this same scene, First of Act Third, Cassio says to Emilia,

"Yet, I beseech you,  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone."

And Emilia says to him,

"Pray you, come in;  
*I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.*  
Cassio. I am much bound to you."

And off they go to sue to the gentle Desdemona.

TALBOYS. Alas! somewhat too gentle.

NORTH. Then follows Scene II. of Act III.—a very short one—let me read it aloud.

"A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the State;  
That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*"]

That this Scene is on the same day as Scene Second—and with little intermission of time—is too plain to require proof. Othello here sends off his first dispatches to Venice by the pilot who had brought him safely to Cyprus, and then goes out to inspect the fortification. That is in the natural course of things—such a scene at any subsequent time would be altogether without meaning.

TALBOYS. I cannot see that, sir.

NORTH. None so blind as they who will not see.

TALBOYS. There again.

NORTH. What do you want, Talboys?

TALBOYS. Have the goodness, my dear sir, to pause a moment—and go back to the close of the Scene preceding this short one.



Then and there, Cassio, as we saw, goes into the Castle with Emilia, "*to be bestowed*" that he may have an opportunity of asking Desdemona to intercede for him with Othello. But "*to be bestowed*" may mean to have apartments there—and he may have been living in the Castle for several days, with or without Othello's knowledge, before that short Scene which you have just now quoted.

NORTH. Living in the Castle for several days! With or without Othello's knowledge! Prodigious! All that Cassio asked was, "the advantage of some *brief discourse*;" and, that he might have that advantage, Emilia gave him apartments in the Castle! And there we may suppose him living at rack and manger, lying *perdu* in the Governor's House! Emilia was a queer customer enough, but she could hardly have taken upon herself the responsibility of secreting a man under the same roof with Desdemona, without the sanction of her Mistress—and if with her sanction, what must we think of the "gentle Lady married to the Moor?" Talboys, you are quizzing the old Gentleman.

TALBOYS. I give it up.

NORTH. The short Scene I quoted, then, *immediately* follows the preceding—in time; and that short Scene is manifestly introduced by Shakspeare, merely to get Othello out on the ramparts with Iago, *that* Iago may bring the Moor "plump on Cassio soliciting his wife." SCENE THIRD OF ACT III! Unfurl.

TALBOYS. Ay, ay, sir. *Scene Third of Act III.* That is the Scene of Scenes.

NORTH. Scene Third of Act III., accordingly, shows us Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia before the Castle—and while Cassio is "soliciting his wife"—"enter Othello and Iago at a distance."

"*Emilia.* Madam, here comes My Lord.

*Cassio.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Desdemona.* Why stay,

And hear me speak.

*Cassio.* Madam, *not now*: I am very ill at ease—Unfit for my own purposes.

*Desdemona.* Well—well—

Do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Down to this exit of Cassio, we are on the morning or forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus. Every word said proves we are. Cassio's parting words prove it. "Madam, *not now*—I'm very ill at ease—unfit for my own purposes." He had been up all night—had been drunk—cashiered. He sees Othello coming—his heart sinks—and he retreats in shame and fear—"unfit for his own purposes."

TALBOYS. Eh?

NORTH. In Scene First of Act III., Emilia tells Cassio that she will do a particular thing—do it of course—*quam primum*—as a thing that requires no delay, and demands haste—and in Scene III. she appears having done it. In Scene First she tells Cassio that she will bring him to speak with Desdemona about his replacement—and in Scene Third, before the Castle, we find that she has done this. The opportunity came immediately—it was made to her hand—all that was necessary was that Othello should not be present—and he was not present. He had gone out on business. Now was just the nick of time for Cassio to bespeak Desdemona's intercession, and now was just the nick of time on which that intercession was by him bespoken. Nothing could be more nicely critical or opportune.

TALBOYS. Between us, sir, we have tied down Scene III. of Act Third to the Forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

NORTH. We have tied down Shakspeare thus far to SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS—and to Short Time we shall tie him down till the Catastrophe. OTHELLO MURDERED DESDEMONA THAT VERY NIGHT.

TALBOYS. No—no—no. Impossible.

NORTH. Inevitably—and of a dead certainty.

TALBOYS. How—how, sir?

NORTH. Why will an Eagle be an Owl?

TALBOYS. A compliment and a banter—

NORTH. Why, you Owl! we have just seen Cassio slink away—all is plain sailing now—Talboys—for Iago by four words seals her doom.

"*Ha! I like not that!*

*Othello.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Othello.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my Lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so *guilty-like*,  
Seeing you coming."

Mark what follows—there is not a moment of intermission in the Action down to end of this Scene Third of Act Third, which you well call the Scene of Scenes, by which time Othello has been convinced of Desdemona's guilt, and has resolved on her Death and Cassio's.

TALBOYS. Not a moment of intermission! Let's look to it—if it indeed be so—

NORTH. See—hear Desdemona pleading for Cassio—see, hear Othello—saying—

"Not now, sweet Desdemona;" and then again—"Prythee, no more: let him come when he will—I will deny thee nothing." And again—

"I will deny thee nothing;  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.  
[*Exit with Emilia.*"]

Turn over leaf after leaf—without allowing yourself to read that dreadful colloquy between the Victim and his Destroyer—but letting it glimmer luridly by—till Desdemona comes back—and Othello, under the power of the Angel Innocence, exclaims—

"If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe it."

TALBOYS. I behold her! I hear her voice—"gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?  
*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here."

She drops that fatal handkerchief—

"I am very sorry that you are not well."

What touching words! They go out together—ignorant she that her husband hath heartache, worse than any headache—

NORTH. Both to be effectually cured *that night* by—b g.

TALBOYS. By bleeding.

NORTH. You Owl—yea.

TALBOYS. A sudden thought strikes me, sir. Desdemona has said to Othello—

"Your dinner, and the generous Islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence."

How's this? This looks like long time—

NORTH. It may look what it chooses—but we have *proved* that we are now on the forenoon of the Second Day at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Would it not have been treating them too unceremoniously to have sent round the cards of invitation only the night before? As far as I have been able to learn, they have long been in the habit of giving not less than a week's invitation to dinner at Cyprus. In Glasgow it is commonly three weeks. And why "*generous*?" Because they, the Islanders, have given a series of splendid entertainments to Othello and his Bride.

NORTH. No nonsense, sir. Othello had

done what you or I would have done, had either of us been Governor of Cyprus. He had invited the "generous Islanders," immediately on his landing, to dine at the Castle "next day." Had he not done so, he had been a hunk. "Generous," you know, as well as I do, means high-born—men of birth—not generous of entertainments.

TALBOYS. True, too. But how comes it to be the dinner hour?

NORTH. People dined in those days, all England over, about eleven A. M.—probably they dined still earlier in the unfashionable region of Cyprus. You are still hankering after the heresy of long time—but no more of that *now*—let us keep to our demonstration of short time—by-and-by you shall see the Gentleman with the Scythe—the Scythian at full swing—as long as yourself.

TALBOYS. I sit corrected. Go on.

NORTH. Othello and Desdemona have just gone out—to do the honors at the Dinner Table to the generous Islanders. He must have been a strange Chairman—for though not yet absolutely mad, his soul was sorely changed. Perhaps he made some apology, and was not at that Dinner at all—perhaps it was never eaten—but we lose sight of him for a little while; and Emilia, who remains behind, picks up the fatal handkerchief, and, with a strange willfulness, or worse, says—

"I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago."

Iago snatches it from her—and in soliloquy says—

"I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this napkin,  
And let him find it."

"This may do something,—

The Moor already changes with the poison:  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
But, with a little, act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Look! where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Then follows, without break, all the rest of this dreadful Third Scene. The first dose of the poison—the second, and third, and fourth—are all given on one and the same day. The mineral has gnawed through all the coats of the stomach—and *He has sworn to murder Her*—all in one day. We



have Iago's word for it. *Yesterday* his sleep was sweet—how happy he was then we can imagine—how miserable he is *now* we see—"what a difference to *him*," and in him, between Saturday and Sunday!

"O, blood! Iago, blood!"

\* \* \*

Now by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,  
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Kneels.  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements, that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up,  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
'To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soever."

TALBOYS. Thou Great original Short-Timeist! Unanswerable art Thou. But let us look at the close of this dreadful Third Act.

Othello. I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
Within *these three days* let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:  
But let *her* live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
To the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

In three days—at the longest—for Cassio;—but Iago understood, and did it that very night. And swift means of death for the fair devil were in Othello's own *hands*—ay—he smothered her that night to a dead certainty—a dead certainty at last—though his hands seem to have faltered.

NORTH. In the next Scene—Scene IV.—we find Desdemona anxious about the loss of the handkerchief, but still totally unapprehensive of the Moor's jealousy—

"Who—he? I think the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humors from him."

Othello enters, saying, "Well, my good Lady,"—and mutters aside, "Oh! hardness to dissemble"—and very ill he does dissemble, for he leaves Desdemona and Emilia amazed at his mad deportment, the latter exclaiming—"Is not this man jealous?" Iago had told Othello of Cassio's possessing the handkerchief in the previous Scene, and

Othello takes the first opportunity, *that same afternoon*, to ascertain for himself whether she had parted with it. Would he have let an hour elapse before making the inquiry? Can it be for a moment imagined that he passed days and nights with Desdemona without attempting to sound her regarding this most pregnant proof of her guilt? This Scene concludes the Third Act—and the time is not long after dinner.

TALBOYS. All this being *proved*, it is unnecessary to scrutinize the consecution of the Scenes of Acts Fourth and Fifth—Iago's work is done—one day has sufficed—and what folly to bring in long time after this—when his presence would have been unsupportable—had it not been impossible. Death must follow doom.

NORTH. *Death must follow doom.* In these four words you have settled the question of time. Long time seemed necessary to change Othello into a murderer—and all the world but you and I believe that long time there was; but you and I know better—and have demonstrated short time—for at the end of the "dreadful Third Act" Othello is a murderer—and what matters it now *when* he really seized the pillow to smother her, or unsheathed the knife?

TALBOYS. It matters not a jot. But he did the deed that same night—or he had not been Othello.

NORTH. There again—or he "*had not been Othello*." In these four words, you have settled the question of time—now and forever.

TALBOYS. It would be a waste of words, sir, to seek to prove by the consecution of the Scenes in Acts Fourth and Fifth—though nothing could be easier—that he *did* murder her that very night.

NORTH. Very few will suffice. Act IV. begins a little before supper-time. Bianca enters in Scene I. inviting Cassio to supper—"An you'll come to supper to-night, you may." If anything were wanting to connect the closing Scene, of Act III. with this opening Scene of Act IV. it is fully supplied by Bianca, who at the end of Act III. gets the handkerchief, in order that she may copy it, and in the scene of this IVth Act, comes back in a fury. "Let the devil and his dam haunt you—what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *even now*? I was a fine fool to take it." Cassio had given it to her a little after dinner, and Bianca, inviting him to supper, says he had given it to her *EVEN NOW*. This Scene I. of Act IV. ends with Othello's invitation to the newly

arrived Lodovico—"I do entreat that we may sup together." Scene II. comprehends the interview between Othello and Emilia; Othello and Desdemona—Desdemona, Emilia and Iago. The whole do not occupy an hour of time—they follow one another naturally, and the action is continuous. Scene III. shows Lodovico and the Noble Venetians still at the Castle—but now it is *after* supper. Lodovico is departing—

"I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Othello. O pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

O Desdemona!

Desdemona. My Lord?

Othello. *Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith.*"

Desdemona obeys—the bed-scene follows—and *she is murdered*. What say you, Seward?

SEWARD. "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

NORTH. Buller?

BULLER. I say ditto to Mr. North.

NORTH. Why have both of you been so silent?

SEWARD. I knew it all before.

TALBOYS. What a bouncer!

BULLER. I never speak when I am busking Flies. There's a Professor for you—(six red and six black)—pretty full in the body—long-winged—liker eagle than insect—sharper than needle—and with barb "inextricable as the gored Lion's bite." Lunch-gong. To the Deeside.

NORTH. Verdict:—DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO ON THE SECOND NIGHT IN CYPRUS.

### SCENE III.—*Deeside.*

TIME—*At and after Lunch.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH. Having demonstrated SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS, let us now, if it please you, gentlemen, show forth LONG TIME AT CYPRUS.

TALBOYS. With all our heart. We have demonstrated the one, let us *show forth* the other.

NORTH. And as, in our Demonstration of Short Time, we kept Long Time out of sight—excluded him from the Tent—

BULLER. Pardon me, sir. I for one was beginning to feel his influence.

NORTH. How?

BULLER. In that contraction and expansion of the jaws denoted by that most expressive and characteristic word YAWN; for Seward and I were but listeners.

NORTH. I don't believe you heard one word.

BULLER. I did—several; and spoiled a promising Palmer in idly trying to audit your discourse at the interesting point of quarrel—just as you, sir, threw yourself back on your Swing, with an angry jerk, and Talboys started up, "like Teneriffe or Atlas removed," endangering the stability of the Tent.

NORTH. My dear Talboys, I was saying to you, when rudely interrupted by Buller, that as in our demonstration of Short Time at Cyprus, we, purposely and determinedly, and wisely kept Long Time out of sight, on account of the inextricable perplexity and confusion that would otherwise have involved the argument, so now let us, in showing forth Long Time at Cyprus, keep out of sight Short—and then shall we finally have before our ken Two TIMES at Cyprus, each firmly established on its own ground—and imperiously demanding of the Critics of this great Tragedy—Reconcilement. Reconcilement it may be beyond their power to give—but let them first see the GREAT FACT which not one of the whole set have seen—HAND IN HAND ONE DAY AND UNASSIGNED WEEKS! The condition is altogether anomalous—

TALBOYS. A DAY OF THE CALENDAR, AND A MONTH OF THE CALENDAR! No human soul ever dreams of the dreadful sayings and doings all coming off IN A DAY! till he looks—till he is made to look—as we have made Seward and Buller to look—for they heard every word we said—and finds himself nailed by Act and Scene.

NORTH. To some FIFTEEN HOURS.

BULLER. I thought you were going to show forth Long Time at Cyprus.

NORTH. Why, there it is, staring you in the face everywhere—you may see it with your eyes shut—and as most people read with their eyes shut, they see it—and they see it only—while—

BULLER. Why, sir, since you won't get on a little faster, Talboys and I must be Ushers to Long Time.

NORTH. Be—do.

TALBOYS. Long Time cunningly insinuates itself, serpentwise, throughout Desdemona's first recorded conversation with Cassio, at the beginning of Scene III., Act III.—the "Dreadful Scene." Thus—



"Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle everything he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away."

This points to a protracted time in the future—and though announcing an intention merely, yet somehow it leaves an impression that Desdemona carries her intention into effect—that she does "watch him tame," does make his "bed seem a school"—does "intermingle everything she does with Cassio's suit." The passage recurred to my mind, I recollect, when you first hinted to me the question of time; and no doubt it tells so on the minds of many—

NORTH. Inconsiderate people.

TALBOYS. All people are more or less inconsiderate, sir.

NORTH. True.

TALBOYS. Then Desdemona says—

"How now, my lord?  
I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure."

I cannot listen to that line, even now, without a feeling of the heart-sickness of protracted time—"hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—*languishes!* even unto death. I think of that fine line in Wordsworth—

"So fades—so languishes—grows dim, and dies."

SEWARD. Poo!

NORTH. Seward, the remark is a fine one.

TALBOYS. Far in this Scene, Othello says to Iago—

"If more thou dost perceive, let me no more:  
Set on thy wife to observe."

Iago has not said that he had perceived anything, but Othello, greatly disturbed, speaks as if Iago had said that he had perceived a good deal; and we might believe that they had been a long time at Cyprus. Othello then says—

"This honest creature, doubtless,  
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds."

In all this, sir, we surely have a feeling of longish time.

SEWARD. Poo!

NORTH. Heed him not—English manners. We have—

TALBOYS.

"O curse of marriage!  
That we can call those delicate creatures ours—  
And not their appetites."

This is the language of a some time married man—not of a man the morning after his nuptials.

NORTH. The Handkerchief.

TALBOYS. Ay—Emilia's words.

"I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor—  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to."

Here we have long time, and no mistake. Iago has wooed her to steal it a hundred times! When and where? Since their arrival at Cyprus.

SEWARD. I don't know that.

TALBOYS. Nor do I. But I say the words naturally give us the impression of long time. In none of his soliloquies at Venice, or at Cyprus on their first arrival, has Iago once mentioned that Handkerchief as the chief instrument of his wicked design—and therefore Emilia's words imply weeks at Cyprus,—

"What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?"

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emilia. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;

That which so often you did bid me steal."

NORTH. Go on.

TALBOYS.

"What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust!  
I saw it not—thought it not—it harm'd not me—  
*I slept the next night well*—was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

Next night—night after night—many nights—many *wedded* nights—long time at Cyprus.

NORTH. And then Cassio's dream.

TALBOYS. "I lay with Cassio—*lately*."  
Where, but at Cyprus? "Cursed fate! that  
*gave thee to the Moor*."

SEWARD. Of that by-and-by.

TALBOYS. Of that now. What?

SEWARD. By-and-by.

NORTH. Better be a dumb dog, Seward, than snarl so.

TALBOYS. And on Othello going off in a rage about the handkerchief—what saith Desdemona?

"I ne'er saw this before."

These few words are full charged with long time.

NORTH. They are. And Emilia's—" 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man." True, that is a kind of general reflection—but a most foolish general reflection indeed, if made to a Wife weeping at her husband's harshness the day after marriage.

TALBOYS. Emilia's "year or two" cannot mean one day—it implies weeks—or months. Desdemona then says,—

"Something, sure, of state,  
*Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,*  
&c.

Does not *that* look like long time at Cyprus? Unlike the language of one who had herself arrived at Cyprus from Venice but the day before. And in continuation, Desdemona's

"Nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
*As fit the bridal.*"

And that thought brings sudden comfort to poor Desdemona, who says sweetly—

"Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,) Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indited falsely."

That is—why did I, a married woman some months old, forget that the honey-moon is gone, and that my Othello, hero as he is, is now—not a Bridegroom—but a husband? "Men are not gods."

NORTH. And Bianca? She's a puzzler.

TALBOYS. A puzzler, and something more.

"Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cassio. What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging,  
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? And lovers' absent  
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been  
press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off the score of absence."

Here the reproaches of Bianca to Cassio develop long time. For, besides his week's absence from her house, there is implied the preceding time necessary for contracting and habitually carrying on the illicit attachment.

Bianca is a Cyprus householder; Cassio sups at her house; his intimacy, which has various expressions of continuance, has been formed with her there; he has found her, and grown acquainted with her there, not at Venice. I know it has been suggested that she was his mistress at Venice—that she came with the squadron from Venice; and that her last cohabitation with Cassio had taken place in Venice about a week ago—but for believing this there is here not the slightest ground. "What! keep a week away?" would be a strange exclamation, indeed, from one who knew that he had been but a day on shore—had landed along with herself yesterday from the same ship—and had been a week cooped up from her in a separate berth. And Bianca, seeing the handkerchief, and being told to "take me this work out," cries—

"O Cassio! whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

*To the felt absence now I feel a cause.*"

"To the felt absence," Eight score eight hours! the cause? Some new mistress at Cyprus—not forced separation at sea.

NORTH. Then, Talboys, in Act. IV., Scene I., Othello is listening to the conversation of Iago and Cassio, which he believes relates to his wife. Iago says—

"She gives it out that you shall marry her;  
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha! ha! ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

Iago. Faith! the cry goes, *that you shall marry her.*

Cassio. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you SCORED ME? Well."

That is, have you marked me for destruction, in order that you may marry my wife? Othello believes that Cassio is said to entertain an intention of marrying Desdemona, and infers that, as a preliminary, he must be put out of the way. This on the first day after marriage? No, surely long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Iago says to Cassio,

"My Lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit: *he had one yesterday.*

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by-and-by,  
Breaks out to savage madness."



This is a lie—but Cassio believes it. Cassio could not have believed it, and therefore Iago would not have told it, had “yesterday” been the day of the triumphant, joyful, and happy arrival at Cyprus. Assuredly, Cassio knew that Othello had had no fit *that* day; that day he was Othello’s lieutenant—Iago but his Ancient—and Iago could know nothing of any fits that Cassio knew not of—therefore—Long Time.

NORTH.

“For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,  
He hath—and is again to—”

He does so—and Othello believes what he hears Cassio tell of Bianca to be of Desdemona. Madness any way we take it—but madness possible only—on long time at Cyprus.

TALBOYS. Then, sir, the trumpet announcing the arrival of Lodovico from Venice, at the close of Iago’s and Othello’s murderous colloquy, and Lodovico giving Othello a packet containing—his recall!

“They do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.”

What are we to make of that?

NORTH. The recall, except after considerable time, would make the policy of the Senate frivolous—a thing Shakspeare never does, for the greatness of political movements lies everywhere for a support to the strength and power of his tragical fable. Half that we know of Othello out of the Scenes is, that he is the trusted General of the Senate. What gravity his esteem with you derives hence, and can we bear to think of him superseded without cause? Had Lodovico, who brings the new commission, set off the day after Othello from Venice? No. You imagine an intercourse, which has required time, between Othello, since his appointment, and the Senate. Why, in all the world, do they thus suddenly depose him, and put Cassio in his place? You cannot very well think that the next measure of the Senate, after entrusting the command of Cyprus, their principal Island, to their most tried General, in most critical and perilous times, was to displace him ere they hear a word from him. They have not had time to know that the Turkish fleet is wrecked and scattered, unless they sit behind Scenes in the Green-room.

TALBOYS. We must conclude that the Senate must give weeks or months to this

New Governor ere interfering with him.—To recall him before they know he has reached Cyprus—nay, to send a ship after him next day—or a day or two following his departure—would make these “most potent, grave, and reverend Signors,” enigmas, and the Doge an Idiot. What though a steamer had brought tidings back to Venice that the Turks had been “banged” and “drowned?” That was not a sufficient reason to order Othello back before he could have well set his foot on shore, or taken more than a look at the state of the fortifications, in case the Ottoman should fit out another fleet.

NORTH. Then mark Lodovico’s language. He asks, seeing Othello strike his wife—as well he may—“Is it his use?” Or did the letters “work upon his blood, and new-create this fault?” And Iago answers, “It is not honesty in me to speak *what I have seen and known.*” Lodovico says, “The noble Moor, whom our Senate call all in all sufficient?” Then they have not quarreled with him, at least—nor lost their good opinion of him! Iago answers, “He is much changed?” What, in a day? And again—“It is not honesty in me to speak what I have seen and known.” What, in a day? Lodovico comes evidently to Othello after a long separation—such as affords room for a moral transformation; and Iago’s words—lies as they are—and seen to be lies by the most unthinking person—yet refer to much that has passed in an ample time—to a continued course of procedure.

NORTH. But in all the Play nothing is so conclusive of long time as the Second Scene of the Third Act.

“Othello. You have seen nothing, then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o’ the way?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emilia. Never, my Lord.

Othello. That’s strange.”

If all this relates to their residence at Cyprus, it indicates many weeks.

SEWARD. Ay—If.

NORTH. What wicked whisper was that? Did you whisper, Buller?

BULLER. No. I have not once whis-

pered for a quarter of a century—My whispering days have long been over.

NORTH. Then a word about Emilia. "I prythee, let thy wife attend on her," says Othello, going on board at Venice, to Iago. In the slight way in which such arrangements can be touched, this request is conclusive evidence to Emilia's being then *first* placed about Desdemona's person. It has no sense else; nor is there the slightest ground for supposing a prior acquaintance, at least intimacy. What had an Ensign's wife to do with a Nobleman's daughter? and now she is attached as an Attendant. Now, consider, first, Emilia's character. She seems not very principled, not very chaste. She gives you the notion of a tolerably well-practiced Venetian Wife. Hear Iago's opinion, who suspects her with two persons, and one on general rumor. Yet how strong her affection for Desdemona, and her faith in her purity! She witnesses for her, and she dies for her! I ask, how long did that affection and that opinion take to grow? a few days at Venice, and a week while they were sea-sick aboard ship? No. Weeks—months. A gentle lady once made to me that fine remark,—“Emilia has not much worth in herself, but is raised into worth by her contact with Desdemona—into heroic worth!” “I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known, though I lost twenty lives.” And that bodeful “Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home!” what does it mean? but a dim surmise, or a clear, that what she will disclose will bring the death upon her from his dagger, which it brings. The impure dying a voluntary martyr for the pure is to the highest degree affecting—is the very manner of Shakspeare, to express a principal character by its influence on subordinate ones—has its own moral sublimity; but more than all, for our purpose, it witnesses time. Love and Faith, and Fidelity, won from her in whom these virtues are to be first created!

SEWARD. Very fine. My dear sir, you are not angry with me?

TALBOYS. Angry? Not he. Look on his face—how mild!

NORTH. Othello, in his wrath, calls Emilia “a closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets: and yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.” Where and when? It could only have been at Cyprus; and such language denotes a somewhat long attendance there on Desdemona.

SEWARD. Ingenious—and better than so.

NORTH. “Some of your function, mistress,” renewed to Emilia—when, after con-

versing with Desdemona, Othello is going out—is his treatment of one whom he supposes to have been serviceable to his wife's and Cassio's amour. Where? There, only there, in Cyprus, by all witnessing, palpably. *She* could not before. He speaks to her as *professional* in such services, therefore long dealing in them; but this all respects this one intrigue, not her previous life. The wicked energy of the forced attribution vanishes, if this respects anything but her helpfulness to his wife and her paramour, and at Cyprus—there—only there. Nothing points to a farther back looking suspicion. Iago's “thousand times committed” can only lengthen out the stay at Cyprus. Othello still believes that she once loved him—that she has fallen to corruption.

BULLER. Antenuptial?

NORTH. Faugh! Could he have the most horrible, revolting, and loathsome of all thoughts, that he wedded her impure? and not a hint given of that most atrocious pang? Incredible—impossible! I can never believe, if Shakspeare intended an infidelity taking precedence of the marriage, that he would not by word or by hint have said so. Think how momentous to our intelligence of the jealousy the *date* is; not as to Tuesday or Wednesday, but as to before or after the nuptial knot—before or after the first religious loosing of the virgin zone. That a man's wife has turned into a wanton—hell and horror! But that he wedded one—Pah! Faugh! Could Iago, could Othello, could Shakspeare have left *this* point in the chronology of guilt to be argued out doubtfully? No. The greatest of Poets for pit, boxes, and gallery, must have written intelligibly to pit, boxes, and gallery; and extrication, unveiled, after two hundred and fifty years, by studious men, in a fit of perplexity, cannot be the thunderbolt which Shakspeare flung to his audience at the Globe Theatre.

TALBOYS. You remember poor, dear, sweet Mrs. Henry Siddons—the Desdemona—how she gave utterance to those words,

“It was his bidding—therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu; We must not now displease him.

*Emilia.*—I would you had never seen him!

*Desdemona.*—So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emilia.*—I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.



*Desdemona.*—All's one : Good father ! how foolish are our minds !  
If I do die before thee—pr'ythee shroud me  
In one of those same sheets."

The wedding sheets were *reserved*. They had been laid by for weeks—months—time long enough to give a saddest character to the bringing them out again—a serious, ominous meaning—disturbed from the quietude, the sanctity of their sleep by a wife's mortal presentiment that they may be her shroud.

NORTH.

*Long time established at Cyprus.*

*Verdict*—DESDEMONA MURDERED BY OTHELLO  
HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN.

SCENE IV.—*The Grove.*

TIME—*After Lunch.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

SEWARD. On rising, sir, to—

NORTH. Sit down—no gentleman speaks on his legs before, at, or after meals in a private party.

SEWARD. Except in Scotland. On sitting down, sir, to state MY THEORY, I trust that I shall not lay myself open to the im—

NORTH. Speak with your natural tone as if you were sitting, Seward, and not with that Parliamentary sing-song in which Statesmen, with their coat-tails perked up behind, declaim on the state of Europe—

SEWARD. I IMAGINE, SIR, THAT SHAKSPEARE ASSUMED THE MARRIAGE TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PLAY—SUFFICIENTLY LONG TO ADMIT THE POSSIBILITY OF A COURSE OF GUILT BEFORE THE PLAY OPENS. I imagine that, with this general idea in his mind, he gave his full and unfettered attention to the working out of THE PLOT, which has no reference to the time, circumstances, or history of the Marriage, but relates exclusively to the Moor's Jealousy. Therefore the indications of past time at Venice are vague, and rarely scattered through the dialogue.

TALBOYS. A more astounding discovery indeed, Seward, than any yet announced by that stunner, Christopher North. Pardon me, sir.

NORTH. We have said our say, Shirra ; let the Lord-Lieutenant of his County say his—

TALBOYS. And the Chairman of the Quarter-Sessions, and President of the Agricultural Society of the Land's End say his.

BULLER. I can beat you at chess.

TALBOYS. You !!!

NORTH. Gentlemen, let there be no bad blood.

SEWARD. Supposing that this was Shakspeare's general idea of the Plot, I would first beg your attention to the fact that the marriage has taken place—none of us know how long—*before the beginning of the Play.*

TALBOYS. The same night—the same night.

SEWARD. I said—none of us know how long ; and as you are a Lawyer, Mr. Talboys—

TALBOYS. For goodness' sake, my dear Seward, don't mister me—

SEWARD. The only evidence, my dear Talboys, as to the history of the marriage is that given by Roderigo in the First Scene. He, with the most manifest anxiety to prove himself an honest witness, declares that now, at midnight, Desdemona had eloped—NOT WITH *the Moor*, but with no "worse nor better guard, but with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, *to*," &c. &c. She has fled *alone* from her father's house ; and Roderigo, being interrogated, "Are they married, think ye ?" answers, "Truly I think they are."

TALBOYS. What do you say to Iago's saying to Cassio—

"Faith he *to-night* has boarded a land Carrack :  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cassio.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married."

SEWARD. It cannot be inferred, from these words, that this was the first occasion on which Desdemona and Othello had come together as man and wife. The words are quite consistent with the supposition that their marriage had taken place some time before ; also quite consistent with Iago's knowledge of that event. It was not his cue or his humor to say more than he did. Why should he ?

TALBOYS. It cannot be inferred ! It can—I infer it. And pray, how do you account for Othello saying to Desdemona, on the day of their arrival at Cyprus,

"The purchase made—the fruits are to ensue ;  
That profits yet to come 'twixt me and you."

SEWARD. "The purchase made"—refers to the price which Othello had paid for conjugal delight with Desdemona awaiting him at Cyprus. That price was the peril which he had undergone during his stormy voyage. In his exuberant satisfaction, simply expressing a self-evident truth, that his happiness

was yet before him. Had Desdemona been then a virgin bride, Othello would hardly have used such language. Iago speaks in his usual characteristic coarse way—so no need to say a word more on the subject.

TALBOYS. Very well. Be it so. But why should such a private marriage have been resorted to; and if privacy was desirable at first, what change had occurred to cause the public declaration of it?

SEWARD. Othello had been nine months unemployed in war—the Venetian State was at peace—and he had been in constant intercourse with the Brabantios—

“Her father lov’d me—oft invited me;”

and he “took *once* a pliant hour” to ask Desdemona to be his wife. That “*once*” cannot refer to the day on which the Play commences; and that their marriage took place some time before, is alike reconcilable with the character of the “gentle Lady,” and with that of the impetuous Hero.

TALBOYS. Truly!

SEWARD. Still, a private marriage is, under any circumstances, a questionable proceeding; and our great Dramatist was desirous that as little of the questionable as possible should either be or appear in the conduct of the “Divine Desdemona;” and therefore he has left the private marriage very much in the shade.

TALBOYS. Very much in the shade indeed.

SEWARD. Her duplicity must be admitted, and allowance must be made for it. It was wrong, but not in the least unnatural, and perfectly excusable—

TALBOYS. No.

SEWARD. And grievously expiated.

TALBOYS. It was indeed. Poor dear Desdemona!

SEWARD. It is, you know, part of the proof of her capacity for guilt, that she ingeniously deceived her father.

TALBOYS. But why reveal it now?

SEWARD. Circumstances are changed. The Cyprus wars have broke out, and Othello is about to be commissioned to take the command of the Venetian force.

“I do know, the State  
Cannot with safety cast him, for he’s embarked  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stand in act, that for their souls  
Another of his fathom have they not  
To lead this business.”

It was therefore necessary that the marriage

should be declared, if Desdemona was to accompany her husband to Cyprus. And the elopement from her father to her husband did take place just in time.

TALBOYS. Is that what people call plausible?

SEWARD. All the difficulties of Time are thus removed in a moment. In a blaze of light we see LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS.

BULLER. LONG TIME AT VENICE—SHORT TIME AT CYPRUS. That’s the Ticket. You Scotsmen are not wholly without insight; but for seeing into the heart of the hole—or of the stone—

TALBOYS. Give me a Devonshire Cider-swiller or a Cornish Miner.

NORTH. What! Can’t we discuss a Great Question in the Drama without these unseemly personal and national broils? For shame, Talboys.

TALBOYS. You Scotsmen indeed!

“Nay but, he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against YOUR HONOR.”

NORTH. My dear Seward, let’s hear how you support your Theory.

SEWARD. A great deal of weight, my dear Mr. North, is to be attached to the calm tone—the husbandlike and matronlike demeanor of Othello and Desdemona when confronted with the Senate. That scene certainly impresses one with the conviction that they had been man and wife for a considerable period of time.

NORTH. Very good, Seward—very good.

SEWARD. I do indeed think, sir, that the bride and bridegroom show much more composure throughout the whole of that Scene, than is very reconcilable with the idea that this was their nuptial night. Othello’s “natural and prompt alacrity” in undertaking the wars was scarcely complimentary to his virgin Spouse upon this supposition; and Desdemona’s cool distinguishings between the paternal and marital claims on her duty seem also somewhat too matronly for the occasion.

NORTH. Very good—very good—my dear Seward, I like your observation much, that the demeanor of the married pair before the Senate has a stamp of composure. That is finely felt; but I venture to aver, my dear friend, that we must otherwise understand it. The dignity of their spirits it is that holds them both composed. Invincible self-collectedness is by more than one person in the Play held up for a characteristic qual-



ity of Othello. To a mind high and strong, which Desdemona's is, the exigency of a grand crisis, which overthrows weaker and lower minds, produces composure; from a sense of the necessity for self-possession; and involuntarily from the tension of the powers—their sole direction to the business that passes—which leaves no thought free to stray into disorder, and the inquietude of personal regards. Add, on the part of Othello, the gravity, and on that of Desdemona the awe of the Presence in which they stand, speak, and act; and you have ennobling and sufficing tragical, that is loftily and pathetically poetical, motives for that elate presence of mind which both show. Now all the greatness and grace vanish, if you suppose them calm simply because they have been married these two months. That is a reason fit for Thalia, not for Melpomene.

TALBOYS. Let any one English among all the two of you answer that.

SEWARD. The Duke says—

"You must hence to-night.

Desdemona. To-night, my Lord?

Othello. With all my heart."

This faint expression of Desdemona's slight surprise and reluctance, and no more—is I allow—natural and delicate in her—whether wife, bride, or Maid—But Othello's "with all my heart" is—

TALBOYS. Equally worthy of Othello. You know it is.

NORTH. My dear Seward—do the Doge—Brabantio—the Senate understand and believe what Othello has been telling them—and that he has now disclosed to them the fact of a private marriage with Desdemona, of some weeks' or months' standing? Is that their impression?

SEWARD. I cannot say.

NORTH. I can. Or has Othello been reserved—cautious—crafty in all his apparent candor—and Desdemona equally so? Are they indeed oldish-married folk?

TALBOYS. Shocking—shocking. That Scene in the Council Chamber of itself deals your "Theory!" its death-blow.

SEWARD. I look on it in quite another light. I shall be glad to know what you think is meant by Desdemona's to the Duke

"If I be left behind

*The rites for which I love him are denied me."*

What are the *rites* which are thus all comprehensive of Desdemona's love for Othello? The phrase is, to the habit of our ears, per-

haps somewhat startling; yet five lines before she said truly "I saw Othello's visage in his mind"—a love of spirit for spirit. And again—

"To his honor and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

I think they had been married some time.

TALBOYS. The word *rites* is the very word most fitting the Lady's lips—used in a generous, free, capacious sense—as of the solace entire which the wife of a soldier has, following him; as to dress his wounds, wind his laurels, hear his counsels, cheer his darker mood, smile away the lowering of the Elements—

SEWARD. You won't understand me.

NORTH. No—no—no. It won't go down. I have opened my mouth far and wide, and it won't go down. Our friend Isaac Widethroat himself could not bolt it. The moral impossibility would choke him—that Othello would marry Desdemona to leave her at her Father's House, for which most perilous and entangling proceeding quite out of his character, no motive is offered, or imaginable. The love-making might go on long—and I accept a good interval since he drew from her the prayer for his history. The pressure of the war might give a decisive moment for the final step, which must have been in agitation for some time on Desdemona's behalf and part, who would require some persuasion for a step so desperate, and would not at once give up all hope of her father's consent, who "loved" Othello.

TALBOYS. If they were married, how base and unmanly *to steal one's wedded Wife out of one's Father-in-law's house!* The only course was to have gone in the middle of the day to Brabantio and say, "this we have done"—or "this I have done. Forgive us, if you can—we are Man and Wife." Men less kingly than Othello have often done it. To steal in order to marry was a temptation with a circumstantial necessity—a gallant adventure in usual estimation.

NORTH. The thing most preposterous to me in a long marriage at Venice, is the continued lying position in which it places Othello and Desdemona toward her father. Two months—say—or three or four—of difficult deception! when the uppermost characteristic of both is clear-souledness—the most magnanimous sincerity. By that, before anything else, are they kindred and fit for one another. On that, before anything else, is the Tragedy grounded—on his unsuspi-

cious openness which is drawn against its own nature, to suspect her purity that lies open as earth's bosom to the sun. And she is to be killed for a dissembler! In either, immense contrast between the person and fate. That These Two should truckle to a domestic lie!

TALBOYS. No. The Abduction and Marriage were of one stroke—one effort—one plot. When Othello says, "That I have ta'en away—that I have married her"—he tells literally and simply that which has happened as it happened, in the order of events.

SEWARD. Why should not Othello marry Desdemona, and keep her at her father's, as theorized?

NORTH. It is out of his character. He has the spirit of command, of lordship, of dominion—an *animus imperiosus*. This element must be granted to fit him for his place; and it is intimated, and is consistent with and essential to his whole fabric of mind. Then, he would not put that which belonged to him out of his power, in hostile keeping—his wife and not his wife. It is contrary to his great love, which desires and would feed upon her continual presence. And against his discretion, prudence or common sense, to risk that Brabantio, discovering, might in fury take sudden violent measures—shut her up in a convent, or turn her into the streets, or who knows what—kill her.

TALBOYS. Then the insupportable consideration and question, how do they come together as man and wife? Does she come to his bedroom at his private Lodgings, or his quarters at the Sagittary? Or does he go to hers at her father's, climbing a garden wall every night like Romeo, bribing the porter, or trusting Ancilla? You cannot figure it out any way without *degradation*, and something ludicrous; and a sense of being entangled in the impracticable.

NORTH. The least that can be said is, that it invests the sanctimony of marriage with the air of an illicit amour.

TALBOYS. Then the high-minded Othello running the perpetual and imminent risk of being caught thieving—slipping through loop-holes—mouse-holes—key-holes. What in Romeo and Juliet is romance, between Othello and Desdemona is almost pollution.

NORTH. What a desolating of the *MAN- NERS* of the Play! Will you then, in order to evade a difficulty of the mechanical construction, clog and whelm the poetry, and moral greatness of the Play, with a preliminary debasement? Introduce your Hero and Heroine under a cloud?

TALBOYS. And how can you show that Othello could not at any moment have taken her away, as at last you suppose him to do, having a motive? Mind—he knows that the wars are on—he does not know he shall be sent for that night. He does not know that he may have to keep her a week at his quarters.

NORTH. My dear Seward—pray, meditate but for a moment on these words of Desdemona in the Council Chamber—

"My noble Father,

I do perceive here a *DIVIDED DUTY*:

My life and education both do learn me

How to respect you; you are the *LORD OF DUTY*,  
I am hitherto your Daughter: *BUT HERE'S MY*

*HUSBAND*;

And so much duty as my mother showed

To you, preferring you before her Father,

So much I challenge that I may profess

Due to the Moor, my Lord."

These are weighty words—of grave and solemn import—and the time has come when Desdemona the Daughter is to be Desdemona the Wife. She tells simply and sedately—affectionately and gratefully—the great primal Truth of this our human and social life. Hitherto her father has been to her the Lord of Duty—the Lord of Duty henceforth is to be her Husband. Othello, up to that night, had been but her Lover; and up to that night—for the hidden wooing was nothing to be ashamed of or repented—there had been to her no "divided Duty"—to her Father's happiness had been devoted her whole filial heart. But had she been a married woman for weeks or months before, how insincere—how hypocritical had that appeal been felt by herself to be, as it issued from her lips! The Duty had, in that case, been "divided" before—and in a way not pleasant for us to think of—to her Father violated or extinct.

TALBOYS. I engage, Seward, over and above what our Master has made manifest, to show that though this Theory of yours would remove some difficulties attending the time in Cyprus, it would leave others just where they are—and create many more.

NORTH. Grant that Othello and Desdemona must be married for two months before he murders her—that our hearts and imaginations require it. The resemblance to the ordinary course of human affairs asks it. We cannot bear that he shall extinguish her and himself—both having sipped only, and not quaffed from the cup of hymeneal felicity. Your soul is outraged by so harsh



and malignant a procedure of the Three Sisters. Besides, in proper poetical equilibration, he should have enjoyed to the full, with soul and with body, the happiness which his soul annihilates. And men do not kill their wives the first week. It would be too exceptional a case. Extended time is required for the probability—the steps of change in the heart of Othello require it—the construction and accumulation of proofs require it—the wheel of events usually rolls with something of leisure and measure. So is it in the real World—so must it seem to be on the Stage—else no verisimilitude—no “*veluti in speculum*.” “Two months shall elapse between marriage and murder,” says Shakspeare—going to write. They must pass at Venice, or they must pass at Cyprus. Place Shakspeare in this position, and which will he choose? If at Venice, a main requiring condition is not satisfied. For in the fits and snatches of the clandestine marriage, Othello has never possessed with full embrace, and heart overflowing, the happiness which he destroys. If an earthquake is to ruin a palace, it must be built up to the battlements and pinnacles; furnished, occupied, made the seat of Pleasure, Pomp, and Power; and then shaken into heaps—or you have but half a story. Only at Cyprus Othello possesses Desdemona. There where he is Lord of his Office, Lord over the Allegiance of soldier and civilian—of a whole population—Lord of the Island, which, sea-surrounded, is as a world of itself—Lord of his will—Lord of his wife.

TALBOYS. I feel, sir, in this view much poetical demonstration—although mathematical none—and in such a case Poetry is your only Principia.

NORTH. Your hand. But if, my dear Seward, Shakspeare elects time at Venice, he willfully clouds his two excellent Persons with many shadows of indecorum, and clogs his Action with a procedure and a state of affairs, which your Imagination loses itself in attempting to define—with improbabilities—with impracticabilities—with impossibilities. If he was resolute to have a well-sustained logic of Time, I say it was better for him to have his Two Months distinct at Cyprus. I

say that, with his creative powers, if he was determined to have Two Calendar Months, from the First of May to the First of July, and then in One Day distinctly the first suspicion sown and the murder done, nothing could have been easier to him than to have imagined, and indicated, and hurried over the required gap of time; and that he would have been bound to prefer this course to that inexplicable marriage and no marriage at Venice.

BULLER. How he clears his way!

NORTH. But Shakspeare, my dear Boys, had a better escape. Wittingly or unwittingly, he exempted himself from the obligation of walking by the Calendar. He knew—or he felt that the fair proportionate structure of the Action required liberal time at Cyprus. He took it; for there it is, recognized in the consciousness of every sitting or standing spectator. He knew, or he felt, that the passionate expectation to be sustained in the bosoms of his audience required a rapidity of movement in his Murder-Plot, and it moves on feet of fire.

SEWARD. Venice is beginning to fade from my ken.

NORTH. The first of all necessities toward the Criticism of the Play, Seward, is to convince yourself that there was not—could not be a time of concealed marriage at Venice—that it is not hinted, and is not inferable.

BULLER. Shall we give in, Seward?

SEWARD. Yes.

NORTH. You must go to the TREMENDOUS TROUBLE TIME AT CYPRUS, knowing that the solution is to be had there, or nowhere. If you cast back a longing lingering look toward Venice, you are lost. Put mountains and waves between you and the Queen of the Sea. Help yourself through at Cyprus, or perish in the adventure.

TALBOYS. Through that mystery, you alone, sir, are the Man to help us through—and you must.

NORTH. Not now—to-morrow. Till then be revolving the subject occasionally in your minds.

TALBOYS. Let's off to the Pike-ground at Kilchurn.

## "L'HOMME PROPOSE;"

OR, A LOVE-PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A JUNIOR TREASURY CLERK.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### I.

WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE TIGER'S BACK.

"WHAT a delightful thing is the society of 'lovely woman!'" exclaimed Augustus Headlong, one morning, as he was giving the last sweep of the razor over his palm, preparatory to the operation during which men think more deeply than at any other time. "What a de—lightful thing! especially after a bottle of champagne!"

"I never," continued Augustus, after a pause;—"no, I don't think I ever was in greater force than last night at the Beddingtons. Matilda Beddington is a fine creature—very! I came it strong,—yes,—de—cidedly."

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, Augustus Headlong allowed the razor to perform its duty uninterruptedly to the close, and then, with a pleased expression of countenance, completed his toilette and sat down to breakfast.

While he is pouring out his tea, we will venture upon a slight sketch of his personal appearance, and to add to it a brief account of his position in society.

Handsome, as the term is generally accepted, he certainly was not, for he had a turn-up nose, a mouth somewhat of the widest, a cast in one eye, hair of a suspicious hue, and whiskers about whose color there could be no doubt, though those who spoke well of him behind his back were amiable enough to call it merely sandy. These trifles, however, being kept out of view, he was not considered an ill-looking fellow, except by the members of his club, the people who passed him in the street, and the generality of his male acquaintance. The exceptions were no doubt numerous, but their effect was more than counterbalanced, in his estimation, by the favorable opinion of the fair sex, with whom Augustus was rather popular, owing to an

agreeable, insinuating way he had with him, which chiefly showed itself after dinner. If there were a spice of vanity in his composition he may be pardoned its existence, for it only betrayed itself when any allusion was made in conversation to "legs." On such occasions Augustus (whose nether limbs curved slightly outward) would direct attention to his own, by stretching them out, if he were in a sitting posture, or by gently tapping his boots with his cane, if standing upright. The most self-denying practice little arts like these; there are even severe philosophers with fine teeth who are not above them. For the rest, he was of a good-humored, frank and confiding disposition, which, indeed, he occasionally pushed a little too far, having an irresistible tendency, in certain situations, to be more confiding than was altogether prudent or safe.

The truth is, he was always proposing. He rarely went to a ball—and supper—without offering to become the partner for life of his last partner in the dance; seldom dined out without encouraging matrimonial visions as the claret went round; and never formed one at a pic-nic without volunteering "the Pledge" in the first umbrageous retreat that invited opportunity.

He had, of course, been accepted a great many times, but only by the objects of his sudden passion; for it invariably happened, that when the blushing announcement was made to papa or mamma, a stern negative on their parts put an end to the affair, and Augustus Headlong was forthwith banished from the house. The reason for this continuous parental cruelty arose from the well-ascertained fact that he was only a junior clerk in the Treasury, with no prospect of ever becoming prime minister, a category in which he by no means stood alone. It is true that he was known to have an aunt somewhere in the country who was reported to be pretty well off, but it was equally well



known that Augustus was no favorite of hers, and that he was the youngest of three nephews. Besides, in the romantic flights in which he was fond of indulging, he always pictured the delight of "flying from the world" to "love and a cottage," which figure of speech worldly-minded parents interpret to mean a second story, unfurnished, in an inaccessible suburb; or, at the best, a four-roomed house in St. John's Wood, with a rain-water butt and an oblong strip of garden behind it.

Strange to say, these ever-recurring obstacles in the way of his hopes had not saddened Augustus Headlong. We all know that "the path of true love" is strewn with the roughest and sharpest flints, instead of what it ought to be—the smoothest and most delicate sea-shell gravel; but, often as he had trodden that path, the feet of Augustus were not lacerated. This immunity was, probably, the result of his brief sojourn in love's "pleasaunce," or, it might be, that he had become, in a manner, case-hardened.

There are men who, when they lapse into a maudlin condition, exhibit a painful sense of the pangs of unrequited love, and spoil their whisky-punch by squeezing sorrow into it; "the bowl before them" is literally "turned to tears." Augustus Headlong was not one of this description; whisky, or wine, or whatever potation he indulged in, affected him only so far as to afford him a new perception of the Beautiful, and he always acted on his perceptions with the greatest promptitude. Occasionally, perhaps, he saw, as it were, "through a glass darkly," which accounted for the favorable reception he sometimes met with, when the beauty he dreamed of existed only in his own imagination; but whether he forgot the lady afterward—which now and then happened—or was "driven from her presence"—which was of more frequent occurrence—the end of the adventure was always the same, and, at the age of thirty-five, Augustus Headlong was still unmarried, and likely to remain so, for he was still a junior clerk in the Treasury.

After this explanation, it is scarcely necessary to observe that Matilda Beddington, of whom Augustus soliloquized just now, while in the act of shaving, was the most recent mistress of his affections, and that he had proposed to her the evening before. But, though he was perfectly aware of the fact, it made no difference in the state of his appetite. He had become a kind of fatalist; he felt that he was not the master of his own

actions, and that to propose to a young lady after dining with her father was as inevitable an act as wishing her good night. He remembered it, however, for the proposal had been made under circumstances which many people would consider not only extraordinary, but impossible, provided no explanation were offered. It took place on a tiger's back!

The circumstances were these:—

Mr. Beddington, who had four exceedingly handsome daughters, was passionately fond of natural history, and his house was crammed with "preparations." His drawing-rooms glittered with the choicest groups from Williams's; the library was lined with cases of butterflies, and other brilliant insects; you made your way into the hall through a forest of skins and antlers; and if you threaded the passages without driving your boots or elbows into cabinets filled with horned owls, silver pheasants, and scarlet ibises, you might consider yourself a very successful pilot. It was a pleasant house, notwithstanding, for it abounded in nooks and corners, and where these are, and four handsome daughters into the bargain, society has many charms. It is a great mistake for a marriageable family to live in a plain, square, regularly-shaped, mathematically-built mansion. Flirtation in such a case is out of the question. Where there are no bay-windows, daughters never go off,—and without recesses declarations are almost impossible.

Mr. Beddington's house abounded, we have said, in these *lacs d'amour*. There was "the tent-room," delightfully situated off "the inner drawing-room," with a nice little escape of its own into "the small conservatory," and from thence into the garden beneath the blank windows. There was "the second library," where some of the oldest books and rarest prints were kept, of which Isabella or Matilda, or Charlotte or Emily—as the case might be—always took particular charge. Into this room no one ever ventured save under the guidance of one or other of the young ladies. It had another recommendation; from being seldom used, the hinges were stiff, and the door creaked when anybody tried to open it from the outside. Then there were passages which did not, as in many cases, "lead to nothing;" there was always a *sortie* to be discovered in some unexpected angle. The house was large, and Mrs. Beddington, thinking, with her accustomed kindness of feeling, that people who wander about much must occasionally tire themselves, had considerably caused seats

to be placed wherever there was room for them. There were no "Glastonbury chairs," or solitary devices of that kind, fit only for mitred abbots to read their breviaries in—but *chaises longues* that held exactly two, *causeuses* which deserved the name, and ottomans in profusion.

But the most glorious of all the upholsterer's contrivances was a splendid stuffed tiger, whose broad and well-pressed back invited rest where it stood, behind one of the discreetest and most useful *portières* that ever shut out observation. Nobody who passed near that *portière* would by any chance have suspected that it served any other purpose than that of keeping out a troublesome draught and making everything snug within. Indeed, it answered the latter object capitally, for nothing could be snugger than the individuals who ensconced themselves on the right side of it. In the daytime, when its folds were partially drawn, you saw a passage opening upon a side-door, by which you might enter "the large conservatory;" but it was not the usual mode of access, and therefore, when evening came, and the *portière* was closed, a very small lamp, which shed a very dim ray, was hung up just to prevent accident in case anybody incautiously went that way.

If that tiger could have related its experiences since it first became a settee, its revelations would have filled a goodly volume. It could have told every syllable of the flirtation between Miss Isabella Beddington and young Fitzarthur of the Lancers, which terminated so unexpectedly in his marriage with her dearest friend, Caroline Radford, with whom he ran away, and about which she was "wretched for life," till the same tiger heard the vows of Mr. Prettyman, the owner of the *Zephyr* yacht and three thousand a year, breathed over it about a fortnight afterward, when another Theseus consoled the fair Ariadne, who, not to run another risk, consented on the spot. It could have given the only true account of the quarrel between Miss Charlotte Beddington and Count von Meerschaum, which all the world ascribed to his being supposed to be already married, when the real cause was her having discovered that he was making love to her younger sister Emily. It could have described how the saint-like Emily herself was won over to Puseyism by the Reverend Paschal Pyxe, for whose sake she undertook to embroider the altar-cloth which now delights and astonishes the select congregation of the beautifully-restored church

of Saint Zig-zag,—*en attendant* his presentation to the living, and his claiming "his dear sister's" portion.

These things, and many more, that tiger could have borne witness to; and amongst its unfoldings the animal could have shown how, fired by champagne and encouraged by tender glances, Augustus Headlong had the temerity to propose to Matilda Beddington. We use the word "temerity" advisedly, for we may as well tell the truth, which, for the sake of Mr. Headlong's consistency, we have hitherto kept back, and say at once, fairly and openly, that it *was* an act of temerity on his part, as he had already, in the course of the evening, proposed to every one of her sisters.

That this was a secret to all but himself—if, indeed, he really did let himself into it—may well be believed; for, though a young lady never objects to supplant another, even though the rival be her own sister, she seldom feels flattered by the knowledge that her lover's vows of unalterable fidelity are uttered to more than one at a time.

It was not, therefore, the mere fact of Mr. Headlong's availing himself—as others had done before him—of the ingenious zoological contrivance which had so admirably answered the end for which it was stuffed, but the false position he had placed himself in, when two out of his four ventures came off in his favor. A gentleman of the usual way of thinking would have fancied he had had enough of it, when, after two refusals by the engaged sisters—Isabella and Emily—he found Charlotte, the third, less obdurate; but it was not so with Augustus Headlong. He wished, perhaps, to balance the negatives more evenly; or, probably, to have two strings to his bow, in case either of the smiling girls should change her mind; or he might have acted on the principle that *un clou chasse l'autre*, and so have gone on proposing to the end of the chapter. Luckily, however, for the peace of mind of Mr. Beddington's family, there were no more daughters left, and Matilda Beddington remained, therefore, the last *fiancée*.

Had Augustus limited himself to his ordinary allowance of one young lady *per* evening, he would not have made use of the word "strong," in reviewing the manner in which he "came it" the night before. He would have prepared himself for the usual consequences by anticipating the customary paternal epistle, conveying, in terms of the politest regret, the intimation that "other views, long cherished, combined with the in-



compatibility of present circumstances, must prevent an honor which, under other and *far different circumstances*, might have led to a connection which," &c. &c., and ending, after an allusion to "a beloved daughter's peace of mind," by "a candid appeal to his honor as a gentleman to abstain from renewing his visits until time had healed wounds which a too ready susceptibility had occasioned."

But however much he might have suffered himself to be carried away by a vinous impulse on the night in question, memory, which always pertinaciously comes back "fresh and fresh" every morning, reminded him that, having departed from the usual rule, he might possibly receive a communication of a somewhat different description from that which generally followed his avowals. Few men could stand a rebuff better than Augustus, but in this instance the reply with which he was threatened was a double-barreled one. Philosopher as he generally was in these matters, he became rather anxious on this occasion, and though he scarcely thought he should find it, he rose from his chair before he had quite finished his last muffin to open his writing-case and search for a precedent.

Some men are in the habit of keeping love-letters, locks of hair, withered rose-leaves, and other mementoes of the tender passion in the sacred recesses of their desks, which, now and then, when they are *desœuvrés*, tired of smoking, or at a loss for excitement, they take out and wonder at. In like manner Augustus Headlong had *his* collection, but it was a collection of "rejected addresses." In his carefully tape-tied bundles there were no passionate outpourings, no mad superlatives of affection, no unheard-of immolations, no gloomy renunciations of all happiness here and hereafter; but in their stead strings of phrases coldly worded, abrupt, supercilious, or ultra-polite; none of them encouraging; such phrases as fathers alone can write.

The inspection of these missives resulted as he had anticipated. He gathered from them the fact, of which he had previously formed a tolerable notion, that he had at last got himself into a fix. How to get out of it began to puzzle him extremely, but as junior clerks of the Treasury cannot afford, in these days of retrenchment, when even ministers are hacking away at their own salaries, to pass their mornings in meditating on their private affairs, he put on his hat, and leaving word that if any letters arrived during

his absence they were to be sent down to his office, made the best of his way to White-hall.

## II.

### WHAT PASSED AT MR. BEDDINGTON'S BREAK-FAST-TABLE.

If the philosophic temperament of Augustus Headlong was disturbed by the recollection of the past, it is not to be wondered at that the more excitable feelings which dwell in female bosoms should be roused by the step he had taken.

A proposal, no matter from what quarter it comes, is never a subject of indifference to a lady. The proposer may—as in the present instance—be neither handsome nor rich, but he has, at all events, said that which woman always loves to hear; he has shown that she is the object of his preference, that in his eyes she has a value which no other possesses, and that, whether *he* be worthy of her or not, he has learnt to estimate *her* worth. The course he has adopted may be "presumptuous," "unheard of," "rash," "ridiculous," "in the highest degree absurd," or "excessively insolent," but nevertheless it is flattering, and whatever show of anger or surprise the lady may put on, it seldom happens that she is at heart indignant or indifferent. Augustus Headlong was not, perhaps, a first-rate *parti*; but, though bandy, he was a man; though his eye had a cast in it, he could turn it in the right direction. If he had not a large fortune, he might prove serviceable as a *pis-aller*. As long as he remained faithful—which of course would be forever—there was always something to fall back on, if "heartless indifference" or "cruel falsehood" characterized *others*. The Miss Beddingtons had gained too much experience on the tiger's back not to know when a youth had really committed himself. A young lady may be deceived once, and, generally speaking, *is* taken in the first time; but if she recovers from the blow—which most of them do—she learns how to play her cards safely afterward.

There could be no doubt they felt secure, after what Mr. Headlong had said what *his* intentions were; he was so fervent, so eloquent, so thoroughly, madly in love, it was such an overwhelming case with him, that only one view could be taken of the subject.

Mr. Headlong was, to be sure, almost a perfect stranger, having made his appearance in Mr. Beddington's house for the very first time on that eventful day. But then

their brother Charles, who was in the "Woods and Forests," had for some time been acquainted with him, had spoken of him to papa as "a rising man," and, on the strength of that recommendation, Mr. Beddington had invited him to dinner. What "a rising man" signified, none of the Miss Beddingtons exactly knew, nor could brother Charles, who was not distinguished for sagacity, accurately define. He had heard Headlong say upon one occasion that he hoped (as well he might) some day to rise in his office; and having seen the phrase applied, in a leader of the *Times*, to the hon. member for Bedford Level, he thought it was just the expression that suited his friend, and, therefore, freely bestowed it on him. Beyond this fact, the Miss Beddingtons knew nothing of Mr. Headlong's antecedents; and it was fortunate for the complexion of their dreams on the night in question that they did not. When they became aware that "some gentlemen" were expected to dine that day, one of whom was a *débutant* and a friend of their brother, they merely dressed themselves with more than their ordinary care—the "engaged" as well as the "forsaken"—and, waiting till all the guests were assembled, entered the drawing-room *en masse*, as was their wont, to produce what they called "a sensation." At dinner, Mr. Headlong found himself between Miss Beddington (Isabella) and her youngest sister Emily, Matilda and Charlotte being seated opposite. One pair of sisters thus gratified his ears, while he feasted with his eyes on the other. The effect wrought by this quartette of destructives we have already partially seen. Mr. Beddington's wine was good, and flowed freely. After dinner, "a few friends" increased the social circle; there was music and singing, and an impromptu polka. Mrs. Beddington liked young people to amuse themselves, and they always seemed to enjoy a thing of the kind most when there was no preparation, for which reason her daughters were always prepared. Mr. Prettyman had gone down to Cowes, "just to bend a new mainsail on the *Zephyr*," and make her all right for his nuptial cruise to the Mediterranean; and the Rev. Paschal Pyxe was engaged at Saint Zig-zag in constructing a rood-loft, with the full approbation of the Protestant bishop of his diocese. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent either Miss Beddington or the pious Emily from making themselves agreeable to the stranger, and it would have been a difficult point to determine which of

the four sisters exerted herself most with that hospitable purpose in view.

Augustus Headlong inherited from the common ancestor of mankind that facility of disposition which opposes no resistance to temptation. He could not refuse the apple, let who would offer it. Had he met with less kindness, he had been more discreet; but with every new partner he experienced a fresh sensation; and after every dance, the tent-room, the small conservatory, the second library, and, finally, the tiger's back, being severally brought into play, to use a popular and expressive phrase, "he took and went and did it," leaving two out of the fair daughters of his host in that state of excitement which we have spoken of as the natural consequence of a proposal when it happens unexpectedly, and is not addressed to a preoccupied heart.

Matilda and Charlotte Beddington were in this predicament, for the scars of their early wounds were no longer visible, or, at the least, were studiously concealed from the garish eye of the world; and those who, like Augustus, met them for the first time, felt assured that the plumage of the dove of innocence within their bosoms had never yet been ruffled by the slightest emotion. But Augustus found, eventually, that even doves have beaks and claws, like other birds.

The breakfast-table at the Beddingtons was a pretty object to look at, less for the good things that were on it—though they were numerous—than for the pretty things that surrounded it. The eye fell upon nothing but what was agreeable, for Mr. Beddington's red nose, the only slur on the beauty of the family, was entirely concealed from view behind the *Times* newspaper. He ate and drank behind it, he listened from behind it—imperfectly, however, for he was deaf of one ear—and he talked behind it, uttering now and then words of wisdom, which he gave out as if they were his own, though all the while he was indebted for them to "our own correspondent." As he always put the *Times* in his pocket when he rose from breakfast, the manœuvre was never detected. Not that there was much likelihood of it in any case, for Mrs. Beddington read nothing but the advertisements in the third column, and the births, deaths, and marriages, in the supplement; and the young ladies, if they looked at the paper at all, studiously avoided everything that savored of politics. Emily, perhaps, was an exception, for she admitted the interest she felt in the question whether "the Holy Father" in-



tended to return to Rome. There had been, too, at one time, a little general excitement about the "dear Hungarians," but that subsided after seeing a few of them in the Quadrant; so that, on the whole, Mr. Beddington had his *Times* pretty much to himself, and practically illustrated the meaning of the appropriation clause.

The breakfast-table, in a family of many daughters, is usually the arena on which the skirmishes of the previous evening are renewed—not by the actual combatants exactly, but by the resuscitating process. This pleasing custom prevailed with the Beddingtons, who made it an affair of conscience to pass in review, *en petit comité*, all that had most recently been said and done. There were, of course, nightly expansions, but matters were never thoroughly discussed till the morning *réunion*. Something of "a secret" that should be forthcoming had been hinted at both by Matilda and Charlotte, but what was its real nature was kept in reserve till each had slept upon it.

Like a glowing cactus, with its buds in various stages of development, sat Mrs. Beddington and her lovely daughters. The crimson hues of the flower were on their cheeks, and in their dangerous eyes multitudinous stings lay hidden.

"Well, girls," exclaimed mamma, as she seated herself, and began her ministry, "how did it all go off last night?"

"Oh, charmingly!" cried every one in a breath.

"Ah, I see; one of you made a *coup* then! I knew something had happened. Which is it? Is it you, Charlotte?—or you, Matilda? for both look equally pleased."

Charlotte blushed, and looked down; Matilda smiled, and looked up.

"The Gotha party," interrupted Mr. Beddington, affecting to deliver an opinion, though he was, in reality, quoting a passage he had just read in the "Berlin letter"—"The Gotha party are not neutral from calculation; but, having no very strong feeling, they refine away all political preferences. That, my dear," addressing Mrs. Beddington from the other side of the *Times*, "is precisely their position."

"Never mind *their* position," said the lady, in rather a shrewish tone. "What I want to know is the position *my* daughters are placed in."

But Mr. Beddington, having made his oracular remark, was already deep in the next paragraph, and his wife directed her

remarks to those who took more interest in them than her husband.

"Preferences!" she resumed. "There! I'm sure there's a preference somewhere. Has Captain Liptrap offered, or did anybody make anything of the new man, Mr. Headstrong? Come, out with it, Matty; you're dying to tell, I see."

"How can you, mamma!" cried the ingenuous girl thus directly appealed to. "His name isn't Headstrong; it's Headlong—Augustus Headlong, I think."

"You *think*, child," pursued Mrs. Beddington; "you mean to say you *know*. So it was Mr. Headlong?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Matilda and Charlotte together, each answering for herself, as she supposed.

"Um!" said Mrs. Beddington. Then speaking across the table to her husband, "Didn't you tell me, Mr. Beddington, that Mr. Headlong was a rising man?"

"A rising man?" returned her lord, catching at the last words. "Yes, Radowitz is the most rising man in all Germany. His speech at the opening of the Verwaltungsrath was the cleverest I ever read."

"A fig for his speech," exclaimed Mrs. Beddington: "I said nothing about Radowitz. I want to know what you told me about Mr. Headlong, Charles's friend."

It was no easy thing for Mr. Beddington to extricate himself suddenly from the *imbroiglio* of German politics—indeed, the German politicians are unable to do that for themselves—but he was sufficiently recalled to the world about him by his helpmate's tone, and he answered, with more presence of mind than might have been expected,

"Mr. Headlong, my dear, is, I am given to understand, a rising man. Charles mentioned to me," he continued, in the pompous manner of one absorbed in a lofty subject, and not unwilling to show off, "that he was in the Schatz-kammer—that is to say, the Treasury."

"Go and get the red-book, Emily," said Mrs. Beddington to her youngest daughter. "In the mean time, Matty, tell me all about it."

"I'd rather tell you myself, mamma," said Charlotte, suddenly plucking up courage; "Matty doesn't know."

"Don't know *what*, Lotta?" exclaimed Matilda, bridling rather, as the term is.

"Why—about Aug—I mean Mr. Headlong."

"If I don't know," retorted Matilda, "pray who should?"

"Who should?" repeated her sister; "I'm sure I never said a syllable to you about it."

"Very likely," said Matilda; "I didn't suppose you was quite so mean as to listen."

"What is the meaning of all this?" interposed Mrs. Beddington. "Let me have a plain answer. Which of you *did* Mr. Headlong propose to?"

"Me, mamma!" "Me, mamma!" exclaimed Matilda and Charlotte with one voice.

"What!" cried Mrs. Beddington, in astonishment, while Miss Beddington raised her eyes from a letter she was reading which bore the "Cowes" postmark, and for the first time showed symptoms of interest.

"It was in the tent-room," said Charlotte, breathlessly.

"It was on the tiger's back," gasped Matilda.

"The power of uniting on main points and sinking trifling differences," improvised Mr. Beddington from the passage before him, "exists but imperfectly; when it is supplied by a ministry threatening to resign, or by an official declaration that unless its proposals are carried it will give up the whole plan, then the minor party are abandoned, and a combination is produced; but it is the result of an external influence, not of a conviction from within."

"I wish to God, Mr. Beddington," screamed his helpmate, "you would pay some attention to the convictions at our own breakfast-table. Here has this Mr. Headlong, whom you must needs ask to dinner without anybody knowing why or wherefore, been proposing to two of our girls at the same time!"

"God bless me!" said Mr. Beddington, lowering the *Times* till his full-orbed spectacles were seen gleaming like two pale moons above it, "you don't say so!"

"Yes, I do say so—and Matty says so, and Lotta says so."

"I'm sure he couldn't"—"I'm certain he didn't," sobbed both the young ladies in chorus. "He asked me to have him just before Flinders brought the tray in." "It was after I mixed him some whisky and water." "He proposed to me first." "He asked me last." Thus ran the duet between the enraged sisters, growing more and more spiteful toward each other as they proceeded, and thinking less of wrong than of rivalry. At this juncture, they both burst into tears and buried their faces in their pocket-handkerchiefs, while Mr. Beddington sate mute with surprise, and his wife grew purple

with rage. The elder sister, who had preserved her equanimity throughout, then spoke.

"I think he must be mad, mamma—he proposed to me, too. My refusal very likely excited him. It's always the way madmen go and do things."

The pensive Emily here made her appearance with the red-book, her slender finger shut in at the page she had been seeking.

"Give me the book, child," said her mamma, eagerly snatching it. "Why, what's this? Where have you been looking? This is the almanac!"

"It's Saint Polycarp's-day, mamma," replied the little Puseyite; "I thought I'd just see how long it is before Rogations, for Paschal's *fête*—"

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Beddington. "You're all of you enough to drive me wild. Let me look,—he must be a Lord of the Treasury at least to account for his impudence."

"What's the matter?" whispered Emily to Miss Beddington. "What are Matty and Lotta crying for?"

"That Mr. Headlong proposed to us all three last night, Emmy—that's all," replied Isabella, calmly.

"Lor! well—I never! What a wicked man! Well, then, I'll tell you what he said to me when I went to show him the picture of St. Ignatius in the second library. He said he could turn Jesuit for my sake, only that the order were forbidden to marry. I didn't at all know what he meant at the time, because as I'm engaged to Paschal, I never fancied for a moment,—but now I'm sure of it, for I recollect he squeezed my hand as he spoke, and—and—the door began to creak, and Flinders put his head in, and we came away."

What might have happened if Flinders had not accidentally come to the rescue, Emily never said; and even if she had intended to say more, her explanation was cut short by Mrs. Beddington dashing the red-book on the table in a passion.

"Upon my word and honor, Mr. Beddington," she said, as if *he* were the offending person, "this is too bad! Why, he's nothing but a junior clerk—eighth from the top. 'John Boggles,' 'Peter Drowsy,'" and she hastily ran over some more names—"Augustus Headlong,"—that's the person; how dare Charles ask a 'junior clerk' to dine in *this* house? How you could be so silly, Mr. Beddington, as to admit him, passes my comprehension!"



That gentleman was now fully awakened to the state of affairs in his family, and perceived that it was incumbent upon him to say or do something. His first idea was a protocol, his second a blockade, but as neither of these diplomatic expedients were applicable to the question, he folded up the *Times*, put it in his pocket, and, rising from the table, said he should go to his study and "turn the matter over in his own mind."

When he had disappeared, and the conclave became altogether feminine, a violent hubbub arose; but after the vituperative vocabulary had been quite exhausted, something like a purpose began to manifest itself in the sentiments of its members. Their first rush of indignant feelings calmed, the two principals, Matilda and Charlotte,—after magnanimously and not at all vindictively offering the prize to each other—joined with the rest in devising a plan of revenge. Many schemes were suggested, but it was a long time before they entirely agreed; at last it was settled, instead of sending "John Prettyman," or "Brother Charles," to call the delinquent out—as had been urged—though Isabella could not be brought to listen to the idea as regarded the first, nor mamma or any of the other sisters with respect to the last, that a course recommended by the unsophisticated Emily should be adopted.

What this was the facts themselves will presently declare.

### III.

WHAT OCCURRED AT MR. BEDDINGTON'S AFTER DINNER.

AUGUSTUS HEADLONG had been engaged for about four hours in preparing a series of those "Miscellaneous Returns," the perusal of which affords such exquisite satisfaction to Mr. Joseph Hume, Colonel Sibthorp, and others; and, considering the state of his mind, had not made them much more unintelligible than when they were finally signed by the joint-secretaries and presented to the House of Commons, when one of the office-messengers entered the room in which he worked and laid two letters before him. The handwriting of each was unknown to him, but conscience whispered where they came from. The superscription of the larger envelope was of a manly and—as it were—statesmanlike character; that of the smaller had all the acute angles and sweeping finials which distinguish female caligraphy. The former was sealed with a cipher and crest—"C. B."—and a mailed hand grasping a dag-

ger; the latter with a French wafer, representing the dove returning to the ark.

"This is from the old governor," said Augustus, as he wistfully eyed the letters; "and the other,—ah—that's a puzzler. I wonder now—" He did not finish the sentence.

There is always a short way of settling the question which everybody asks when they turn the letter of an unknown correspondent over and over, and that is—what no one ever does—by opening it at once. Augustus, in like manner, hesitated for some minutes to satisfy his curiosity. At length he summoned up resolution, and broke the seal of No. 1. It ran thus:—

"Hyde Park Gardens, April 27th.

"DEAR SIR,

"A communication has this morning been made to me which, I am free to confess, has in some degree surprised me, accustomed as I am to the rapid phases by which the progress of events in modern times is marked. But while I admit my surprise, I am by no means reluctant to express the satisfaction I experienced at finding that you contemplate an alliance, 'offensive and defensive' (these last words had been scored out, but were still legible), with my family. To negotiate upon paper for the hand of my daughter, however consonant to diplomatic usage, is not the course my feelings prompt me to follow. I prefer that our communications should be *viva voce*, and, if you are not otherwise engaged, shall be happy to see you at dinner this evening, at a quarter to seven, when we can unreservedly enter into the subject.

"I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
"CHARLES BEDDINGTON."

"That's a stunner," said Augustus, when he had got safely through the wordy communication; "upon my life, I had no idea I'd hit any of 'em so hard. Quite out of my usual line! I should like to know which he means me to have. This I suppose—how it smells of Patchouli—will explain."

And he carefully disengaged the figurative wafer from No. 2. It was dated like the first, but opened with a little more feminine emphasis:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"A *cherished* daughter—need I say *who*?—has *revealed* to a *mother's tender ear* the *secret* of a *predilection* which she has *strug-*

gled in vain to conceal after a night of sleepless anxiety. I am no friend to rash engagements, but, believing you to be the soul of honor—for as such you were introduced to our roof—I obey a maternal impulse, and anticipate a shrinking girl's feelings by sanctioning the addresses which you have paid. More it is unnecessary for me to observe than that I am,

"With perfect truth,

"Yours sincerely,

"CAROLINE E. BEDDINGTON.

"P. S.—Mr. Beddington, I hear, has expressed his wish to see you at dinner to-day. You will find us quite *en famille*, so come as early as you please."

"Upon my soul!" observed the junior clerk, amazedly, "it never rains but it pours! What the dev—I musn't swear, though—what the deuce shall I do? Here are father and mother both in one story; both wanting to have me for a son-in-law. I wish to Heaven they had named the girl!—'Need I say *who*?'—Yes, that's precisely what you ought to have said. I asked 'em all, and be hanged if I know who said 'Yes.' I think it was the one on the tiger's back. That was Matilda, wasn't it?—But then there was the fair-haired one under the rick-cloth—I mean in that striped room—I am sure she didn't say 'No.' And then the old boy throws in, 'If you are not otherwise engaged.' I'm afraid I am, though I don't know who to. Upon my life I feel very like a man who has committed bigamy. 'How happy could I be with either!' Quite a Macheath sensation."

"If you please, sir," said the office-messenger, reappearing, "the young man, sir, the page, who brought down them two letters, is a-waitin' outside. He said he was to kerry beck an answer."

"Oh, waiting, is he? Just tell him to sit down for five minutes." And when the man was gone, "Awkward, this; I hardly know what to say. Fancy I'm in for it. Perhaps, after all, I only did pop to one. Never can remember anything when I top champagne with whisky! I shall soon find out by the girl's manner; so, here goes, a sentimental epistle—'heartfelt gratitude'—'your daughter's charms'—'sense of unworthiness'—'beyond my own expectations'—ring the changes on that sort of thing; do for 'em both."

Like a horseman who charges a brook in the hope of landing somewhere, Augustus Headlong dashed at the adventure—wrote

off two notes accepting the invitation properly; and further work being out of the question for that day, locked up his desk and left the "Miscellaneous Accounts" to prove themselves, while he took a turn out of doors to collect his thoughts and prepare for the momentous evening.

Though never deficient in self-estimation, he could not help having a better opinion of himself as he reconsidered the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, and when he passed Mr. Ponsonby's shop in Regent-street, he flattered himself he saw a very good-looking fellow reflected in one of the large pier-glasses that line the window. To do justice to such an Adonis, he expended a guinea in the Arcade on a new gossamer handkerchief with lace fringes, and laid out five more on a set of turquoise studs.

In spite of the affectionate pressure in Mrs. Beddington's postscript, it was not until a quarter to seven that he stepped into a Hansom cab and drove off to Hyde Park Gardens.

When the page threw open the *battants*, and Flinders, who was in waiting in the hall, caught up his name and marshaled Augustus in, he could not help experiencing something of a nervous sensation, which was certainly not diminished as he caught sight of the stuffed tiger in the little passage leading toward the conservatory. However, he put the screw on his feelings, gave his hat to Flinders, and entered with the easy assurance of a man who knew it was all right.

There were more persons assembled in the drawing-room than he expected, and it struck him that Mrs. Beddington was as little to be trusted as most people when they say they have a "family party," or that the members of it were more numerous than he had imagined. But he was reassured when Mr. Beddington stepped forward, and, shaking him by the hand, said, "relatives of ours—happy to make you known to them;" and after making his bow to Mrs. Beddington, he was formally presented to Mr. and Mrs. Skrimshire,—a very stately couple,—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sharples, Mr. George and Mr. William Shanks, and Mr. Peter Buzzard, "not a relation, absolutely, but one of our oldest friends, in fact," pursued Mr. Beddington, lowering his tone, "my legal adviser—settles all our family matters."

"So," thought Augustus, "'quick march' is the order of the day here—a lawyer on the move already. Deuced nice house this—old B. *must* cut up well. I'm in luck."

The "relatives" seemed a pleasant set of



people; they were, in fact, all laughing heartily when Augustus entered—at some good thing that Mr. Buzzard was narrating; all except Mrs. Skrimshire, who had a fiery face, and wore a cap of light blue something, which either did not suit her complexion, or developed her temper unfavorably. Augustus looked round for "the young ladies," but he was too recent a guest to be aware of the "dodge" we have already mentioned, of appearing last and all together. He had not, however, got farther in conversation than "the late hailstorm," when they came sailing in, like swans, in white muslin and cherry-colored riband—a costume which they—not the swans—very much affected. A good deal of affectionate intercourse took place between them and "the relatives"—and then there were courtesies bestowed on him, accompanied by glances half timid, half tender, that put him quite in a flutter, particularly as he felt at a loss to know whose tenderness he was most called upon to return by the same species of electric telegraph. Fortunately for his embarrassment, Flinders entered and announced "Dinner." The pairing off began, and Mrs. Beddington, who had secured the arm of the family friend, motioned to Augustus, with a significant nod, that he was to offer his to one of her daughters. He put out his elbow at a venture, looking straight before him as he did so, and making a sort of inarticulate growl, such as the stuffed tiger might have uttered;—somebody hooked on to it, and when he got into the blaze of the wax lights in the dining-room, he found it was Matilda Beddington. She made her way to an upper seat on the right hand of Mr. Buzzard, so that he felt himself *mis en evidence* rather near than he desired, but it was the post of honor, and therefore not to be eschewed. As he turned round to sit down, he perceived that Miss Charlotte Beddington was placed next to him on the other side. He was thus not only between two fires, but two flames, for the sight of these young ladies brought vividly back to his remembrance every syllable he had said to each.

"Mock turtle, sir," said Flinders, in an emphatic tone, just as the thought of his duplicity was beginning to make him uncomfortable.

He took it, for anything was a relief at the moment, and with a burning face buried his head in the plate; half choking himself in his eagerness to avoid hearing a jocose remark from Mr. Buzzard—whom he suddenly began to detest—on the difficulty of choosing between "real" and "mock."

It was now that, for the first time, he perceived the full extent of the false position in which his ridiculous conduct had placed him. He would have given worlds if he had sent an apology, an explanation, a confession, anything rather than thus find himself gibbeted by his conscience between two pretty girls whom he knew he had ill-treated, and was afraid to look at or speak to. They also who, when he last saw them, had done the honors of the house so gracefully, were equally silent with himself. How to address either he knew not, for no intimation had reached him from any quarter as to which was the true *fiancée*, and he feared to make some blunder that would spoil all by speaking to the "wrong one. To talk commonplace after the burning words by which he had committed himself would, he felt, be adding insult to injury; but something, at all events, must be done. Without turning his head, therefore, to the right or left, but as if he were making a confidential communication to his own waistcoat, he got out the words:

"A delicious evening, last night!"

A sigh from each was the only answer. They might mean a great deal, but they explained nothing. He was still in the dark. The coincidence might be accidental; he would try again.

Addressing his waistcoat as before—

"You remember last night?"

"How can I ever forget it!" murmured a voice on his left hand.

"Remember it!—yes!" echoed another on his right.

The tones in which these replies were uttered were soft and sweet, but they conveyed no sense of softness or sweetness to Augustus. It was quite plain, he thought, that there had been no *éclaircissement* between the sisters. There was favoritism in all families, he knew. Perhaps Matilda had told her mother only, and Charlotte her father, and hence the two letters, sent irrespectively of each other. It was the only way to account for the double delusion. He resolved to talk no more to his waistcoat, but get up his presence of mind by appealing to the Madeira. If wine had got him into this scrape, perhaps it would help him out of it. He accordingly laid himself out for a good dinner, ate everything that was offered, and never said "No" to Flinders when he came round with the champagne. The benevolent host—the mirthful Buzzard—the polite Sharples—even the stately Skrimshire, encouraged this disposition; he recovered his spirits, and though he did not venture to say anything that was particular to his fair

neighbors, his looks were quite as expressive as the most high-flown conversation.

"If there is any misunderstanding," he thought, "it must be explained by-and-by."

The explanation, however, was nearer than he expected.

The dinner was over—the dessert handed round—Flinders and his fellows had withdrawn, and Mr. Beddington desired that the wine should circulate in the old-fashioned family way.

"A bumper!" said Buzzard, filling Mr. Beddington's glass, and the example was universally followed.

Mr. Beddington rose.

"I shall have to return thanks, I suppose," said Augustus to himself; "I hope the old buffer won't be long."

"It is seldom," said Mr. Beddington, in a much more natural tone than when we heard him quoting from the *Times*, while his features wore a peculiar expression; "it is seldom that it falls to the lot of man to have to communicate to his relations and friends an event of greater importance than that of which I am about to inform you."—(Hear! hear! from Mr. Buzzard.) "The greatest happiness a parent can know is the happiness of his children. To see them established in that condition of life which his own experience tells him is alone conducive to—to to happiness, is all he desires. Nothing, therefore, is more flattering to a parent's vanity, nothing more grateful to his feelings, than to be assured that the choice which they have made is unexceptionable. I speak," continued Mr. Beddington, with animation, "of moral worth, of social value, without reference to the world's lucre,"—"A devilish liberal old boy," said Augustus.) "But when that is superadded," Mr. Beddington went on, smiling, "their effect is, I need not say, materially enhanced."—(Cheers from Mr. Buzzard and the Messieurs Shanks.) ("What's he aiming at now? I hope he doesn't think I've got money," muttered our young man.) "There is, my friends, a gentleman in this company"—(Augustus looked hard at the sponge-cake before him)—"an individual who has honored us with his society on the present occasion—one who, though but recently a stranger to the circle which he has entered to adorn"—(the cast in Augustus's eye intensified here into a squint, and his whiskers, if possible, grew redder)—

"has made himself so advantageously known to that circle, that not to express satisfaction, not to give vent to feelings of delight, would betray a want of perception as obtuse as it would be ungrateful. My gratitude, in point of fact, has only one limit—a limit imposed, I have no doubt, by the diffidence which more than all his other superior qualities marks the character of our distinguished guest. But let him conquer that diffidence. He is now amongst friends, all of whom are minutely informed of every circumstance that has taken place in this house since first he set foot in it. Mr. Augustus Headlong will possibly have the goodness to explain to me, to them, and more particularly to my daughters, which of the Miss Beddingtons he intends to render happy by his choice, since he last night did them the honor to propose to ALL FOUR!"

There was no cheering at the close of this speech, as the words fell hard, and dry, and cold, on the tympanum of the junior Treasury clerk. He had been gradually awakening to the consciousness of Beddington's meaning, and the last sentence settled the point. His eyes swam, his knees knocked together; there was a noise in his ears as of fifty Strand omnibuses; but he managed to get on his legs—the legs that had once been his pride—and then he tried to speak. He might as well have tried to sing; his throat was filled with something drier than sawdust. There was nothing left for him but to bolt; and reeling, stumbling, driving, he staggered out of the room, amidst inextinguishable screams and roars of laughter.

It was long before the Beddingtons forgot this adventure, and we are not quite sure that, in spite of it, the young ladies left off flirting with each other's lovers. Matilda sometimes thought she might have done worse than have kept Augustus to herself, for, after all, she argued, it was more the fault of papa's champagne than his natural inclination. She was confirmed in this opinion when her brother Charles came home one day with the news that Mr. Headlong's aunt was dead, had disinherited her two elder nephews, and left all her money to Augustus. And when she afterward saw his marriage in the papers, she thought with a sigh on the old proverb,

"L'HOMME PROPOSE—ET DIEU DISPOSE!"



From the Eclectic Review.

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1. *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* (Out of print.)
2. *Logic of Political Economy.* By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1844.

WHEN "Gilfillan's Gallery" first appeared, a copy of it was sent to an eminent lay-divine; the first sentence of whose reply was, "you have sent me a *list of shipwrecks*." It was but too true, for that "Gallery" contains the name of a Godwin, shipwrecked on a false system, and a Shelley, shipwrecked on an extravagant version of that false system—and a Hazlitt, shipwrecked on no system at all—and a Hall, driven upon the rugged reef of madness—and a Foster, cast high and dry upon the dark shore of misanthropy—and an Edward Irving, inflated into sublime idiocy by the breath of popular favor, and in the subsidence of that breath, left to roll at the mercy of the waves, a mere log—and lastly, a Coleridge and a De Quincey, stranded on the same poppy-covered coast, the land of the "Lotos-eaters," where it is never morning, nor midnight, nor full day, but always afternoon.

Wrecks all these are, but all splendid and instructive withal. And we propose now—repairing to the shore, where the last great argosy—Thomas De Quincey, lies half bedded in mud, to pick up whatever of noble and rare, of pure and permanent, we can find floating around. We would speak of De Quincey's history, of his faults, of his genius, of his works, and of his future place in the history of literature. And when we reflect on what a *mare magnum* we are about to show to many of our readers, we feel for the moment as if it were new to us also, as if we stood—

"Like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific,  
—— and all his men  
Gathered round him with a wild surmise,  
Silent, upon a peak of Darien."

We cannot construct a regular biography of this remarkable man; neither the time for this

has come, nor have the materials been, as yet, placed within reach of us, or of any one else. But we may sketch the outlines of what we know—which is, indeed, but little.

Thomas De Quincey is the son of a Liverpool merchant. He is one of several children, the premature loss of one of whom he has, in his "Suspiria de Profundis," (published in "Blackwood") most plaintively and eloquently deplored. His father seems to have died early. Guardians were appointed over him, with whom he contrived to quarrel, and from whose wing (while studying at Oxford), he fled to London. There he underwent a series of surprising adventures and severe sufferings, which he has recounted in the first part of his "Opium Confessions." On one occasion, while on the point of death by starvation, his life was saved by the intervention of a poor street-stroller, of whom he afterward lost sight, but whom, in the strong gratitude of his heart, he would pursue into the central darkness of a London brothel, or into the deeper darkness of the grave. Part of the same dark period of his life was spent in Wales, where he subsisted now on the hospitality of the country people, and now, poor fellow, on hips and haws. He was at last found out by some of his friends, and remanded to Oxford. There he formed a friendship with Christopher North, which has continued unimpaired to this hour. Both—besides the band of kindred genius—had that of profound admiration, then a rare feeling, for the poetry of Wordsworth. In the course of this part of his life he visited Ireland, and was introduced soon afterward to OPIUM,—fatal friend, treacherous ally—root of that tree called Wormwood, which has overshadowed all his after life. A blank here occurs in his history. We find him next in a small white cottage in Cumberland—married—studying Kant, drinking lauda-

num, and dreaming the most wild and wondrous dreams which ever crossed the brain of mortal. These dreams he recorded in the "London Magazine," then a powerful periodical, conducted by John Scott, and supported by such men as Hazlitt, Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. The "Confessions," when published separately, ran like wild fire, although from their anonymous form they added nothing at the time to the author's fame. Not long after their publication, Mr. De Quincey came down to Scotland, where he has continued to reside, wandering from place to place, contributing to periodicals of all sorts and sizes—to "Blackwood," "Tait," "North British Review," "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," as well as writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and publishing one or two independent works, such as "Klosterheim," a tale, and the "Logic of Political Economy." His wife has been long dead. Three of his daughters, amiable and excellent persons, live in the sweet village of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh—and there he is, we believe, at present—himself.

From this very imperfect sketch of De Quincey's history, there rush into our minds some rather painful reflections. It is painful to see a

"Giant mind broken by sorrows unspoken,  
And woes."

It is painful to see a glorious being transfigured into a rolling thing before the whirlwind. It is painful to be compelled to inscribe upon such a shield the word "Desdichado." It is painful to remember how much misery must have passed through that heart, and how many sweat drops of agony must have stood, in desolate state, upon that brow. And it is most painful of all to feel that guilt, as well as misery, has been here, and that the sowing of the wind preceded the reaping of the whirlwind.

Such reflections were mere sentimentalism unless attended by such corollaries as these: 1st. Self-control ought to be more than at present a part of education, sedulously and sternly taught, for is it not the geometry of life? 2ndly. Society should feel more that she is responsible for the wayward children of genius, and ought to seek more than she does to soothe their sorrows, to relieve their wants, to reclaim their wanderings, and to search, as with lighted candles, into the causes of their incommunicable misery. Had the public twenty years ago, feeling Mr. De

Quincey to be one of the master spirits of the age, and, therefore, potentially, one of its greatest benefactors, inquired deliberately into his case, sought him out, put him beyond the reach of want, encouraged thus his heart, and strengthened his hand, rescued him from the mean miseries into which he was plunged, smiled approvingly upon the struggles he was making to conquer an evil habit—in one word, *recognized* him, what a different man had he been now, and over what magnificent wholes had we been rejoicing, in the shape of his works, instead of deploring powers and acquirements thrown away, in rearing towers of Babel, tantalizing in proportion to the magnitude of their design, and the beauty of their execution. Neglected and left alone as a corpse in the shroud of his own genius, a fugitive, though not a vagabond, compelled day after day to fight absolute starvation at the point of his pen, the marvel is, that he has written so much which the world may not willingly let die. *But*, it is the world's fault that the writings it now recognizes, and may henceforth preserve on a high shelf, are rather the sublime ravings of De Quincey drunk, than the calm, profound cogitations of De Quincey sober. The theory of capital punishments is much more subtle and widely ramified than we might at first suppose. On what else are many of our summary critical and moral judgments founded? Men find a man guilty of a crime—they vote him for that one act a purely pernicious member of society, and they turn him off. So a Byron quarrels with his wife—a Coleridge loses his balance, and begins to reel and totter like Etna in an earthquake—a Burns, made an exciseman, gradually descends toward the low level of his trade—or a De Quincey takes to living on laudanum, and the public, instead of seeking to reform and re-edify each brilliant begun ruin, shouts out, "Raze, raze it to its foundation." Because the sun is eclipsed, they would howl him away! Because one blot has lighted on an imperishable page, they would burn it up! Let us hope, that as our age is fast becoming ashamed of those infernal sacrifices called executions, so it shall also soon forbear to make its most gifted sons pass through the fire to Moloch, till it has tested their *thorough* and *ineradicable* villainy.

Mr. De Quincey's faults we have spoken of in the plural—we ought, perhaps, rather to have used the singular number. In the one word excitement, assuming the special form of opium—the "insane root"—lies the



*gravamen* of his guilt, as, also, of Coleridge's. Now we are far from wishing to underrate the evil of this craving. But we ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess—an excess seldom paralleled—we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply, or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of his arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and, when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hatteraick in the cave, sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties, any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures consoling themselves for their inferiority by saying, "Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium." "No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety—he owes it to opium." Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the "Suspiria," or the "Aids to Reflection."

Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects stimulus produces little inspiration at all. Can opium think? can beer imagine? It is De Quincey in opium—not opium in De Quincey—that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the *occasional cause* which brings the internal power into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf.

The evil influences of opium on De Quincey were of a different, but a very pernicious sort; they weakened his will; they made him a colossal slave to a tiny tyrant; they shut him up (like the Genii in the "Arabian Tales") in a vial filled with dusky fire; they spread a torpor over the energies of his body; they closed up, or poisoned the natural sources of enjoyment; the air, the light, the sunshine, the breeze, the influences of spring, lost all charm and power over him. Instead of these, snow was welcomed with an

unnatural joy, storm embraced as a brother, and the stern scenery of night arose like a desolate temple round his ruined spirit. If his heart was not utterly hardened, it was owing to its peculiar breadth and warmth. At last his studies were interrupted, his peace broken, his health impaired, and then came the noon of his night; a form of gigantic gloom, swaying an "ebon sceptre," stood over him in triumph, and it seemed as if nothing less than a miraculous intervention could rescue the victim from his power.

But the victim was not an ordinary one. Feeling that hell had come, and that death was at hand, he determined, by a mighty effort, to arise from his degradation. For a season his struggles were great and impotent, as those of the giants cast down by Jove under Etna. The mountain shook, the burden tottered, but the light did not at first appear. Nor has he ever, we suspect, completely emancipated himself from his bondage; but he has struggled manfully against it, and has cast off such a large portion of the burden that it were injustice not to say of him that he is NOW FREE.

It were ungracious to have dwelt, even so long, upon the errors of De Quincey, were it not that, first, his own frankness of disclosure frees us from all delicacy; and that, secondly, the errors of such a man, like the cloud of the pillar, have two sides—his darkness may become our light—his sin our salvation. It may somewhat counteract that craving cry for excitement, that everlasting Give, give, so much the mistake of the age, to point strongly to this conspicuous and transcendent victim, and say to his admirers, "Go ye and do *otherwise*."

We pass gladly to the subject of his genius. That is certainly one of the most singular in its power, variety, culture, and eccentricity our age has witnessed. His intellect is at once solid and subtle, reminding you of veined and figured marble, so beautiful and evasive in aspect, that you must touch ere you are certain of its firmness. The motion of his mind is like that of dancing, but it is the dance of an elephant, or of a Polyphemus, with his heavy steps, thundering down the music to which he moves. Hence his humor often seems forced in motion, while always fine in spirit. The contrast between the slow march of his sentences, the frequent gravity of his spirit, the recondite masses of his lore, the logical severity of his diction, and his determination, at times, to be desperately witty, produces a ludicrous effect, but somewhat different from

what he had intended. It is "Laughter" lame, and only able to hold one of his sides, so that you laugh at, as well as with him. But few, we think, would have been hypercritical in judging of Columbus' first attitudes as he stepped down upon his new world. And thus, let a great intellectual explorer be permitted to occupy his own region, in whatever way, and with whatever ceremonies, may seem best to himself. Should he even, like Cæsar, stumble upon the shore, no matter if he stumble *forward*, and by accepting, make the omen change its nature and meaning.

Genius and logical perception are De Quincey's principal powers. There are some writers whose power, like the locusts in the Revelation, is "in their tails"—they have stings, and there lies their scorpion power. De Quincey's vigor is evenly and equally diffused through his whole being. It is not a partial palpitation, but a deep, steady glow. His insight hangs over us, and the world like a nebulous star, seeing us, but, in part, remaining unseen. In fact, his deepest thoughts have never been disclosed. Like Burke, he has not "hung his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." He has profound *reticence* as well as power, and he has modesty as well as reticence. On subjects with which he is acquainted, such as logic, literature, or political economy, no man can speak with more positive and perfect assurance. But on all topics where the conscience—the innermost moral nature—must be the umpire, "the English Opium Eater" is silent. His "silence," indeed, "answers very loud," his dumbness has a tongue, but it requires a "fine ear" to hear its accents; and to interpret them what but his own exquisitely subtle and musical style, like written sculpture, could suffice?

Indeed, De Quincey's style is one of the most wondrous of his gifts. As Prof. Wilson once said to us about him, "the *best* word always comes up." It comes up easily, as a bubble on the wave; and is yet fixed, solid, and permanent as marble. It is at once warm as genius, and cool as logic. Frost and fire fulfill the paradox of "embracing each other." His faculties never disturb or distract each other's movements—they are inseparable, as substance and shadow. Each thought is twinborn with poetry. His sentences are generally very long, and as full of life and of joints as a serpent. It is told of Coleridge, that no shorthand-writer could do justice to his lectures; because, although he spoke deliberately, yet it was impossible, from the first part of his sentences, to have

the slightest notion how they were to end—each clause was a new surprise, and the close often as unexpected as a thunderbolt. In this, as in many other respects, De Quincey resembles the "noticeable man with large gray eyes." Each of his periods, begin where it may, accomplishes a cometary sweep ere it closes. To use an expression of his own, applied to Bishop Berkeley, "he passes with the utmost ease and speed, from tar-water to the Trinity, from a mole-heap to the thrones of the Godhead." His sentences are microcosms—real, though imperfect wholes. It is as if he dreaded that earth would end, and chaos come again, ere each prodigious period were done. This practice, so far from being ashamed of, he often and elaborately defends—contrasting it with the short-winded and asthmatic style of writing which abounds in modern times, and particularly among French authors. We humbly think that the truth on this question lies in the middle. If an author is anxious for fullness, let him use long sentences; if he aims at clearness, let them be short. If he is beating about for truth, his sentences will be long; if he deems he has found, and wishes to communicate it to others, they will be short. In long sentences you see processes; in short, results. Eloquence delights in long sentences, wit in short. Long sentences impress more at the time; short sentences, if nervous, cling more to the memory. From long sentences you must, in general, deduct a considerable quantum of verbiage; short have often a meagre and skeleton air. The reading of long sentences is more painful at first, less so afterward; a volume composed entirely of short sentences becomes soon as wearisome as a jest-book. The mind which employs long sentences has often a broad, but dim vision—that which delights in short, sees a great number of small points clearly, but seldom a rounded whole. De Quincey is a good specimen of the first class. The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, was the most egregious instance of the second. With all his learning, and talent, and fancy, the writings of that distinguished divine are rendered exceedingly tedious by the broken and gasping character of their style—reading which has been compared to walking on stepping-stones, instead of a firm road. Everything is so clear, sharp, and short, that you get irritated and provoked, and cry out for an intricate or lengthy sentence, both as a trial to your wind, and as a relief to your weariness.

The best style of writing, in point of effect,



is that which combines both forms of sentence in proper proportions. Just as a well-armed warrior of old, while he held the broadsword in his right hand, had the dagger of mercy suspended by his side, the effective writer, who can at one time wave the flaming brand of eloquence, can at another use the pointed poignard of direct statement, of close logic, or of keen and caustic wit. Thus did Burke, Hall, Horsely, and Chalmers.

Akin to De Quincey's length of sentence, is his ungovernable habit of digression. You can as soon calculate on the motions of a stream of the aurora, as on those of his mind. From the title of any one of his papers, you can never infer whether he is to treat the subject announced, or a hundred others—whether the subjects he is to treat are to be cognate, or contradictory, to the projected theme—whether, should he begin the subject, he shall ever finish it—or into how many foot-notes he is to draw away, as if into subterranean pipes, its pith and substance. At every possible angle of his road he contrives to break off, and hence he has never yet reached the end of a day's journey. Unlike Christian in the "Pilgrim," he welcomes every temptation to go astray—and not content with shaking hands with old Worldly Wiseman, he must, before climbing Mount Difficulty, explore both the way of Danger and that of Destruction. It may be inquired, if this arise from the fertility or from the frailty of his genius—from his knowledge of, and dominion over, every province of thought, or from his natural or acquired inability to resist "right-hand or left-hand defections," provided they promise to interest himself and to amuse his readers. Judging from Coleridge's similar practice, we are forced to conclude that it is in De Quincey too—a weakness fostered, if not produced, by long habits of self-indulgence.

And yet, notwithstanding such defects (and we might have added to them his use of logical formulæ at times when they appear simply ridiculous, his unnecessary scholasticism and display of learning, the undue self-complacency with which he parades his peculiar views, and explodes his adversary's, however reputed and venerable, and a certain air of exaggeration which swathes all his written speech), what splendid powers this strange being at all times and on all subjects exerts! With what razor-like sharpness does he cut the most difficult distinctions! What learning is his—here compelling wonder,

from its variety and minute accuracy; and there, from the philosophical grasp with which he holds it in compressed masses! And, above all, what grand, sombre, Miltonic gleams his imagination casts around him on his way; and in what deep swells of organ-like music do his thoughts often, harmoniously and irrepressibly, move! The three prose-writers of this century, who, as it appears to us, approach most nearly to the giants of the era of Charles I., in spirit of genius and munificence of language, are, Edward Irving, in his preface to "Ben Ezra," Thomas Aird, in parts of his "Religious Characteristics," and Thomas De Quincey, in his "Confessions," and his "Suspiria de Profundis."

In coming down from an author to his works, we have often a feeling of humiliation and disappointment. It is like comparing the great Ben Nevis with the streamlets which flow from his base, and asking, "Is this all the mighty mountain can give the world?" So, "What has De Quincey done?" is a question we are now sure to hear, and feel rather afraid to answer.

In a late number of that very excellent periodical, "Hogg's Instructor," Mr. De Quincey, as if anticipating some such objection, argues (referring to Professor Wilson), that it is ridiculous to expect a writer now to write a large separate work, as some had demanded from the professor. He is, here, however, guilty of a fallacy, which we wonder he allowed to escape from his pen; there is a difference between a large and a great work. No one wishes either De Quincey, or John Wilson, to write a folio; what we wish from each of them is, an *artistic* whole, large or comparatively small, fully reflecting the image of his mind, and bearing the relation to his other works which the "Paradise Lost" does to Milton's "Lycidas," "Arcades," and "Hymn on the Nativity." And this, precisely, is what neither of those illustrious men has as yet effected.

De Quincey's works, if collected, would certainly possess sufficient bulk; they lie scattered, in prodigal profusion, through the thousand and one volumes of our periodical literature; and we are certain, that a selection of their better portions would fill ten admirable octavos. Mr. De Quincey himself was lately urged to collect them. His reply was, "Sir, the thing is absolutely, insuperably and for ever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel, nor his multipotent adversary, durst attempt any such thing!" We

suspect, at least, that death must seal the lips of the "old man eloquent," ere such a selection shall be made. And yet, in those unsounded abysses, what treasures might be found—of criticism, of logic, of wit, of metaphysical acumen, of research, of burning eloquence, and essential poetry! We should meet there with admirable specimens of translation from Jean Paul Richter and Lessing; with a criticism on the former, quite equal to that more famous one of Carlyle's; with historical chapters, such as those in "Blackwood" on the Cæsars, worthy of Gibbon; with searching criticisms, such as one on the knocking in Macbeth, and two series on Landor and Sclosser; with the elephantine humor of his lectures on "Murder, considered as one of the fine arts;" and with the deep theological insight of his papers on Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and on the Essenes. In fact, De Quincey's knowledge of theology is equal to that of two bishops—in metaphysics, he could puzzle any German professor—in astronomy, he has outshone Professor Nichol—in chemistry, he can outlive Samuel Brown—and in Greek, excite to jealousy the shades of Porson and Parr. There is another department in which he stands first, second, and third—we mean, the serious hoax. Do our readers remember the German romance of Walladmor, passed off at the Leipsic fair as one of Sir Walter Scott's, and afterward translated into English? The translation, which was, in fact, a new work, was executed by De Quincey, who, finding the original dull, thought proper to re-write it; and thus, to charge trick upon trick. Or have they ever read his chapter in "Blackwood" for July, 1837, on the "Retreat of a Tartar tribe?" a chapter certainly containing the most powerful historical painting we ever read, and recording a section of adventurous and romantic story not equaled, he says, "since the retreat of the fallen angels." This chapter, we have good reason for knowing, originated principally in his own inventive brain. Add to all this, the fiery eloquence of his "Confessions"—the labored speculation of his "Political Economy"—the curiously-perversed ingenuity of his "Klosterheim"—and the solemn, sustained, linked, and lyrical raptures of his "Suspiria;" and we have answered the question, What has he done? But another question is less easy to answer, What can he, or should he, or shall he yet, do? And here we venture to express a long-cherished opinion. Pure history, or that species of biography which

merges into history, is his forte, and ought to have been his selected province. He never could have written a first-rate fiction or poem, or elaborated a complete or original system of philosophy, although both his imagination and his intellect are of a very high order. But he has every quality of the great historian, except compression; he has learning, insight, the power of reproducing the past, fancy to color, and wit to enliven his writing, and a style which, while it is unwieldy upon small subjects, rises to meet all great occasions, like a senator to salute a king. The only danger is, that if he were writing the history of the Crusades or Cæsars, for instance, his work would expand to the dimensions of the "Universal History."

A great history we do not now expect from De Quincey; but he might produce some, as yet, unwritten life, such as the life of Dante, or of Milton. Such a work would at once concentrate his purpose, task his powers, and perpetuate his name.

As it is, his place in the future gallery of ages is somewhat uncertain. For all he has hitherto done, or for all the impression he has made upon the world, his course may be marked as that of a brilliant, but timid, meteor, shooting athwart the midnight, watched by but few eyes, but accompanied by the keenest interest and admiration of those who did watch it. Passages of his writings may be preserved in collections; and, among natural curiosities in the museum of man, his memory must assuredly be included as the greatest consumer of laudanum and learning—as possessing the most potent of brains, and the weakest of wills, of almost all men who ever lived.

We have other two remarks to offer ere we close. Our first is, that, with all his errors, De Quincey has never ceased to believe in Christianity. In an age when most men of letters have gone over to the skeptical side, and too often treat with insolent scorn, as sciolistic and shallow, those who still cling to the Gospel, it is refreshing to find one who stands confessedly at the head of them all, in point of talent and learning, so intimately acquainted with the tenets, so profoundly impressed by the evidences, and so ready to do battle for the cause, of the blessed faith of Jesus. From those awful depths of sorrow in which he was long plunged, he never ceased to look up to the countenance and the cross of the Saviour; and now, recovered from his evils, and sins, and degradations, we seem to see him sitting, "clothed and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus."



Would to God that others of his class were to go, and to sit down beside him !

We may state, in fine, that efforts are at present being made to procure for Mr. De Quincey a pension. A memorial on the subject has been presented to Lord John Russell. We need hardly say, that we cordially wish this effort all success. A pension would be to him a delicate sunset ray—soon, possibly, to shine on his bed of death—but, at all events, sure to minister a joy and a feeling of security, which, during all his long life, he has never for an hour experienced. It were but a proper reward for his eminent abilities, hard toils, and the uniform support which he has given, by his talents, to a healthy literature, and a spiritual faith. We trust, too, that government may be induced to couple with his name, in the same generous bestowal, another—inferior indeed in brilliance, but which represents a more consistent and a more useful life. We allude to Dr. Dick, of Broughty Ferry ; a gentleman who has done more than any living author to popularize science—to accomplish the Socratic design

of bringing down philosophy to earth—who has never ceased, at the same time, to exhale moral and religious feeling, as a fine incense, from the researches and experiments of science to the Eternal Throne—and who, for his laborious exertions, of nearly thirty years' duration, has been rewarded by poverty and neglect, the "proud man's contumely," and, as yet, by the silence of a government which professes to be the patron of literature and the succorer of every species of merit in distress. To quote a newspaper-writer, who is well acquainted with the case, "I know that Dr. Dick has lived a long and laborious life writing books which have done much good to man. I know that he has often had occasion to sell these books to publishers, at prices to which his poverty, and not his will, consented. I know, too, that throughout his life he has lived with the moderation and the meekness of a saint, as he has written with the wisdom of a sage ; and, knowing these things, I would fain save him from the death of a martyr."

## THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

ALL the long weary day,  
'Neath the chill drear English sky,  
Is heard in the busy crowded streets  
My pleasant melody.

Weary, hungry, and cold,  
Yet playing some cheerful lay,  
That makes glad thoughts in the passers-by,  
When mine are far away.

Away in mine own land,  
With its sky of cloudless blue,  
And broad roads arched by clust'ring vines,  
With sunbeams glancing through.

I smile as from some hand  
The welcome penny I take ;

I smile, but, oh ! how oft the while  
My heart is fit to break.

Still playing gayly on,  
In the midst of the drenching rain ;  
But I only hear those voices dear,  
Calling me back again.

Oh ! I shall ne'er return  
To the loved land of my birth ;  
The damp chill air to my heart has struck,  
And short my time on earth.

Ah ! why for love of gold  
Was I tempted thus to roam ?  
My mother will watch and pine for the boy,  
She ne'er will welcome home.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

### A WEDDING "ABOVE BLEECKER."

BY A NEW YORKER.

THE first thing, as a general rule, that a young Gothamite\* does is to get a horse: the second, to get a wife. Having, therefore, seen Henry Benson on the road, it naturally follows in order that we should go to see him married.

A fashionable marriage is an event to honor which all nature and all art are expected to put on their best face, and present themselves in their brightest colors. You go to such a wedding prepared to see the nicest kind of people under the most favorable circumstances. Accordingly, whereas in my last we found it necessary to mention Bowery Boys and newspaper editors, and various other low characters, not to speak of our friend Tibbets Schuyler, who is decidedly "second set," I shall, on the present occasion, introduce you to none but the real respectable, fashionable, exquisite part of New York society, the very cream of the cream; and if you find them very slow, it isn't my fault. I have an idea that fashionable people are stupid all over the world, even when they are fastest.

It is mid-winter still, and there is snow on the ground; but the sleighing is not so good as it was, and the state of the streets admits "wheeling." Wheeling Benson is, not in the ancient olive chariot which he usually does his grandfather the honor to borrow when going out, for to-night the old gentleman is going out himself; but in the neat claret brougham of his first groomsman, Philip Van Horne, under whose auspices and

comfort he is about to go through an awful ceremony at eight P.M.; that is to say, in about twenty-five minutes from the present time.

It is the ceremony of matrimony.

Henry was an orphan. This condition is in most parts of the world supposed to render a young man an object of pity and compassion; but in America it is deemed peculiarly desirable, as it puts him into possession of his fortune immediately on attaining his majority, and relieves him from even the semblance of authoritative interference with his movements after that epoch. So far as he can be said to have any home (for he has been very much in a state of transit and travel for the last four years, ever since he graduated at Columbia College), he lives with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Backus, in New York, during the winter, and at his brother Carl's country-seat on the Hudson in summer. When a young man of independent means is thus afloat on the world, his friends think it desirable to get him married as soon as possible, for the same reason that a boy is often sent to school—to keep him out of mischief. So when Henry came back from the Rhine one spring, and in the natural course of things was expected at Ravenswood (which, by the way, had never had a raven within ten miles of it), Carl took care to have proper relays of young ladies provided on visits of a week or a fortnight each, ostensibly as company to Miss Benson, who had come out last winter: but it was known perfectly by all the dear creatures who came that Carl Benson had a brother to dispose of. Three damsels came successively, and walked and sailed, and rode and drove, and went through all the proper business with Henry, the accompanying papas or mammas and Mr. and Mrs. Carl always tak-

\* The appellation of *Gotham* was first given to New York by Washington Irving in his earliest work, *Salmagundi*, evidently alluding to the singular wisdom of the inhabitants; and the city is now familiarly known throughout America by this name; just as Boston, for less evident reasons, is generally called *the American Athens*.



ing care to keep at a respectful distance. And the three damsels departed successively, but not successfully, so far as the impression on either side is concerned. But when the fourth came, Harry finding her an undeniable beauty, and clever to boot, and knowing that she was an heiress to some extent, and that there was no mother-in-law (an immense point), very speedily "concluded to invest," as Tibbets Schuyler would have phrased it, in case the young lady accorded. And, somehow or other, Clara Vanderlyn also came to the conclusion that Henry Benson was rich enough and handsome enough for her, and that he was a very proper and virtuous young man, and had a positive reputation for literary attainments. Not that she valued the last for its own sake, since she seldom read anything more profound than a novel, but she esteemed it as helping to give a man *éclat*; and, on the whole, decided that he was a very eligible match. Perhaps her decision was accelerated by the information conveyed in a letter from a friend at Oldport Springs, that her contemporary and rival *belle*, Miss De Lancey, had been cutting a great dash there, and was positively engaged to a rich Bostonian. Soon the young people began to look very understandingly at each other, and to make those mutual confidences of the eyes which express so much more than can be said in words; and the Vanderlyns were easily persuaded to stay another week; and it was hinted very early in the fall\* that there was something between Mr. Benson and Miss Vanderlyn; and as soon as they returned to the city, attentive friends kept asking them and their relatives "if they were not engaged;" and when at last one fine day in the Indian summer (a delightful appendix to the warm weather which the northern states enjoy in November), the two were seen walking arm-in-arm down Broadway, nobody was the least surprised at it.

Harry is to be married, then, to-night, and he is going for that purpose—to church? No, to the house of his father-in-law.

Mr. Vanderlyn's house is distant from that of old Backus about half a mile north-west-erly, and situated on the corner of one of the long, broad avenues, that intersect the upper part of the city longitudinally, and one of the widest of the numerous cross streets, which in this quarter are wide and narrow in the proportion of about one to eight. The

corner is a favorite situation. Why should it be thought desirable to have the dust and noise of two streets instead of one? A Frenchman or German disposed to theorize on local peculiarities would say it was owing to the business habits of the New Yorkers; that a "corner lot" being more valuable for a shop or a warehouse, thus came by force of association to be considered equally so for a private dwelling. But there is a more natural and very appreciable reason for the preference. As the houses are built close against each other, with the main rooms three-deep on a floor, the middle room of the three in each story is dark, having no means of illumination from without, except when the position of the house at a corner affords a side light. The street on which one side of Mr. Vanderlyn's dwelling stands is a fashionably-built and inhabited street, and the avenue on which it fronts is *the* fashionable avenue. Three streets to the east there is one fully as broad and convenient, and two streets to the west another; but that on the east is decidedly second-rate in point of fashion, and that on the west literally nowhere, there not being a house belonging to "any of us" in it. The general course of fashion has been necessarily northward; as the city, built on a narrow island, cannot expand laterally, with a slight inclination westward. But many accidents help to make a particular quarter fashionable. In the present instance, Vanderlyn and two or three of his friends happening to own land here, built on it, and were influential enough to draw other friends round them and give a name and reputation to the avenue. Similar attempts are continually made, and frequently without success. The upper part of the city is dotted over with little spots, which have tried to be fashionable places and couldn't be. This is particularly the case with the portion "above Bleecker Street," which street is familiarly taken, though not with strict correctness, as a boundary between the business and pleasure quarters of the town.

The house is built of brick; not, however, the flaring vermilion, with each individual brick picked out in white-lead, which disfigures a great part of New York (though it is not quite *all* red brick like Philadelphia), but a dark brown, nearly corresponding in color to the thin veneering, as it were, of stone, which covers the front on the avenue. This same stone front presents rather an imposing appearance when you are right before it, but seen together with the brick gable on

\* An American rarely says *autumn* or *autumnal*, but uses the more poetic word, both as adjective and substantive.

the street it exhibits a contrast of material which, notwithstanding the similarity of color, is far from agreeable to the eye. Old Vanderlyn is a man of taste; considerations either of economy or of conformity to the popular want of taste must have led him to adopt this common incongruity.

Benson and Van Horne are ascending the steps. Let us go in with them, and you will see an average house of the first class, not such a one as a millionaire occasionally half ruins himself by building and furnishing to make a new lion for the town; but a fair type of a New York gentleman's house, equal to the majority of those at which you will visit or dance during a season. It has been hinted more than once that land in fashionable localities is expensive, and the Gothamites, when they build, are consequently economical of ground. A "lot" of the ordinary size is twenty-five feet front by a hundred deep. The desire to make one house a little superior to the ordinary standard has caused many of the lots in the newer and more fashionable streets to be arranged, wherever the size of the "blocks"\* would admit it, with fronts of twenty-six or twenty-seven feet. It will be evident that such a width allows only one front room alongside of the not very wide hall; the house can only be extended perpendicularly and longitudinally.

Thus Mr. Vanderlyn's twenty-six feet are carried up into four pretty tall stories, and back over nearly seventy feet of the hundred which the lot contains, leaving the smallest possible quantity of yard, but allowing three rooms *en suite* on each floor. One inconvenience of this arrangement is, that either your hall shrinks into very small dimensions—becomes, in fact, merely two landing-places—or you must dispense with a private staircase altogether. Mr. Vanderlyn has chosen the latter alternative, and up and down a single steep and narrow flight of stairs, whenever the Vanderlyns give a party, every one has to tramp on entering and retiring, for all the cloaking and uncloaking must be done in the bedrooms, as there is no place for it elsewhere. Very inconvenient, you will say; but use is second nature, and the New Yorkers are so used to this climbing and swarming on the stairs, that even in a double house, or a house and a half, or a basement house, three different styles which would all admit of cloaking-rooms on the

lower floor, no one ever thinks of having them there.

Benson is now to become an inmate of the house where he has been so often of late a guest, for it is the invariable custom that the young couple shall reside with the bride's father for the first four or six months. Indeed, he may already be said to have taken up his quarters there. This morning his valet came round; for Harry has just set up a valet, a sort of an English-Irishman, who makes it his principal business to quarrel with all the other servants wherever he is; and this important personage brought over various preliminary instalments of Mr. Benson,—seven coats and twelve pair of trousers, and about thirty waistcoats, no end of linen, and carpet-bags full of boots, a gorgeous dressing-gown, and Turkish slippers, and smoking-cap, and cigars numerous, and all sorts of paraphernalia generally, until the little dressing-room adjoining the nuptial chamber is overflowing with foppery. And now as the happy man pauses on the second flight of stairs he cannot help casting a glance at the door of the front room on the second story, for he hears the flutter of female voices and dresses, and knows that his bride is there. Yes, in that room she is contemplating herself before a pier-glass with her six bridesmaids hovering around her, and making the last suggestions and arrangements about her dress.

Clara Vanderlyn, or Clara Benson we may call her now without much anticipation, is a New York *belle* and beauty. The terms are not by any means synonymous, though in her case both attractions happen to be united. But when I speak of her as a beauty, you must dismiss all ideas of voluptuousness, commanding figure, Juno mien, and the like, and summon up all such associations as you have been accustomed to connect with the words sylph and fairy. You could not call her a "fine" or a "striking" woman, for she stands about five feet one and probably weighs less than a hundred pounds; but you must own that she is a very lovely one. Her complexion is a pure blonde, the most exquisite combination of red and white; and her hair, that "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," which poets love to rave of, and painters are always trying to paint. Her features are delicate and regular; her nose very slightly aquiline, with the thin blood-horse nostril, which is supposed to be aristocratic; her throat and chin beautifully rounded; her mouth small and tempting, yet with an expression of firmness at the corners, which to

\* A block is the front space of one street between two others, from corner to corner.



the close observer denotes no want of spirit; her eyes are the clearest blue, neither large nor languishing—they might not attract much attention by themselves, but are marvelously suited to the rest of her face, and give the signal for the ineffable smiles which, whenever she is thoroughly pleased, sparkle out suddenly over her whole countenance, and light up those beautiful and expressive features, until

A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly worth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips.

As to her dress, it is all white, of course, a delicate wreath of orange blossoms (white roses are trying to any woman, but especially to a small woman), a profusion of the finest lace—but no ornaments of any kind. What jewelry she has—and it is not a great deal—is displayed on a table in the little cedar-closeted passage that serves her for a dressing-room, along with all the handkerchiefs, and fans, and small articles of plate, and various knick-knacks that she has received from her friends and relations; and they will all be inspected to-night by the curious ladies, who take advantage of such an opportunity to criticise everything in the house, from the new chandeliers to the bride's nightcap.

All this we see by our privilege. Harry sees nothing of it as yet. He passes on to the third story front-room, enters the open door with Van Horne close at his heels, and finds himself in the presence of a large bowl of punch and his second groomsmen and first cousin, Gerard Ludlow. There are plenty of mirrors and candles about, and a great display of toilet apparatus, in case the young men need to complete their Adonisiation.

You couldn't do *much* more to the bridegroom, for he is got up to kill. His mulberry-blue coat, resplendent with gilt buttons, and white satin skirt lining, fits him as if he had been moulded and cast into it. His white watered-satin waistcoat, which descends about three inches lower than if it were the work of an English tailor, is set off by a heavy gold chain, streaming down from a little watch-pocket under his left arm to the lowest button-hole, into which it hooks. Surely he has appropriated some of what should be his wife's jewelry, for in that *very* embroidered cambric shirt of his sparkle three splendid diamonds set in dark blue enamel. He has stolen a bit of her lace to

finish off that flourishing white tie. His pantaloons are a triumph of art, and his supernaturally fitting boots are—not patent leather, but (a wrinkle worth noting) thin French calf, carefully varnished afresh from day to day. He has pulled off one glove, and is playing with it to show his little white hand and a fine sapphire which he has had cut into a seal ring.

Grand as he is, Ludlow is a touch above him. He has a grander tie, more embroidery, larger diamond studs, and for watch-chain an enameled snake with a head of opals and rubies. But Gerard is a magnificent fellow, and can carry off any amount of dress. If there were only some ornamental service, like the Guards, in New York, he would become it grandly; having no such resource, he drives stylish equipages (belonging to other people), gives and goes to *recherché* little dinners, and dances the polka and redowa in the intervals; by which contrivances he manages to pass his time agreeably and ornamentally. He is two years younger than Henry; though not precisely of like tastes, they are much attached to each other; indeed, the only thing which ever alloys the good feeling between them is a slight family likeness, sometimes remarked by strangers, to the annoyance of *both*. For Gerard, who is nearly half-a-foot taller than Harry, thinks himself at least proportionally handsomer, which he is; and Harry thinks that he knows three times as much as Gerard, and shows it in his face, which he does; so neither of them is flattered by the resemblance. By the way, did you *ever* know two persons who were? Gerard's father allows him twenty-five hundred a year (*dollars*, always remember), and he lives at the rate of eight thousand, partly by tick, partly on his brothers and acquaintances; for he is so generous and affable, and altogether so gentlemanly a fellow, that it is a pleasure to oblige him; and some day he will be a rich man and repay all hospitalities and kindnesses with interest. Moreover, it should be mentioned in justice to him, that with all his luxurious and spendthrift habits, he is free from any vicious propensity, drinks moderately, eschews gambling, and has no female acquaintance whom he would be ashamed to acknowledge before ladies.

And now it would not be respectful to postpone any longer our mention of Phil. Van Horne, the oldest and richest of the groomsmen. A genuine Knickerbocker from the start, in the enjoyment of hereditary wealth, and fortunately without any turn for

dissipation, he began by educating himself thoroughly, according to the American notion of the thing,—that is to say, he learned a little of everything. He studied law for six months after leaving college, and attended medical lectures for a year, and once contributed to a mathematical journal. He is an amateur performer on two or three instruments, and sketches rather prettily, and has mastered the common-places of three or four modern languages. But all these accomplishments being grafted upon a certain native Dutch solidity, he is by no means forward to display them, and will always let the rest of the company do the talking, unless you take considerable trouble to stir him up and put him through his paces. Perhaps it is this same disposition which has caused him to remain a bachelor till the mature age of thirty, though greatly sought after for his wealth, and connections, and abilities, and good habits (the money first and the virtue last: I believe we have enumerated the desirable qualities in their proper order). He is now an inveterate groomsman, having assisted at half a dozen similar occasions within the last three years; indeed, it is considered quite the thing to call on Phil. for his services, for he is tall and good-looking, and decidedly ornamental, in addition to his other merits.

Here come the other groomsman, Sedley and Laurence, Jones and Robinson. Very young men they are,—boys they would be called elsewhere. Sedley is a sucking barrister, sharp, spiteful, and loquacious; Jones makes believe to be clerk to his father, a well-known Wall-street broker; Laurence and Robinson are not long out of college, and have not exactly made up their minds what they shall be; their present occupation is chiefly dancing the polka. One resemblance you will observe in all the six: they have blue coats with gilt buttons, and their waistcoats are of the same pattern with Benson's, as if he had put them into his livery for the occasion; and so he has in a sense, for he gave them coats and waistcoats. Methinks this custom is somewhat snobbish, and might with propriety be abolished.

Benson is fidgeting slightly, and looking at his watch about once every three seconds; Ludlow and Sedley are chaffing him mildly; the other three are practicing a polka step,—the natural resource of a young Gothamite when he has nothing else to do. A servant announces that "the ladies are ready;" Van Horne, with a very serious face, ladles out a full tumbler of punch and

hands it over to Harry, who disposes of it rapidly. Then they hasten down to the second story, where each man picks up his lady on his arm in passing; and so the party of twelve sail down into the middle parlor of the first floor,—the folding-doors on each side of which are closed. In the front parlor both families are attendant, to the number of sixty, of all ages; from old Backus, who never stirs out except to see one of his grand-children married, to the Master Vanderlyns, two promising collegians of fourteen and sixteen, who look up with intense respect to their new brother as a man who has been abroad and owns a fast trotter. As soon as the bridal party is arranged in a semicircle, filling up about half the room, the folding-doors are thrown open, and the company have a very pretty *tableau* fronting them. Van Horne stands on Benson's right—it would not do to have the stately Gerard too near his less lofty cousin—and then the little men taper off down to Robinson, who looks hardly older or larger than the elder Master Vanderlyn, notwithstanding his white tie. The bride, on her part, is admirably supported by her maidens. On her left is Miss Benson, a stylish brunette, with a half Egyptian head and swimming black eyes: she looks like a poetess, but is in reality remarkable for nothing so much as her common sense and management. Next her is Miss Alice Vanderlyn, a somewhat larger and coarser edition of the bride, very good-natured and lively, and, on the whole, excellent *belle* material, though not a remarkable beauty. And then come four more Misses, very pretty and proper, whom we will not dwell upon more particularly.

And now advances into the semicircular space between the two groups Dr. Mabury, the officiating minister. *Parson and port* is not the alliteration for New York, it is *Minister and madeira*. The doctor presides over the most respectable church in the city. Everything is respectable about it; the doctor himself and his congregation, and the architect and the organist, and the prim, pompous, ponderous (male) pew-opener, even to the "respectable, aged, indigent females," who are among the objects of its charity. Such clergymen are apt to love good dinners as well as theology. So say, at any rate, the Presbyterian and Methodist preachers, who shun wine like poison, and wear long faces, and don't wear black coats; at least not black over-coats; but, between you and me, I think it's all their spite. I know the doctor to be a very good and pious



man; to say that he cannot excite spiritual concern in a hardened and worldly congregation is only to say that he is not a Whitefield or a Wesley. And as to the edibles and potables, he might tell you that it was flat blasphemy to hold that all the good things of this life are sacred to the evil one.

The marriage service has been completed about five minutes, and people are crowding unmeaningly round the bride and bridegroom, making them formal congratulations, when a shrill whistle is heard without, and the door-bell rings, and straightway the six groomsmen rush out into the hall, for the company are coming. Company? *What company?* Why, my unsophisticated reader, only the two families were asked to the *wedding*; but all the fashionables of New York, some seven hundred strong, were asked to the *reception*. And the manner of the reception is this. As the successive arrivals descend from—not their carriages, but the rooms up stairs—the ladies are taken from their gentlemen by the groomsmen, and carried up to the bride to be presented to Mrs. Benson. A pretty amount of locomotion these

six young gentlemen have to do for the next two hours, and a hard task it is for the bride to stand up all that time to be looked at. But she seems to bear it very well, and at any rate it is her own fault. Harry wished for nothing less than to expose her to this fatigue; but it was all the fashion to have receptions, and she would have one.

At last, just before eleven, the folding-doors of the third parlor are opened and the young couple walk into supper. The groomsmen and bridesmaids follow in order, and then there is a general rush. Let us take a bumper of the Vanderlyn madeira and evaporate. The glare of these hard polished white walls makes one's eyes ache. We shall not lose sight of Henry and Clara for a *very* long time. Just one week from to-day one of the Backuses gives them a dinner-party, and the rest of their honeymoon will be a round of invitations. Rather soon to appear in public, isn't it? But repose is not a natural state to an American man, still less to an American woman. They like to be continually on the move.

## TEARS.

Flow, tears! Ye have a spell—  
A gentle spell, which weaves  
Itself o'er my sad heart,  
And its dull woe relieves.

Ye are all eloquent,  
In your soft, silent flow,  
When, lone and musingly,  
I feel my heart sink low.

Ye soothe the aching sense  
Of pain, which pressing weighs  
Upon the troubled soul,  
And all its youth decays.

Ye are not for the gaze  
Of the cold, scornful eye;  
No mocking look shall rest,  
None know,—but purity.

And ye shall mingle  
With the dews of even;  
Soft pity may descend,  
And bear ye up to heaven;

May tell how I have wept,  
Have agonized alone,

While "rainbow-tinted hopes"  
Have faded, one by one.

And, sadder far than all,  
The burning anguish wrung  
By *sin*, whose withering touch  
Upon my spirit hung;

And left her taint accurst,—  
Grieving the Holy Dove,  
Which fondly hover'd there,  
An earnest of God's love.

Flow, tears! flow on, and calm  
This troubled, aching breast;  
Your mournful tenderness  
Lulls agony to rest.

Hope gushes with you,  
Telling of that fair land  
Where tears are wiped away  
For aye, by God's own hand.

I will believe, and live.  
The cross of Christ I take;  
My God accepts my tears  
For his dear Jesu's sake!

From Fraser's Magazine.

## DIPLOMACY AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Two centuries, or two centuries and a half ago, the science of diplomacy, more especially in Germany, consisted in deciphering and translating charters, diplomas, and ancient treaties; in distinguishing between muniments and acts disputable, doubtful, fabricated, partially false, interpolated, or altogether forged. For the last seventy or eighty years, however, and more especially since the epoch of the first French Revolution, circumstances and events have nearly laid bare to the general public—pioneers and all; at all events, to the intelligent and instructed public—the minute particulars and details, if not the secret springs, of negotiations and events, which in the time of Charles V. and of Philip II.,—which, in the reign of our own Elizabeth and James; and in France, in the reign of Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and even so late as the reign of Louis XV.,—were studiously concealed from the eyes of the million by the exclusiveness, the rigidity, and the secrecy of statesmen and politicians of the elder school.

These days are now happily past, even in the case of civilized despotisms; or as the Spaniards say, speaking of the ministry of Zea Bermudez, of a *despotismo ilustrado*. Since 1783 or 1784 in France, and indeed antecedently, men have yearned for simplicity and straightforwardness in the conduct of public affairs, and have sought to find that frankness, that directness and plain common-sense view of things, which one is accustomed to meet in the ordinary relations between man and man. It was all very well in the days of Père Mabillon, and among the brethren of the Congrégation de St. Maur, for men of profound learning, like the authors of the great work *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, to make a scholastic mystery of the science of charters and treaties, and to write a learned work on the subject like the *Diplomatique* of the learned Champenois, published, if we remember rightly, somewhere about 1660: but now the man who in England or France would talk of the science of diplomacy as a mystery would be laughed at for his pains; and every *commis voyageur* of France, and every smart bag-

man of England traveling, either in the soft goods or the hardware line, would say, Talk not to us of diplomacy as understood by the Cecils and Walsinghams, by the Dudley Digges, the Carletons, the Winwoods, the Carews, the Edmundes, the Nauntons, the Anthony Bacons, the Sir Thomas Bodleys, and the Sir Henry Wootons; by the D'Ossats, the Jeannis, the Sullys, the Villerois, the Du Plessis Mornays, the De la Boderies, and the Barillons of former days; but talk to us of the foreign policy of England and France; of their moral, material, and trading interests; of the number of their armies and of their fleets; of their means of aggression and of defence; of the spirit and volition of their people; of the bent and inclination of their representative and public assemblies; of their revenue, taxation, and public expenditure; of their commerce; inland navigation; system of banking, of currency, of trade; and of intercommunication, whether by roads, canals, or railways; and then we shall understand what you mean by the antiquated word diplomacy, foreign affairs, public laws of Europe, and that which French statesmen of the olden time called *la science des ambassadeurs*.

For the modern Englishman or Frenchman unbred to the craft would contend that diplomacy no longer is, or at least no longer ought to be, what it was formerly considered,—a knowledge of pacts and of treaties, and of the interpretation put upon these pacts and treaties by congresses, either of ministers or of crowned heads. No doubt it is necessary to the accomplished diplomatist, as indeed it is to the well-informed statesman, politician, gentleman, or scholar, to know the bearing of great treaties, the number, real force, and value of land and sea forces of a country, the disposition and genius of a people, and the inclinations of her sovereigns, statesmen, and leading minds. But since rail and steam have almost annihilated time and space, the interests of European nations have been considerably altered and modified; and since the Congress of Vienna, which may be called the last settlement of Europe, wonderful changes have been silently taking place in most European



states. We do not mean to say that in all times and in all circumstances the interests of a people have not varied with circumstances, or that these interests, or, if you will, passions, have not been limited and controlled by the text and spirit of public law, by written or verbal conventions regulating boundaries, modes of succession, &c. Yet since the first French Revolution—or, in other words, within the last sixty years, and more especially within the last twenty years—he must have been an inobservant man who has not remarked that the old canons of public law have been weakened, have been less appealed to by publicists and politicians; and that the settlement of Europe as fixed at the Congress of Vienna by no means stands now on the same foundation as it stood anteriorly to 1830, much less does it stand on the same foundation on which it stood anteriorly to February, 1848. Principles, opinions, and interests have changed; public opinion and public feeling have changed throughout the whole of Europe, as the events of the last twenty-seven months too abundantly and too loudly testify. How vain, then, the attempt to collect and to string together in one work the different pretensions which have so long exercised and fatigued the diplomacy of Europe. What could be more ridiculous than the publication of such a *tableau* in A. D. 1850? It would but reveal the ambition of princes and the misery of nations; it would be but a record of the dreams of ambition and of the spoils of conquest. Yet till the epoch of the first French Revolution, diplomatists loaded their memories with the provisions of treaties and conventions, and spoke a language which, in reference to the actual and work-a-day world in which we now live, and move, and have our being, would be deemed hallucinated or demented.

After the Thirty Years' War the Treaty of Westphalia became the base of the public law and of the peace of Europe. Its clauses, deemed unchangeable and eternal, were referred to in all subsequent treaties. But the coalition against Louis XIV. produced, at the end of the War of the Succession, another and a different order of things, of which the Treaty of Utrecht was the symbol and the exponent. This treaty in its turn was modified by the Treaty of Vienna of 1735; of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; and most of all by the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1773; and by those subsequent partitions which produced, first, the anarchy, and secondly, directly tended to the

annihilation of the nationality of that brave, chivalrous, but inconstant people.

In ancient times embassies were, for the most part, occasional or temporary. But since the end of the sixteenth century they have become permanent in all the states of the great European family. When one great power determined on fixing its envoy, or minister plenipotentiary, in a capital, others soon followed the example. A new system of diplomacy was the result. To the general stagnation, but occasional vehemence and vigor of the middle ages, succeeded more animated, more vivacious, more patient, more persevering, and more peaceful struggles. In this respect the world has been a gainer. Since the establishment of permanent embassies there has been infinitely more astuteness, subtlety, and keenness displayed by ambassadors and ministers; but there have been fewer wars, fewer deeds of violence and rapine, fewer unprovoked aggressions.

The qualifications required for the diplomatic career, we need hardly say, are many and various. To a perfect knowledge of history and the law of nations should be united a knowledge of the privileges and duties of diplomatic agents, an acquaintance with the conduct and management of negotiations, the physical and moral statistics, the political, military, and social history of the powers with which the ambassador's nation comes into most frequent intercommunication. To this varied knowledge, it is needless to state, the negotiator should join moderation, dexterity, temper, and tact. An ambassador should be a man of learning and a man of the world; a man of books and a man of men; a man of the drawing-room and a man of the counting-house; a *preux chevalier*, and a man of labor and of business. He should possess quick faculties, active powers of observation, and that which military men call the *coup d'œil*. He should be of urbane, pleasant, and affable manners; of cheerful temper, of good humor, and of good sense. He should know when and where to yield, to retreat, or to advance; when to press his suit strongly, or when merely gently to insinuate it indirectly, and, as it were, by inuendo. He should know how to unbend and how to uphold his dignity, or rather the dignity of his sovereign; for it is his business, in whatever quarter of the world he may be placed, to maintain the rights and dignities of his sovereign with vigor and effect. It is the union of these diverse, and yet not repugnant qualities, that gives to an ambassador *prestige*, ascendancy, and power over the minds of

others,—that acquires for him that reputation of wisdom, straightforwardness, and sagacity, which is the rarest and most valuable gift of a statesman. One part of the science of diplomacy may be, by even a dull man, mastered without any wonderful difficulties. It is that positive, fundamental, and juridical portion of the study which may be found in books, in treatises—in the history of treaties and of wars—in treatises on international law—in memoirs, letters, and negotiations of ambassadors—in historical and statistical works concerning the states of Europe, the balance of power, and the science of politics generally.

But the abstract, hypothetical, and variable portions of the craft—or, if you will, of the science—depending on ten thousand varying and variable circumstances,—depending on persons, passions, fancies, whims,—caprices royal, national, parliamentary, and personal, is above theory, and beyond the reach of books; and can only be learned by experience, by practice, and by the most perfect and intuitive tact. The traditional political maxims, the character of the leading sovereigns, statesmen, and public men in any given court, as well as the conduct of negotiations, may be acquired by study, by observation, by a residence as secretary, as *attaché*; but who, unless a man of real genius for his art,—who, unless a man of real ability and talent, shall seize on, fix, and turn to his purpose, the ever-mobile, the ever-varying phases of courts, of camps, of councils, of senators, of parliaments, and of public bodies? No doubt there are certain great cardinal and leading principles with which the mind of every aspirant should be stored. But the mere knowledge of principles and of the history of the science can never alone make a great ambassador, any more than the reading of treatises on the art of war can make a great commander.

An ambassador at a first-rate court should, indeed, be the minister of foreign affairs for his country on a small scale; and we know well enough that the duties devolving on a minister for foreign affairs are grave, are delicate, are all-important.

The functions appertaining to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs have been in England during the last two years, and certainly also were from 1793 to 1815, the most important and the most difficult connected with the public administration. A man, to fill such a post properly, requires not merely elevation and uprightness of character, but experience, tried discretion, the highest capacity, the

most extensive and varied knowledge and accomplishments. Yet how few ambassadors (we can scarcely name one) have been in our day, or, indeed, for the last century, elevated into Principal Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs! Such promotions in France have been matters of every-day occurrence since and previous to 1792. Dumouriez, Talleyrand, Reinhard, Champagny, Maret, Bignon, Montmorency, Chateaubriand, Polignac, Sebastiani, De Broglie, Guizot, Soult, had all been ambassadors before they were elevated into the higher, the more responsible, and the more onerous office. In England, since the accession of George I, we can scarcely cite, speaking off-hand, above four instances.

In 1716 there was Paul Methuen, who had been ambassador to Portugal in the reign of Queen Anne, named Secretary of State for a short time, in the absence of Earl Stanhope; there was Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, in 1746; there was John, Duke of Bedford, who succeeded Lord Chesterfield in 1748, and who had previously been ambassador to Paris; and there was Sir Thomas Robinson in 1754, who had been an ambassador to Vienna. In our own day there is scarcely an instance. For though George Canning was ambassador for a short time to Lisbon, and the Marquis of Wellesley to Spain—though the Duke of Wellington was ambassador to Paris—was charged with a special mission to Russia—was plenipotentiary at Verona, yet none of these noblemen and gentlemen ever regularly belonged to the diplomatic corps. The most illustrious and striking instance of an ambassador raised into a Secretary of State is the case of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. The character of no man within a century and a half has been so misrepresented and misunderstood. Lord John Russell, in the *Bedford Correspondence*, which he edited, charges this nobleman with conducting the French nobility to the guillotine and to emigration. But Lord Chesterfield died on the 24th March, 1773, sixteen years before 1789, and nineteen years before 1792. To any man of reading and research—to any man of a decent acquaintance with literature, it is unnecessary now to vindicate the character of the Earl of Chesterfield. He was unequaled in his time for the solidity and variety of his attainments; for the brilliancy of his wit; for the graces of his conversation, and the polish of his style. His embassy to Holland marks his skill, his dexterity, and his address, as an able negotiator; and his



administration of Ireland indicates his integrity, his vigilance, and his sound policy, as a statesman and as a politician. He was at once the most accomplished, the most learned, and the most far-seeing of the men of his day; and in our own, there is not one public man to compare with him. He foresaw and foretold, in 1756, that French Revolution whose outbreak he did not live to witness. In 1744 he was admitted into the cabinet on his own terms, and was soon after entrusted with a second embassy to Holland, in which his skill and dexterity were universally admitted. He was not more remarkable for a quick insight into the temper of others, than for a command of his own. In history, in literature, in foreign languages, he was equally a proficient. With classical literature he had been from his boyhood familiar. He wrote Latin prose with correctness, ease, and purity; and spoke that tongue with a fluency and facility of the rarest among Englishmen, and not very common even among foreigners. In the House of Lords his speeches were more admired and extolled than any others of the day. Horace Walpole had heard his own father—had heard Pitt—had heard Pulteney—had heard Wyndham—had heard Carteret; yet he in 1743 declared, as is recorded by Lord Mahon, that the finest speech he had ever listened to was one from Chesterfield.

For the diplomatic career, Chesterfield prepared himself in a manner not often practiced in his own, and never practiced by Englishmen in our day. Not content, as an under-graduate at Cambridge, with assiduously attending a course of lectures on civil law at Trinity Hall, he applied—as the laws and customs of other countries, and the general law of Europe, were not comprehended in that course—to Vitriarius, a celebrated professor of the University of Leyden; and, at the recommendation of the professor, took into his house a gentleman qualified to instruct him. Instead of pirouetting it in the *coulisses* of the opera, or in the Redouten Saal of Vienna—instead of graduating at the Jardin Mabille, or the Salle Ventadour—instead of breakfasting at the Café Anglais—instead of dining at the Café de Paris, or swallowing his ices, after the Italiens or Académie Royale, at Tortoni's—instead of attending a *funcion* or bull-fight at Madrid, or spending his mornings and evenings at Jager's Unter den Linden at Berlin—instead of swallowing Beaune for a bet against Russian Boyars at Petersburg or Moscow, at Andrieux's French Restaurant,

or spending his nights at the San Carlos at Naples, or the Scala at Milan,—Chesterfield, eschewing *prima donnas*, and the delights of French cookery, and the charms of French vaudevilles, set himself down in the town, and in the university in which Joseph Scaliger was a professor, and from whence those famous Elzevir editions of classical works issued, to learn the public law of Europe. These are the arts by which to attain the eminence of a Walsingham and a Burghley, of a D'Ossat and a Jeannin, of a Temple and a De Witt.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

All that has been said of a minister for foreign affairs applies, though in a lesser degree, to those in the more responsible employments under that minister. It is in the ability, skill, and conduct, of those appointed by him as ambassadors, envoys, ministers plenipotentiary, and chargé des affaires, that in a greater degree depends the success or the failure of the projects of the Government at home. The character, capacity, bearing, and conduct, of English agents abroad, have undoubtedly an important influence on negotiations. One man may, by his general credit and character, uphold the honor and dignity of his country; while another may by his indiscretion, by his silliness, by his ignorance or by his ill-temper, compromise the best devised schemes and the wisest plans. The faults and follies of agents at home work only a limited mischief, but the faults and follies of agents abroad may engage the country they represent, or rather misrepresent, in expensive wars, in hollow or unsound alliances, in impracticable schemes, or in unworthy compliances. The errors of ministers and officials at home may be corrected; they are not irreparable or irrevocable; the attention of the country is soon awakened to them; its indignation is aroused; they are removed from office, and the country speedily rights itself. But the course is widely different in reference to foreign relations. A hasty word, an inconsiderate speech, a silly jest, a prying officiousness or indiscretion, may wound a foreign sovereign or his favorite minister, and sow the seeds of distrust and dissatisfaction, of jealousy or discontent, nay, of open and undisguised hostility. Thus an inconsiderate or rash word—a single false or awkward step—a clumsy or jeering remark—an erroneous calculation, or an indiscreet or inopportune combination on the part of an

envoy, may compromise the dignity of the English crown, injure the interests of the English nation, and destroy the reputation of the minister for foreign affairs, who is really not to blame, directly or personally, but whose accountability is legally made out on the principle, *Qui fecit per alium fecit per se*.

It should be the chief business of an ambassador to adroitly gain the good-will and confidence of the sovereign, statesmen, and natives, of the country to which he is sent. To effect this he must be a man of considerable resources, of flexible and supple humor, accustomed to deal with and manage men. He must be above all conventionalities of birth, of rank, and of station—a philosopher and a man of the world—doing at Rome as Rome does, and living at Paris like a Frenchman “unto the manner born.” Cardinal d’Ossat, the son of a blacksmith, born in poverty, and the architect of his own fortune, achieved these objects for his court at Rome. But according to his own letters, and according to all the memoirs of his time, D’Ossat had succeeded so perfectly that he was looked upon as an Italian, not as a French cardinal. D’Avaux, one of the negotiators of the peace of Westphalia, who was ambassador at Venice, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, achieved the same objects for his court. But wherever D’Avaux went he was considered, not as a foreign minister, but as a native—a personal friend. The Abbé de la Ville, who had been originally preceptor to the children of the Marquis de Fénélon, and who was ultimately appointed to the embassy at the Hague, into which he had entered in the humble capacity of tutor, succeeded to nearly the same extent.

English diplomacy rarely succeeds to this almost unexampled extent, and this arises from the peculiar constitution, organization, and hierarchy of this service. In France, in Prussia, in Russia, in America, and in most of the other countries of the world, men rise in the diplomatic service by the mere force of great merit, of singular aptitude and ability. But in England, high birth, considerable fortune, parliamentary connection, or aristocratic influence, are the chief passports to the best employments in embassies and foreign missions. In the most commercial country in the world—in the country with the largest number of colonies, and the greatest interests at stake in every quarter of the globe—in a country in which ten years hence the chief business likely to be conducted will be principally, if not exclusively, commercial—we select for ambassadors, secretaries of le-

gation, attachés, and precis writers, men of title and parliamentary connection, scions or younger brothers of great houses just escaped from college. If a poor, unfriended youth, who has studied law and languages, either at a public school or at a university, with the zeal, diligence, and success of a Chesterfield, knocked at the door of the office for Foreign Affairs and asked for employment, he would soon learn, even from the lowest copying clerk, or, peradventure, from the under-porter, that influence, that family and parliamentary connection, not merit and talent, are necessary to insure even a consulate in our days.

At a period when so much has been said about the cost of our embassies, and when Lord John Russell has brought forward and carried his motion for a revision of salaries, administrative, judicial, and diplomatic—at a period when Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Henley have both, on behalf of the Protectionist party, given notices of motion on the same question, we conceive we cannot do a more acceptable service to the public than in pointing general attention to the cost of our embassies, and to the class of persons chosen to fill these employments.

There is no royal or aristocratic road to diplomatic learning, any more than there is a royal and aristocratic road to learning in law, to success in surgery or medicine, to high competency and command in the military or naval service. We appoint not men as judges, or employ not men as doctors or surgeons, or confide our fleets and armies to admirals and generals, because they are the sons of this duke, the cousins of that marquess, or the sons-in-law of that peer. Why then, it may be asked, in the selection and nomination of ambassadors, ministers, and envoys, do we pay such homage to the influence and recommendation of great houses?—to parliamentary influence?—to back-stairs patronage and support? The most despotical countries of the Continent select their instruments for their fitness, not for the patronage they can command. Thus Russia sends to us M. Philip Brunnnow, a native of Saxony, a man of humble birth, born at Dresden and educated at Leipsic, the brother of M. Ernest George Brunnnow, who is well known in Germany as a propagator of the doctrines of Hahnemann, and as a translator into French of the more remarkable of Hahnemann’s works. Chance introduced M. Brunnnow to M. Stourdza, a Greek in the diplomatic service of Russia, in 1818; and by the means of this happy accident the humble youth of



two-and-thirty years ago, who first entered into service at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, is now ambassador at London.

The instance of the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian minister, is not less remarkable. From a professor of the Royal College of Göttingen, Mr. Bunsen became the private secretary of Niebuhr (himself the son of a Frisian peasant, who rose to be ambassador at Rome), and thence rose to be *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, then Prussian minister at Munich, subsequently at Berne, and ultimately (in 1841) in this capital of London.

Such instances might be abundantly multiplied from ancient and modern records, if we had the space or the time to devote to the subject, or did it require to be labored and enforced at any great length. What we contend for at present is, that the diplomatic staff of England can never be thoroughly reformed and efficient, till not merely the structure and organization of the service, but the mode of paying and rewarding it, be absolutely changed.

Ambassadors and attachés should be chosen from no particular race or caste of men, but from persons who show an aptitude for the profession, and a desire to work their way to eminence. In most of the Continental States there is a faculty at the universities of national or diplomatic law; but neither at Oxford, at Cambridge, nor at Dublin, neither at King's College, nor at any of the Scotch universities, that we are aware of, is any such faculty to be found. This is a capital defect in English education—a defect that is not supplied by any one of the four inns of court—either Lincoln's or Gray's Inn, the Inner or the Middle Temple.

We do not say that the general inferiority of the English in negotiations, so fatal to the influence of our cabinet in foreign courts, is altogether owing to this circumstance, but it may be numbered as one among the causes conducing to such an admitted result. Leyden, we have already said, was famous for its professors of national and diplomatic law; and the University of Göttingen has also been for more than a century celebrated for lectures given on the *Ars Diplomatica*—prelections in which the law of nations and the diplomatic art were largely treated of: but no such lectures have ever been given in England, unless, indeed, it be at the East India College at Haileybury, where the system of education is very nearly perfect. At Göttingen, a university appertaining to the English crown till the reign of her present Majesty, George Frederic Martens, who has

written so much on the diplomatic art, gave lectures on diplomacy toward the close of the last century; and his first course was followed by his late royal highness the Duke of Sussex, then a student of the University: and it should also be stated, that some of the ablest of the diplomatists who figured in the first twenty years of the present century were among Martens' pupils.

When the lectures of Martens ceased, the learned and laborious Koch established, about 1796, a practical school of diplomacy at Strasburg, and at this school some of the ablest of the French, German, and Russian—but, singular to state, not one English—diplomatists were brought up. Here Metternich, Mongelas, Cobentzel, Pfeffel, Stackelberg, Stroganoff, Tolstoy, Razoumoffski, Narbonne, D'Oubril, many of the Galitzins, M. de la Tremouille, M. de Tracy, M. de la Salle, M. de Breze, and M. de Custine, studied; and it were needless here to lay stress on the advantages which young men just entering into public life must have derived from such teaching and such discipline. There is scarcely one of M. Koch's pupils, who followed the diplomatic line as a profession, who has not risen to some eminence.

Independently of these aids, educated foreigners have one remarkable advantage over the generality of Englishmen. As the codes of the principal states of Europe are founded on the Roman law, every educated Frenchman, Dutchman, German, Italian, Spaniard, is more or less of a civilian. He has acquired fixed and definite notions of rights and obligations. He has studied the Roman and Canon law as the foundation and basis of the law of his own country. Early in life he is grounded in the general elements of Roman jurisprudence—the best all foundations—for in the civil law moral truths are reduced to the certainty, and digested into the form, of a science. Now, unless among the *alumni* of the University of Edinburgh, or among the advocates of Doctors' Commons, this is not the case in England. Yet a discipline of this kind, either in private or in public—either in his own study or in some college, is necessary to make a man a great negotiator, or an able public minister.

Having thus indicated some of the defects in the structure, organization, education, and composition of our *corps diplomatique*, let us see of what manner of men that corps consists. The English diplomacy, as at present constituted, consists of four ambassadors, with secretaries of embassy and first *attachés*—of nine envoys extraordinary, secretaries of le-

gation, and *attachés*—of three envoys, with secretaries of legation—of seven or eight ministers plenipotentiary, with secretaries of legation and *attachés*—of four ministers, with secretaries. The individuals composing this motley group, or, as the French would say, the *personnel*, on the 1st of January, in the present year, were thus composed. We proceed alphabetically according to the States:—

BRITISH MINISTERS AT,—

*America, United States of.*—Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, K.C.B. Envoy Ext.; J. F. Crampton, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Argentine Confederation.*—H. Southern, Esq. Min. Plen.; F. L. Ball, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Austria.*—Viscount Ponsonby, G.C.B. Amb. Extr. and Plen.; A. G. Magenis, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Bavaria.*—J. R. Milbanke, Esq. Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; A. G. Bonar, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Belgium.*—Lord Howard de Walden, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; T. W. Waller, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Brazil.*—Lord Howden, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; James Hudson, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Chili.*—S. H. Sullivan, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires and Consul General.  
*Denmark.*—Rt. Hon. H. W. W. Wynn, Env. Extr.; Peter Browne, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Egypt.*—Hon. C. A. Murray, Agent and Consul General.  
*France.*—Marquess of Normanby, Amb. Ext. and Plen.; Lord Wm. Hervey, Sec. of Emb.  
*Germanic Confederation.*—Lord Cowley, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. F. G. Molyneux, Sec. of Leg.  
*Greece.*—Rt. Hon. Thomas Wyse, Min. Plen.; P. Griffith, Esq. Sec. of Leg.  
*Hanseatic Towns, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg.*—George L. Hodges, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires.  
*Hanover.*—Hon. J. D. Bligh, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. G. Edgcumbe, Sec. of Leg.  
*Mexico.*—Chas. Bankhead, Esq., Min. Plen.; P. W. Doyle, Sec. of Leg.  
*Morocco.*—J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq., Chargé d'Affaires.  
*Netherlands.*—Sir E. C. Disbrowe, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. H. Elliott, Sec. of Leg.  
*New Grenada.*—D. F. O'Leary, Chargé d'Affaires.  
*Persia.*—J. Shiel, Esq., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Lieut.-Col. F. Farrant, Sec. of Leg.  
*Peru.*—H. W. Pitt Adams, Esq. Chargé d'Affaires.  
*Portugal.*—Sir George H. Seymour, G.C.B., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. H. G. Howard, Sec. of Leg.  
*Prussia.*—Earl of Westmoreland, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; F. Howard, Esq., Sec. of Leg.  
*Rio de la Plata.*—H. Southern, Esq., Min. Plen.; F. L. Ball, Esq., Sec. of Leg.  
*Russia.*—Lord Bloomfield, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Andrew Buchanan, Esq., Sec.  
*Sardinia.*—Hon. Ralph Abercromby, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. R. Bingham, Sec. of Leg.

*Saxony.*—Hon. F. R. Forbes, Min. Plen.; C. T. Barnard, Esq., Sec. of Leg.  
*Sicilies (Two).*—Hon. W. Temple, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Lord Napier, Sec. of Leg.  
*Spain.*—(Vacant till the misunderstanding between the Governments of the two countries is adjusted.)  
*Sweden and Norway.*—Sir Thomas Cartwright, Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; G. J. R. Gordon, Esq., Sec. of Leg.  
*Switzerland.*—Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., Min. Plen.; Robt. Peel, Esq., Sec. of Leg.  
*Turkey.*—Sir S. Canning, Amb. Ext. and Min. Plen.; Hon. G. S. S. Jerningham, Sec. of Emb.  
*Tuscany.*—Sir G. B. Hamilton, Min. Plen.; Hon. P. C. Scarlett, Sec. of Leg.  
*Venezuela.*—B. H. Wilson, Esq., Chargé d'Affaires.  
*Wurtemberg.*—Sir A. Malet, Bart., Env. Ext. and Min. Plen.; A. Craven, Esq., Sec. of Leg.

The reader cannot fail to have observed that in this list of ambassadors, envoys extraordinary, envoys and ministers plenipotentiary, there are seven peers, namely, Viscount Ponsonby, Baron Howard de Walden, Baron Howden, the Marquess of Normanby, Lord Cowley, Earl of Westmoreland, Baron Bloomfield; and four sons of peers, namely, the Hon. J. D. Bligh, the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, the Hon. R. Forbes, and the Hon. W. Temple, son of an Irish viscount, and brother of her Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Among the secretaries of legation, there are brothers and sons of peers—as Lord William Hervey, the Hon. F. G. Molyneux, the Hon. G. Edgcumbe, the Hon. Henry Elliott, the Hon. G. Howard, the Hon. R. Bingham, Lord Napier, the Hon. G. S. S. Jerningham, the Hon. P. C. Scarlett, &c. Now, when among all this mob of peers and honorables there are not more than three or four men whose abilities or attainments are above the average, yet who have so many important and lucrative offices thrust on them, namely, Viscount Ponsonby, Lord Howden, the Hon. R. Abercromby, and Lord Napier, it must appear that there is something radically vicious in the mode and manner of selection.

If the committee of fifteen gentlemen, which Lord John Russell nominated on Monday, the 22d of April, and which consists of the Premier, Mr. Wilson Patten, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Sir J. Y. Buller, Mr. Beckett, Mr. Napier, Mr. Henry Drummond, Mr. William Evans, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Henley, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Deedes, are determined really to probe the system to the bottom, or if such a



scrutiny or examination should result from the motions of Messrs. Disraeli and Henley, we have no doubt that not merely modification, but important changes, must take place in the nomination, appointment, and salaries, of the English *corps diplomatique*.

Mr. Disraeli had no opportunity of bringing forward his motion on the day announced, but we understand it is his intention to do so at an early period.

The salaries and allowances for house-rent are, as nearly as we can obtain them, according to the sums set down in the following table:—

| Residence.   | Character.             | Salary. | Allow.<br>for Rent. |
|--|------------------------|---------|---------------------|
| <i>France</i> —Ambassador . . .                            |                        | £10,000 |                     |
|  | Sec. of Embassy . . .  | 1,000   |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 400     |                     |
| <i>Russia</i> —Ambassador . . .                            |                        | 10,000  | £1000               |
|  | Sec. of Embassy . . .  | 1,000   |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 400     |                     |
| <i>Austria</i> —Ambassador . . .                           |                        | 9,000   | 900                 |
|  | Sec. of Embassy . . .  | 900     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 250     |                     |
| <i>Turkey</i> —Ambassador . . .                            |                        | 6,500   |                     |
|  | Sec. of Embassy . . .  | 550     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 250     |                     |
| <i>Spain</i> —Envoy Ex. and Min.<br>Plenipoten. . . .      |                        | 6,000   | 500                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 550     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 250     |                     |
| <i>Prussia</i> —Envoy Extra. and<br>Minis. Plen. . . .     |                        | 5,000   | 500                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 550     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 250     |                     |
| <i>Washington</i> —En. Extra. and<br>Min. Plen. . . .      |                        | 4,500   | 500                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 550     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 200     |                     |
| <i>Naples</i> —Envoy Ex. and Min.<br>Plenipoten. . . .     |                        | 4,000   | 400                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 500     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    |         |                     |
| <i>Portugal</i> —Envoy Extra. and<br>Min. Plen. . . .      |                        | 4,000   | 400                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 500     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    |         |                     |
| <i>Brazil</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min.<br>Plenipoten. . . .  |                        | 4,000   | 500                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 550     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    | 250     |                     |
| <i>Holland</i> —Envoy Extra. and Min.<br>Plenipoten. . . . |                        | 600     | 400                 |
|  | Sec. of Legation . . . | 500     |                     |
|  | First Attaché . . .    |         |                     |
| <i>Belgium</i> —Envoy Extra. and<br>Min. Plen. . . .       |                        | 3,600   | 400                 |

|                                     |  |          |     |
|-------------------------------------|--|----------|-----|
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
|                                     | First Attaché . . .                      |          |     |
| <i>Sweden</i> —Envoy Extra. . . .   |  | 3,000    | 400 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
| <i>Denmark</i> —Envoy . . . .       |  | 3,000    | 400 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
| <i>Bavaria</i> —Envoy . . . .       |  | 3,600    | 400 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
| <i>Sardinia</i> —Envoy . . . .      |  | 3,600    | 500 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
| <i>German Diet</i> —Min. Plen. . .  |  | 2,600    | 300 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 400      |     |
|                                     | Attaché and German<br>Translator . . . . | 200      |     |
| <i>Wurtemberg</i> —Min. Plen. . .   |  | 2,000    | 300 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 400      |     |
| <i>Tuscany</i> —Min. Plen. . . .    |  | 2,000    | 300 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 400      |     |
| <i>Switzerland</i> —Min. Plen. . .  |  | 2,000    | 250 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 400      |     |
| <i>Greece</i> —Min. Plen. . . .     |  | 2,000    | 200 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 400      |     |
| <i>Mexico</i> —Min. Plen. . . .     |  | 3,600    | 400 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 600      |     |
|                                     | First Attaché . . . .                    | 200      |     |
| <i>Columbia</i> —Min. Plen. . . .   |  | 3,000    | 400 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 600      |     |
|                                     | First Attaché . . . .                    | 300      |     |
| <i>Buenos Ayres</i> —Min. Plen. . . |  | 3,000    | 300 |
|                                     | Sec. of Legation . . .                   | 500      |     |
| <i>Chili</i> —Agent . . . .         |  | 1,000    |     |
|                                     | Minister . . . .                         |          |     |
|                                     | Secretary . . . .                        |          |     |
| <i>Peru</i> —Minister . . . .       |  |          |     |
|                                     | Secretary . . . .                        | 5,900    |     |
| <i>Guatemala</i> —Minister . . .    |  |          |     |
|                                     | Secretary . . . .                        |          |     |
| <i>Banda</i> —Minister . . . .      |  |          |     |
|                                     | Secretary . . . .                        |          |     |
|                                     | Salaries . . . .                         | £131,050 |     |
|                                     | House Rent . . . .                       | 9,950    |     |
|                                     | Total . . . .                            | £141,000 |     |

There is scarcely one of these legations in which we would not propose some reduction in the salary and allowance of the ambassador, and occasionally an increase of salary to the secretary of embassy and paid *attachés*. But as the nature of these reductions would require considerable specification and detail, we reserve the details of our plan of Economical Diplomatic Reform for our June number, in which we propose to enter into the question fully, and with the advantages accruing from the discussions on the motions of the honorable member for Bucks and the honorable member for Oxfordshire.







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